Penelope Winniatt my Book & Presented by
Mr John Winniatt

POEMS

Given by Mrs to my Daughter

By the most deservedly Admired

Mrs Katherine Philips,

Elizabeth Winniatt

The Matchless

ORINDA.

To which is added

MONSIEUR CORNEILLES

POMPEY & HORACE, } TRAGEDIES.

With several other Translations out of

FRENCH.

36804

LONDON,

Printed by T. N. for *Henry Herringman* at the Sign of the *Blew Anchor* in the *Lower Walk* of the *New Exchange*. 1678.

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THE PREFACE.

WHen the falſe Edition of theſe Poems ſtole into the light, a Friend of that incomparable Ladys that made them, knowing how averſe ſhe was to be in Print, and therefore being ſure that it was abſolutely againſt her conſent, as he believed it utterly without her knowledge, (ſhe being then in *Wales*, above 150 miles from this Town) went preſently both to the Gentleman, who licens'd it upou the Stationer's averment that he had her leave, and to the Stationer himſelf for whom it was Printed, and took the beſt courſe he could with both to get it ſuppreſs'd, as it preſently was (though afterward many of the Books were privately ſold) and gave her an account, by the next Poſt of what he had, done. A while after he received this Anſwer, which you have here (taken from her own hand) under that diſguiſed Name ſhe had given him, it being her cuſtom to uſe ſuch with moſt of her particular friends.

Worthy Poliarchus,

IT is very well that you chid me ſo much for endeavouring to expreſs a part of the ſenſe I have of your obligations; for while you go on in conferring them beyond all poſſibility of acknowledgment, it is convenient for me to be forbidden to attempt it. Your laſt generous concern for me, in vindicating me from the unworthy uſage I have received at London *from the Preſs, doth as much tranſcend all your former favors, as the injury done me by that Publiſher and Printer exceeds all the troubles that I remember I ever had. All I can ſay to you for it, is, that though you aſſert an unhappy, it is yet a very innocent perſon, and that it is impoſſible for ma-*

36804

lice it ſelf to have printed thoſe Rimes (you tell me are gotten abroad ſo impudently) with ſo much abuſe to the things, as the very publication of them at all, though they had been never ſo correct, had been to me; to me (Sir) *who never writ any line in my life with an intention to have it printed, and who am of my Lord* Falkland's *mind, that ſaid,*

He danger fear'd than cenſure leſs,
Nor could he dread a breach like to a Preſs.

And who (I think you know) am ſufficiently diſtruſtful of all, that my own want of company and better employment, or others commands have ſeduc'd me to write, to endeavor rather that they ſhould never be ſeen at all, than that they ſhould be expos'd to the world with ſuch effronters *as now they moſt unhappily are. But is there no retreat from the malice of this World? I thought a Rock and a Mountain might have hidden me, and that it had been free for all to ſpend their Solitude in what Reſveries they pleaſe, and that our Rivers (though the are babling) would not have betray'd the follies of impertinent thoughts upon their Banks; but 'tis only I who am that unfortunate perſon that cannot ſo much as think in private, that muſt have my imaginations rifled and expoſed to play the Mountebanks, and dance upon the Ropes to entertain all the rabble; to undergo all the* raillety *of the Wits, and all the ſeverity of the Wiſe; and to be the ſport of ſome that can, and ſome that cannot read a Verſe. This is a moſt cruel accident, and hath made ſo proportionate an impreſſion upon me, that really it hath coſt me a ſharp fit of ſickneſs ſince I heard it; and I believe would be more fatal but that I know what a Champion I have in you, and that I am ſure your credit in the World will gain me a belief from all that are knowing and civil, that I am ſo innocent of that wretched Artifice of a ſecret conſent (of which I am, I fear, ſuſpected) that whoever would have brought me thoſe*

Copies

Copies corrected and amended, and a thousand pounds to have bought my permission for their being printed, should not have obtained it. But though there are many things, I believe, in this wicked impression of those fancies, which the ignorance of what occasion'd them, and the falseness of the Copies may represent very ridiculous and extravagant, yet I could give some account of them to the severest Cato, *and I am sure they must be more abus'd than I think is possible (for I have not seen the Book, nor can imagine what's in't) before they can be render'd otherwise than Sir* Edward Deering *says in his Epilogue to* Pompey,

——— No bolder thought can tax
Those Rimes of blemish to the blushing Sex,
As chaste the lines, as harmless is the sense,
As the first smiles of infant innocence.

So that I hope there will be no need of justifying them to Vertue and Honor; and I am so little concern'd for the reputation of writing Sense, that, provided the World would believe me innocent of any manner of knowledge, much less connivance at this Publication, I shall willingly compound never to trouble them with the true Copies, as you advise me to do: which if you still should judge absolutely necessary to the reparation of this misfortune, and to general satisfaction; and that, as you tell me, all the rest of my friends will press me to it, I should yield to it with the same reluctancy as I would cut off a Limb to save my Life. However I hope you will satisfie all your acquaintance of my aversion to it, and did they know me as well as you do, that Apology were very needless, for I am so far from expecting applause for any thing I scribble, that I can hardly expect pardon; and sometimes I think that employment so far above my reach, and unfit for my Sex, that I am going to resolve against it for ever; and could I have recovered those fugitive Papers that have escap'd my hands, I had long since

made a ſacrifice of them all. The truth is, I have an incorrigible inclination to that folly of riming, and intending the effects of that humor, only for my own amuſement in a retir'd life; I did not ſo much reſiſt it as a wiſer woman would have done; but ſome of my deareſt friends having found my Ballads, (for they deſerve no better name) they made me ſo much believe they did not diſlike them, that I was betray'd to permit ſome Copies for their divertiſement; but this, with ſo little conſcen for them, that I have loſt moſt of the originals, and that I ſuppoſe to be the cauſe of my preſent misfortune; for ſome infernal Spirits or other have catch'd thoſe rags of Paper, and what the careleſs blotted writing kept them from underſtanding, they have ſupplied by conjecture, till they put them into the ſhape wherein you ſaw them, or elſe I know not which way it is poſſible for them to be collected, or ſo abominably tranſcrib'd as I hear they are. I believe alſo there are ſome among them that are not mine, but every way I have ſo much injury, and the worthy perſons that had the ill luck of my converſe, and ſo their Names expos'd in this Impreſſion without their leave, that few things in the power of Fortune could have given me ſo great a torment as this moſt afflictive accident. I know you Sir, ſo much my friend, that I need not ask your pardon for making this tedious complaint; but methinks it is a great injuſtice to revenge my ſelf upon you by this Harangue for the wrongs I have received from others; therefore I will only tell you that the ſole advantage I have by this cruel news, is that it has given me an experiment, That no adverſity can ſhake the conſtancy of your friendſhip, and that in the worſt humor that ever I was in, I am ſtill,

Worthy Poliarchus,

Cardigan,
Jan. 29.
166$\frac{3}{4}$.

Your moſt faithful, moſt obliged
Friend, and moſt humble Servant
ORINDA.

She writ divers Letters to many of her other friends, full of the like reſentments; but this is enough to ſhew how little ſhe deſired the fame of being in Print; and how much ſhe was troubled to be ſo expoſed. It may ſerve likewiſe to give a taſte of her Proſe to thoſe that have ſeen none of it, and of her way of writing familiar Letters, which ſhe did with ſtrange readineſs and facility, in a very fair hand, and perfect Orthography; and if they were collected with thoſe excellent Diſcourſes ſhe writ on ſeveral ſubjects, they would make a Volume much larger than this, and no leſs worth the reading.

About three months after this Letter ſhe came to *London*, where her Friends did much ſollicite her to redeem her ſelf by a correct impreſſion; yet ſhe continued ſtill averſe, though perhaps in time ſhe might have been over-rul'd by their preſaſions if ſhe had lived.

But the ſmall Pox, that malicious diſeaſe (as knowing how little ſhe would have been concern'd for her handſomneſs, when at the beſt) was not ſatisfied to be as injurious a Printer of her face, as the other had been of her Poems, but treated her with a more fatal cruelty than the Stationer had them: for though he, to her moſt ſenſible, affliction ſurreptitiouſly poſſeſs'd himſelf of a falſe Copy, and ſent thoſe children of her Fancy into the World, ſo martyred, that they were more unlike themſelves than ſhe could have been made, had ſhe eſcaped; that murtherous Tyrant, with greater barbarity ſeiz'd, unexpectedly upon her, the true Original, and to the much juſter affliction of all the world, violently tore her out of it, and hurried her untimely to her Grave, upon the 22. of *June* 1664. ſhe being then but 31 years of age.

But he could not bury her in Oblivion, for this Monument which ſhe erected for her ſelf, will, for ever, make her to be honored as the honor of her Sex, the emulation of ours, and the admiration of both. That unfortunate ſurpriſe hath robb'd it of much

much of that perfection it might elſe have had, having broke off the Tranſlation of *Horace* before it was finiſh'd, much leſs review'd, and hindred the reſt from being more exactly corrected, and put into the order they were written in, as ſhe poſſibly her ſelf would have done, had ſhe conſented to a ſecond Edition. 'Tis probable ſhe would alſo have left out ſome of thoſe pieces that were written with leſs care and, upon occaſions, leſs fit to be made publick, and ſhe might alſo have added more : but all induſtry has been us'd to make this Collection as full and as perfect as might be, by the addition of many that were not in the former impreſſion, and by divers Tranſlations, whereof the firſt has the Original in the oppoſite Page; that they who have a mind to compare them, may, by that pattern, find how juſt ſhe has been in all the reſt to both the Languages, exactly rendring the full ſence of the one, without tying her ſelf ſtrictly to the words, and clearly evincing the capaciouſneſs of the other, by compriſing it fully in the ſame number of lines, though in the Plays half the Verſes of the French are of thirteen ſyllables, and the reſt of twelve, whereas the Engliſh have no more but ten. In ſhort, though ſome of her Pieces may perhaps be loſt, and others in hands that have not produc'd them ; yet none that upon good grounds could be known to be hers, are left out ; for many of the leſs conſiderable ones were publiſh'd in the other ; but thoſe, or others that ſhall be judged ſo, may be excuſed by the politeneſs of the reſt which have more of her true ſpirit, and of her diligence. Some of them would be no diſgrace to the name of any Man that amongſt us is moſt eſteemed for his excellency in this kind, and there are none that may not paſs with favor, when it is remembred that they fell haſtily from the pen but of a Woman. We might well have call'd her the Engliſh *Sappho*, ſhe of all the female Poets of former Ages, being for her Verſes and her

Virtues

Virtues both, the moſt highly to be valued; but ſhe has call'd her ſelf *ORINDA*, a name that deſerves to be added to the number of the Muſes, and to live with honor as long as they. Were our language as generally known to the world as the Greek and Latine were anciently, or as the French is now, her Verſes could not be confin'd within the narrow limits of our Iſlands, but would ſpread themſelves as far as the Continent has Inhabitants, or as the Seas have any ſhore. And for her Virtues, they as much ſurpaſs'd thoſe of *Sappho* as the Theological do the Moral, (wherein yet *Orinda* was not her inferior) or as the fading immortality of an earthly Laurel, which the juſtice of men cannot deny to her excellent Poetry, is tranſcended by that incorruptible and eternal Crown of Glory, wherewith the Mercy of God hath undoubtedly ~~rewarded~~ her more eminent Piety. Her merit ſhould have had a Statue of Porphiry wrought by ſome great Artiſt, equal in skill to *Michael Angelo*, that might have transferr'd to poſterity the laſting Image of ſo rare a Perſon: but here is only a poor paper-ſhadow of a Statue made after a Picture not very like her, to accompany that ſhe has drawn of her ſelf in theſe Poems, and which repreſents the beauties of her mind with a far truer reſemblance, than that does the lineaments of her Face. They had ſooner performed this Right to her memory, if that raging Peſtilence which, not long after her, ſwept away ſo many thouſands here and in other places of this Kingdom; that devouring Fire, which ſince deſtroy'd this famous City; and the harſh ſounds of War, which with the thunderings of Cannon, deafn'd all ears to the gentle and tender ſtrains of Friendſhip, had not made the Publication of them hitherto unſeaſonable. But they have out-liv'd all theſe diſmal things to ſee the bleſſing of Peace, a conjuncture more ſuitable to their Nature, all compos'd of kindneſs; ſo that I

hope

hope Time it ſelf ſhall have as little power againſt them, as theſe other ſtorms have had, and then * *Ovid*'s concluſion of his *Metamorphoſis* may, with little alteration, more truth, and leſs vanity than by him to himſelf, be applyed to theſe once transformed, or rather deformed Poems, which, are here in ſome meaſure reſtor'd to their native Shape and Beauty, and therefore certainly cannot fail of a welcome reception now, ſince they wanted it not before, when they appeared in that ſtrange diſguiſe.

* *Nec Jovis ira, nec ignis, nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetuſtas, &c.*

THE

The Earl of *Orrery* to Mrs. *Philips.*

Madam,

WHen I but knew you by report,
I fear'd the praiſes of th' admiring Court
Were but their Complements, but now I muſt
Confeſs, what I thought civil is ſcarce juſt:
For they imperfect Trophies to you raiſe,
You deſerve wonder, and they pay but praiſe;
A praiſe, which is as ſhort of your great due,
As all which yet have writ come ſhort of you.
You, to whom wonder's paid by double right,
Both for your Verſes ſmoothneſs and their height.
In me it does not the leaſt trouble breed,
That your fair Sex does Ours, in Verſe, exceed,
Since every Poet this great Truth does prove,
Nothing ſo much inſpires a Muſe as Love;
Thence has your Sex the beſt poetick fires,
For what's inſpir'd muſt yield to what inſpires.
And as Our Sex reſigns to Yours the due,
So all of your bright Sex muſt yield to You.
Experience ſhews, that never Fountain fed
A ſtream which could aſcend above its Head;
For thoſe whoſe wit fam'd Helicon *does give,*
To riſe above its height durſt never ſtrive,
Their double Hill too, though 'tis often clear,
Yet often on it clouds and ſtorms appear.
Let none admire then that the ancient wit
Shar'd in thoſe Elements infuſed it;
Nor that your Muſe than theirs aſcends much higher,
She ſharing in no Element but fire.
Paſt ages could not think thoſe things you do,
For their Hill was their Baſis and height too:
So that 'tis Truth, not Complement, to tell,
Your loweſt height their higheſt did excell;
Your nobler thoughts warm'd by a heav'nly fire,
To their bright Centre conſtantly aſpire;

And by the place to which they take their flight,
Leave us no doubt from whence they have their light.
Your merit has attain'd this high degree,
'Tis above praiſe as much as flattery,
And when in that we have drain'd all our ſtore,
All grant from this nought can be diſtant more.
Though you have ſung of friendſhips power ſo well,
That you in that, as you in wit excell;
Yet my own intereſt obliges me
To praiſe your practice more than Theory;
For by that kindneſs you your friend did ſhow
The honor I obtain'd of knowing you.
In Pictures none hereafter will delight,
You draw more to the life in black and white;
The Pencil to your Pen muſt yield the place,
This draws the Soul, where, that draws, but the Face.
Of bleſt retirement ſuch great Truths you write,
That 'tis my wiſh as much as your delight;
Our gratitude to praiſe it does think fit,
Since all you writ are but effects of it.
You Engliſh Corneil's Pompey *with ſuch flame,*
That you both raiſe our wonder and his fame;
If he could read it, he like us would call
The copy greater than th' Original;
You cannot mend what is already done,
Unleſs you'll finiſh what you have begun:
Who your Tranſlation ſees, cannot but ſay,
That 'tis Orinda's *Work, and but his Play.*
The French to learn our Language now will ſeek,
To hear their greateſt Wit more nobly ſpeak;
Rome *too would grant, were our Tongue to her known,*
Cæſar *ſpeaks better in't than in his own.*
And all thoſe Wreaths once circl'd Pompey's *brow,*
Exalt his Fame, leſs than your Verſes now.
From theſe clear Truths all muſt acknowledge this,
If there be Helicon, *in* Wales *it is.*
Oh happy Country which to our Prince gives
His Title, and in which Orinda *lives!*

The

The Earl of *Roſcomon* to *Orinda*, an imitation of HORACE.

Integer vitæ, *&c.*
Carm. lib. *I.* od. 22.

1.

VIrtue (dear Friend) needs no defence,
No arms, but its own innocence;
Quivers and Bows, and poiſon'd darts,
Are only us'd by guilty hearts.

2.

An honeſt mind, ſafely, alone
May travel through the burning Zone,
Or through the deepeſt Scythian *ſnows,*
Or where the fam'd Hydaſpes *flows.*

3.

While (rul'd by a reſiſtleſs fire)
Our great ORINDA *I admire.*
The hungry Wolves that ſee me ſtray
Unarm'd and ſingle, run away.

4.

Set me in the remoteſt place
That ever Neptune *did embrace,*
When there her image fills my breaſt,
Helicon *is not half ſo bleſt.*

5.

Leave me upon ſome Lybian *plain,*
So ſhe my fancy entertain,
And when the thirſty Monſter meet,
They'll all pay homage to my feet.

6.

The Magick of ORINDA*'s Name,*
Not only can their fierceneſs tame,
But, if that mighty word I once rehearſe,
They ſeem ſubmiſſively to roar in Verſe.

WE allow'd you beauty, and we did ſubmit
To all the tyrannies of it.
Ah cruel Sex! will you depoſe us too in Wit?
Orinda *does in that too reign,*
Does man behind her in proud triumph draw,
And cancell great Apollo's *Salick Law.*
We our old Title plead in vain:
Man may be Head, but Woman's now the Brain.
Verſe was Love's fire-arms heretofore:
In Beauties Camp it was not known,
Too many arms beſide that Conqueror bore.
'Twas the great Cannon we brought down,
T' aſſault a ſtubborn Town.
Orinda *firſt did a bold ſally make,*
Our ſtrongeſt quarter take,
And ſo ſucceſsful prov'd that ſhe
Turn'd upon Love himſelf his own Artillery.

2.

Women, as if the Body were the whole,
Did that, and not the Soul,
Tranſmit to their poſterity;
If in it ſometimes they conceiv'd,
Th' abortive Iſſue never liv'd.
'Twere ſhame and pity, Orinda, *if in thee*
A ſpirit ſo rich, ſo noble, and ſo high,
Should unmanur'd or barren lie.
But thou induſtriouſly haſt ſow'd and till'd
The fair and fruitful field:
And 'tis a ſtrange increaſe that it doth yield.
As when the happy Gods above
Meet all together at a Feaſt,
A ſecret joy unſpeakably does move
In their great Mother Cybeles *contented breaſt:*

With

With no leſs pleaſure thou, methinks, ſhouldſt ſee
This thy no leſs immortal Progeny,
And in their Birth thou no one touch doſt find,
Of th' ancient Curſe to Woman-kind;
Thou bring'ſt not forth with pain,
It neither Travel is, nor Labor of thy Brain.
So eaſily they from thee come,
And there is ſo much room,
In the unexhauſted and unfathom'd womb;
That, like the Holland *Counteſs, thou might'ſt bear*
A Child for ev'ry day of all the fertile year.

3.

Thou doſt my Wonder, wouldſt my Envy raiſe,
If to be prais'd I lov'd more than to praiſe.
Where e'er I ſee an excellence,
I muſt admire to ſee thy well-knit Sence,
Thy Numbers gentle, and thy Fancies high,
Thoſe as thy Forehead ſmooth, theſe ſparkling as thine Eye.
'Tis ſolid, and tis manly all,
Or rather, 'tis Angelical:
For, as in Angels, we
Do in thy Verſes ſee
Both improv'd Sexes eminently meet;
They are than Man more ſtrong, and more than Woman ſweet.

4.

They talk of Nine, I know not who,
Female Chimæras, *that o'er Poets reign;*
I ne'er could find that Fancy true,
But have invok'd them oft I'm ſure in vain.
They talk of Sappho, *but, alas the ſhame!*
Ill manners ſoil the luſtre of her fame.
Orinda's *inward Virtue is ſo bright,*
That, like a Lantern's fair encloſed light,
It through the Paper ſhines where ſhe doth write.

Honor

Honor and Friendſhip, and the gen'rous ſcorn
Of things for which we were not born,
(Things that can only, by a fond diſeaſe,
Like that of Girls, our vicious ſtomachs pleaſe)
Are the inſtructive ſubjects of her Pen.
And as the Roman *Victory*
Taught our rude Land arts, and civility,
At once ſhe overcomes, enſlaves, and betters men.

5.

But Rome *with all her arts could ne'er inſpire*
A Female Breaſt with ſuch a fire.
The warlike Amazonian *Train,*
Which, in Elyſium, *now do peaceful reign,*
And Wit's mild Empire before Arms prefer,
Hope 'twill be ſetled in their Sex by her.
Merlin *the Seer (and ſure he would not lie*
In ſuch a ſacred Company)
Does Prophecies of learn'd Orinda *ſhow,*
Which he had darkly ſpoke ſo long ago.
Even Boadicia's *angry Ghoſt*
Forgets her own misfortune and diſgrace,
And to her injur'd Daughters now does boaſt,
That Rome's *o'ercome at laſt by a Woman of her race.*

Abraham Cowley.

To

To the Excellent *Orinda.*

LEt the male Poets their male Phœbus *chuſe,*
Thee I invoke, Orinda, *for my Muſe;*
He could but force a Branch, Daphne *her Tree*
Moſt freely offers to her Sex and thee,
And ſays to Verſe, ſo unconſtrain'd as yours,
Her Laurel freely comes, your fame ſecures:
And men no longer ſhall with raviſh'd Bays
Crown their forc'd Poems by as forc'd a praiſe.

Thou glory of our Sex, envy of men,
Who are both pleas'd and vex'd with thy bright Pen:
Its luſtre doth intice their eyes to gaze,
But mens ſore eyes cannot endure its rayes;
It dazles and ſurprizes ſo with light,
To find a noon where they expected night:
A Woman Tranſlate Pompey! *which the fam'd*
Corneille *with ſuch art and labor fram'd!*
To whoſe cloſe verſion the Wits club their ſence,
And a new Lay-Poetick S M E C *ſprings thence!*
Yes, that bold work a Woman dares Tranſlate,
Not to provoke, nor yet to fear mens hate.
Nature doth find that ſhe hath err'd too long,
And now reſolves to recompenſe that wrong:
Phœbus *to* Cynthia *muſt his beams reſigne,*
The rule of Day, and Wits now Feminine.

That Sex, *which heretofore was not allow'd*
To underſtand more than a beaſt, or crowd;
Of which Problems were made, whether or no
Women had Souls; but to be damn'd, if ſo;
Whoſe higheſt Contemplation could not paſs,
In mens eſteem, no higher that the Glaſs;
And all the painful labours of their Brain,
Was only how to Dreſs and Entertain:
Or, if they ventur'd to ſpeak ſenſe, the wiſe
Made that, and ſpeaking Oxe, like Prodigies.

From

From these the more than masculine Pen hath rear'd
Our Sex; first to be prais'd, next to be fear'd.
And by the same Pen forc'd, men now confess,
To keep their greatness, was to make us less.
Men know of how refin'd and rich a mould
Our Sex is fram'd, what Sun is in our Gold:
They know in Lead no Diamonds are set,
And Jewels only fill the Cabinet.
Our Spirits purer far than theirs, they see;
By which even Men from Men distinguish'd be:
By which the Soul is judg'd, and does appear
Fit or unfit for action, as they are.
When in an Organ various sounds do stroak,
Or grate the ear, as Birds sing, or Toads Croak;
The Breath, that voyces every Pipe, 's the same,
But the bad metall doth the sound defame.
So, if our Souls by sweeter Organs speak,
And theirs with harsh, false notes the air do break;
The Soul's the same, alike in both doth dwell,
'Tis from her instruments that we excell,
Ask me not then, why jealous men debar
Our Sex from Books in Peace, from Arms in War;
It is because our Parts will soon demand
Tribunals for our Persons, and Command.
Shall it be our reproach, that we are weak,
And cannot fight, nor as the School-men speak?
Even men themselves are neither strong nor wise,
If Limbs and Parts they do not exercise,
Train'd up to Arms, we Amazons *have been,*
And Spartan *Virgins strong as* Spartan *Men:*
Breed Women but as Men, and they are these;
Whilst Sybarit *Men are Women by their ease.*
Why should not brave Semiramis *break a Lance,*
And why should not soft Ninyas *curle and dance?*
Ovid *in vain Bodies with change did vex,*
Changing her form of life, Iphis *chang'd Sex.*
Nature to Females freely doth impart
That, which the Males usurp, a stout, bold heart.

Thus

Thus Hunters female Beasts fear to assail:
And female Hawks more metal'd than the male:
Men ought not then Courage and Wit ingross,
Whilst the Fox lives, the Lyon, or the Horse.
Much less ought men both to themselves confine,
Whilst Women, such as you, Orinda, *shine.*

That noble friendship brought thee to our Coast,
We thank Lucasia, *and thy Courage boast.*
Death in each Wave could not Orinda *fright,*
Fearless she acts that friendship she did write:
Which manly Virtue, to their Sex confin'd,
Thou rescuest to confirm our softer mind;
For there's required (to do that Virtue right)
Courage, as much in Friendship as in Fight.
The dangers we despise, doth this truth prove,
Though boldly we not fight, we boldly love.

Ingage us unto Books, Sappho *comes forth,*
Though not of Hesiod's *age, of* Hesiod's *worth.*
If Souls no Sexes have, as 'tis confest,
'Tis not the He or She makes Poems best:
Nor can men call these Verses Feminine,
Be the sence vigorous and Masculine.
'Tis true, Apollo *sits as Judge of Wit,*
But the nine Female learned Troop are it:
Those Laws, for which Numa *did wise appear,*
Wiser Ægeria *whisper'd in his ear.*
The Gracchi's *Mother taught them Eloquence;*
From her Breasts courage flow'd, from her Brain sence;
And the grave Beards, who heard her speak in Rome,
Blush'd not to be instructed, but o'recome.
Your speech, as hers, commands respect from all,
Your very Looks, as hers, Rhetorical:
Something of grandeur in your Verse men see,
That they rise up to it as Majesty.
The wise and noble Orrery's *regard,*
Was much observ'd, when he your Poem heard:
All said, a fitter match was never seen,
Had Pompey's *Widow been* Arsamnes *Queen.*

Pompey, *who greater than himself's become,*
Now in your Poem, than before in Rome;
And much more lasting in the Poets Pen,
Great Princes live, than the proud Towers of Men.
He thanks false Egypt *for its Treacherie,*
Since that his Ruine is so sung by thee;
And so again would perish, if withall,
Orinda *would but celebrate his Fall.*
Thus pleasingly the Bee delights to die,
Foreseeing, he in Amber Tomb shall lie.
If that all Egypt, *for to purge its Crime,*
Were built into one Pyramid o'er him,
Pompey *would lie less stately in that Herse,*
Than he doth now, Orinda, *in thy Verse:*
This makes Cornelia *for her* Pompey *vow,*
Her hand shall plant his Laurel on thy brow:
So equal in their merits were both found,
That the same Wreath Poets and Princes Crown'd:
And what on that great Captains Brow was dead,
She joys to see re-flourish'd on thy head.

In the French Rock Cornelia *first did shine,*
But shin'd not like her self till she was thine:
Poems, like Gems, translated from the place
Where they first grew, receive another grace.
Drest by thy hand, and polish'd by thy Pen,
She glitters now a Star, but Jewel then:
No flaw remains, no cloud, all now is light,
Transparent as the day, bright parts more bright.
Cornelia, *now made English, so doth thrive,*
As Trees transplanted do much lustier live.
Thus Ore digg'd forth and by such hands as thine
Refin'd and stamp'd, is richer than the Mine.
Liquors from Vessel into Vessel pour'd,
Must lose some Spirits, which are scarce restor'd:
But the French Wines, in their own Vessel rare,
Pour'd into ours, by thy hand, Spirits are;
So high in taste, and so delicious,
Before his own Cornelia *thine would chuse.*

He

He finds himſelf inlightned here, where ſhade
Of dark expreſſion his own words had made:
There what he would have ſaid, he ſees ſo writ,
As generouſly, to juſt decorum fit.
When in more words than his you pleaſe to flow,
Like a ſpread Floud, inriching all below,
To the advantage of his well-meant ſence,
He gains by you another excellence.
To render word for word, at the old rate,
Is only but to Conſtrue, not Tranſlate:
In your own fancy free, to his ſence true,
We read Cornelia, *and* Orinda *too:*
And yet ye both are ſo the very ſame,
As when two Tapers join'd make one bright flame.
And ſure the Copier's honor is not ſmall,
When Artiſts doubt which is Original.
But if your fetter'd Muſe thus praiſed be,
What great things do you write when it is free?
When it is free to chuſe both ſence and words,
Or any ſubject the vaſt World affords?
A gliding Sea of Chryſtal doth beſt ſhow
How ſmooth, clear, full, and rich your Verſe doth flow:
Your words are choſen, cull'd, not by chance writ,
To make the ſence, as Anagrams do hit.
Your rich becoming words on the ſence wait,
As Maids of Honor on a Queen of State.
'Tis not White Satin makes a Verſe more white,
Or ſoft; Iron is both, write you on it.
Your Poems come forth caſt, no File you need,
At one brave Heat both ſhap'd and poliſhed.
But why all theſe Encominms of you,
Who either doubts, or will not take as due?
Renown how little you regard, or need,
Who like the Bee, on your own ſweets do feed?
There are, who like weak Fowl with ſhouts fall down,
Dozed with an Army's Acclamation:

Not able to endure applauſe, the fall,
Giddy with praiſe, their praiſes Funeral.
But you, Orinda, *are ſo unconcern'd,*
As if when you, another we commend.
Thus, as the Sun, you, in your Courſe, ſhine on,
Unmov'd with all our admiration.
Flying above the praiſe you ſhun, we ſee
Wit is ſtill higher by humility.

Philo-Philippa.

To

To the memory of the Excellent *Orinda*.

1.

FOrgive, bright Saint a Vot'ry, who
No miſſive Orders has to ſhow,
Nor does a call to inſpiration owe:
Yet rudely dares intrude among
This ſacred, and inſpired throng;
Where looking round me, ev'ry one I ſee,
Is a ſworn Prieſt of Phœbus, *or of thee,*
Frigive this forward zeal for things divine,
If I ſtrange fire do offer at thy Shrine:
Since the pure Incenſe, and the Gum
We ſend up to the Pow'rs above,
(If with devotion giv'n, and love)
Smells ſweet, and does alike accepted prove,
As if from golden Cenſors it did come;
Though we the pious tribute pay
In ſome rude veſſel made of common clay.

2.

What by Pindaricks can be done,
Since the great Pindar's *greater* * *Son* *Mr. A. Cowley.
(By ev'ry Grace adorn'd, and ev'ry Muſe inſpir'd)
From th' ungrateful World, to kinder Heaven's retir'd:
He, and Orinda *from us gone,*
What Name, like theirs, ſhall we now call upon?
Whether her Virtue, or her Wit
We chuſe for our eternal Theme,
What hand can draw the perfect Scheme?
None but her ſelf could ſuch high ſubjects fit:
We yield, with ſhame we yield
To Death and Her the field:
For were not Nature partiall to us Men,
The World's great Order had inverted been;
Had ſhe ſuch Souls plac'd in all Women-kind,
Giv'n 'em like wit, not with like goodneſs join'd,
Our vaſſall Sex to hers had homage paid;
Women had rul'd the World, and weaker Man obey'd.

3. *To*

To thee O Fame, we now commit
Her, and these last remains of gen'rous wit:
I charge thee, deeply to enrol
This glorious Name in thy immortal Scrol;
Write ev'ry letter in large Text,
And then to make the lustre hold,
Let it be done with purest Gold,
To dazle this Age, and outshine the next:
Since not a Name more bright than Hers,
In this, or thy large Book appears.
And thou impartial, powerful Grave,
These Reliques (like her deathless Poems save)
Ev'n from devouring Time secure,
May they still rest from other mixture pure:
Unless some dying Monarch shall to try
Whether Orinda, *though her self could dye,*
Can still give others immortality;
Think, if but laid in her miraculous Tomb,
As from the Prophets touch, new life from hers may come.

James Tyrrell.

To the Memory of the incomparable *Orinda*.
A Pindarick Ode.

1.

A Long Adieu to all that's bright,
Noble, or brave, in Womankind,
To all the wonders of their Wit,
And Trophies of their mind;
The glowing Heat of th' Holy Fire is gone,
To th' Altar, whence 'twas kindled, flown;
There's nought on Earth, but Aſhes left behind;
E're ſince th' amazing ſound was ſpred
ORINDA's *Dead,*
Every ſoft and fragrant word,
All that language could afford,
Every high and lofty thing
That's wont to ſet the Soul on wing,
No longer with this worthleſs World would ſtay:
Thus when the Death of the great PAN *was told,*
Along the ſhore the diſmal tidings roll'd,
The leſſer Gods their Fanes forſook;
Confounded with the mighty ſtroke,
They could not over-live that Fatal day,
But ſigh'd, and groan'd their gaſping Oracles *away.*

2.

How rigid are the Laws of Fate,
And how ſevere that black Decree?
No ſublunary things is free,
But all muſt enter th' Adamantine Gate:
Sooner, or later ſhall we come
To Natures dark Retiring room;
And yet 'tis pity, is it not?
The learned as the fool ſhould dye,
One full as low as t'other lye;
Together Blended in the general lot;
Diſtinguiſht only from the common croud,
By an hing'd Coffin, or an Holland ſhroud,
Though Fame and Honor ſpeak them ne'er ſo loud;

Alas

Alas ORINDA, *even thou!*
Whose happy Verse made others live,
And certain Immortality could give;
Blasted are all thy blooming glories now:
The Laurel withers o'er thy brow:
Methinks it should disturbe thee to conceive
That when poor I this artless breath resign,
My Dust should have as much of Poetry as Thine.

3.

Too soon we languish with desire
Of what we never could enough admire;
On th' Billows of this world sometimes we rise
So dangerously high,
We are to Heaven too nigh;
When (all in rage
Grown hoary with one minute's age,)
The very self same fickle wave,
Which the entrancing Prospect gave,
Swoll'n to a Mountain, sinks into a grave.
Too happy Mortals if the Pow'rs above
As merciful would be,
And easie to preserve the thing we love,
As in the giving they are free!
But they too oft delude our weary'd Eyes,
They fix a flaming Sword 'twixt us and Paradise;
A weeping Evening crowns a smiling Day,
Yet why should Heads of Gold, have Feet of Clay?
Why should the Man that wav'd th' Almighty Wand,
That led the Murmuring Croud,
By Pillar and by Cloud,
Shivering a top of aery Pisgah *stand,*
Only to see, but never, never tread the Promis'd Land?

4.

Throw your Swords, and Gauntlets by
You daring Sons of War,
You cannot purchase e'er you dy
One honourable scar,

Since

Since that fair hand that gilded all your Bays,
That in heroick Numbers wrot your praiſe,
While you ſecurely ſlept in Honor's Bed,
It ſelf, alas! is withered, cold, and Dead;
Cold and Dead are all thoſe Charms,
Which burniſh'd your Victorious Arms:
Inglorious Arms hereafter muſt
Bluſh firſt in blood, and then in ruſt:
No Oil, but that of Her ſmooth words will ſerve
Weapon, and Warrior to preſerve.
Expect no more from this dull Age,
But folly, or Poetique Rage,
Short-liv'd Nothings of the Stage,
Vented to Day, and cry'd to morrow down,
With HER *the ſoul of Poeſie is gone;*
Gone, while our expectations flew
As high a pitch as She has done,
Exhal'd to Heaven like early dew,
Betimes the little ſhining drops are flown,
E'er th' drowzy World perceiv'd that Manna *was come down*

5.

You of the Sex that would be fair,
Exceeding lovely, hither come
Would you be pure as Angels are,
Come dreſs you by ORINDA's *Tomb,*
And leave your flatt'ring Glaſs at home;
Within this Marble Mirrour ſee
How one day ſuch as She
You muſt, and yet alas! can never be.
Think on the heights of that vaſt Soul,
And then admire, and then condole.
Think on the wonders of Her Pen,
'Twas that made Pompey *truely Great,*
Neither th' expence of blood nor ſweat
Nor yet Cornelia's *Kindneſs made him live agen.*
With envy think, when to the Grave you goe,
How very little muſt be ſaid of you,
Since all that can be ſaid of virtuous Woman was her due.

Thomas Flatman M. A.

On the Death of Mrs *Katherine Philips.*

CRuel Diſeaſe! Ah could it not ſuffice
Thy old and conſtant ſpight to exerciſe
Againſt the gentleſt and the faireſt ſex,
Which ſtill thy Depredations moſt do vex?
Where ſtill thy malice moſt of all
(Thy malice or thy luſt) does on the faireſt fall?
And in them moſt aſſault the faireſt place,
The Throne of Empreſs Beauty, even the Face?
There was enough of that here to aſſwage
(One would have thought) either thy Luſt or Rage:
Waſt not enough, when thou, Profane Diſeaſe,
Didſt on this glorious Temple ſeize?
Waſt not enough, like a wild zealot there,
All the rich outward ornaments to tear;
Deface the Innocent Pride of beauteous Images?
Waſt not enough thus rudely to defile,
But thou muſt quite deſtroy the goodly Pile?
And thy unbounded Sacrilege commit
On th' inward Holyeſt Holy of her Wit?
Cruel Diſeaſe! there thou miſtook'ſt thy Power;
No Mine of Death can that Devour;
On her Embalmed Name it will abide
An Everlaſting Pyramide,
As high as Heaven the Top, as Earth the Baſis wide.

2.

All Ages paſt, Record; all Countrys now
In various kinds ſuch equal Beauties ſhow,
That even Judge Paris *would not know*
On whom the Golden Apple to beſtow.
Though Goddeſſes to his ſentence did ſubmit,
Women and Lovers would appeal from it;
Nor durſt he ſay, of all the female race
This is the ſovereign Face.
And ſome (though theſe be of a kind that's Rare,
That's much, oh much leſs frequent than the Fair)
So equally renown'd for virtue are,
That it the Mother of the Gods might poſe,
When the beſt Woman for her guide ſhe choſe:

But

But if Apollo *ſhould deſign*
A Woman Laureat to make,
Without diſpute he would Orinda *take,*
Though Sappho *and the famous Nine*
Stood by, and did repine.
To be a Princeſs or a Queen
Is Great, but 'tis a Greatneſs always ſeen;
The World did never but two Women know
Who, one by fraud, the other by wit did riſe
To the two tops of Spiritual dignities;
One Female Pope of old, one Female Poet now.

3.

Of Female Poets who had names of old,
Nothing is ſhewn, but only told,
And all we hear of them, perhaps may be
Male Flattery onely, and Male Poetry;
Few minutes did their Beauties Lightning waſt,
The Thunder of their voice did longer laſt,
But that too ſoon was paſt.
The certain proofs of our Orinda's *Wit*
In her own laſting characters are writ,
And they will long my praiſe of them ſurvive,
Though long perhaps too that may live.
The trade of Glory manag'd by the pen
Though great it be, and every where is found,
Does bring in but ſmall profit to us men;
'Tis by the number of the ſharers drown'd,
Orinda *in the female Coaſts of fame*
Engroſſes all the Goods of a Poetique name,
She does no Partner with her ſee;
Does all the Buſineſs there Alone which we
Are forc'd to carry on by a whole company.

4.

But Wit's like a Luxuriant Vine,
Unleſs to Virtues prop it join,
Firm and erect towards Heaven bound, (crown'd,
Though it with beauteous leaves and pleaſant fruit be
It lies deform'd, and rotting on the ground.

Now

Now ſhame and bluſhes on us all
Who our own Sex ſuperior call;
Orinda *does our boaſting Sex out-do,*
Not in wit only, but in virtue too:
She does above our beſt examples riſe,
In hate of vice and ſcorn of vanities.
Never did ſpirit of the manly make,
And dipt all o'er in Learnings ſacred Lake,
A temper more invulnerable take;
No violent paſſion could an entrance find
Into the tender goodneſs of her mind:
Through walls of ſtone thoſe furios bullets may
Force their impetuous way;
When her ſoft breaſt they hit, damped and dead they lay.

5.

The fame of Friendſhip, which ſo long had told
Of three or four illuſtrious Names of old,
Till hoarſe and weary of the tale ſhe grew,
Rejoyces now to have got a new,
A new, and more ſurpriſing ſtory
Of fair Lucaſia *and* Orinda's *glory.*
As when a prudent man does once perceive
That in ſome foreign Country he muſt live,
The Language and the Manners he does ſtrive
To underſtand and practiſe here,
That he may come no ſtranger there;
So well Orinda *did her ſelf prepare,*
In this much different Clime for her remove,
To the glad world of Poetry and Love;
There all the bleſt do but one body grow,
And are made one too with their glorious Head,
Whom there triumphantly they wed,
After the ſecret Contract paſt below;
There Love into Identity does go,
'Tis the firſt unities Monarchique Throne,
The Centre that knits all, where the great Three's but One.

Abraham Cowley.

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IMPRIMATUR.

Aug. 20. 1667. *Roger L'Eſtrange.*

POEMS

POEMS.

Upon the double Murther of King CHARLES I. *in Answer to a Libellous Copy of Rimes by* Vavasor Powell.

I Think not on the State, nor am concern'd
Which way soever the great Helm is turn'd:
But as that Son whose Father's danger nigh
Did force his native dumbness, and untie
The fetter'd Organs; so this is a cause
That will excuse the breach of Nature's Laws.
Silence were now a sin, nay Passion now
Wise men themselves for Merit would allow.
What noble eye could see (and careless pass)
The dying Lion kick'd by every Ass?
Has *Charles* so *broke God's Laws*, he must not have
A quiet Crown, nor yet a quiet Grave?
Tombs have been Sanctuaries; Thieves lie there
Secure from all their penalty and fear.
Great *Charles* his double misery was this,
Unfaithful Friends, ignoble Enemies.
Had any Heathen been this Prince's foe,
He would have wept to see him injur'd so.
His Title was his Crime, they'd reason good
To quarrel at the Right they had withstood.
He broke God's Laws, and therefore he must die;
And what shall then become of thee and I?
Slander must follow Treason; but yet stay,
Take not our Reason with our King away.
Though you have seiz'd upon all our defence,
Yet do not sequester our common Sense.

Chriſt will be King, but I ne'er underſtood
His Subjects built his Kingdom up with Blood,
Except their own; or that he would diſpence
With his commands, though for his own defence.
Oh! to what height of horrour are they come
Who dare pull down a Crown, tear up a Tomb?

On the numerous Acceſs of the Engliſh *to wait upon the* King in Flanders.

HAſten, Great Prince, unto thy Britiſh Iſles,
Or all thy Subjects will become Exiles.
To thee they flock, thy Preſence is their home,
As *Pompey*'s Camp, where e'er it mov'd, was *Rome.*
They that aſſerted thy Juſt Cauſe go hence
To teſtifie their joy and reverence;
And thoſe that did not, now, by wonder taught,
Go to confeſs and expiate their fault.
So that if thou doſt ſtay, thy gaſping Land
It ſelf will empty on the *Belgick* Sand:
Where the affrighted Dutchman does profeſs
He thinks it an Invaſion, not Addreſs.
As we unmonarch'd were for want of thee,
So till thou come we ſhall unpeopled be.
None but the cloſe Fanatick will remain,
Who by our Loyalty his ends will gain;
And he th' exhauſted Land will quickly find
As deſolate a place as he deſign'd.
For *England* (though grown old with woes) will ſee
Her long deny'd and Sovereign Remedy.
So when old *Jacob* could but credit give
That his prodigious *Joſeph* ſtill did live,
(*Joſeph* that was preſerved to reſtore
Their lives that would have taken his before)
It is enough, (ſaid he) *to Egypt I*
Will go, and ſee him once before I die.

Arion

Arion *on a Dolphin*, *To his Majeſty at his paſſage into* England.

WHom does this ſtately Navy bring?
O! 'tis *Great Britain*'s Glorious King.
Convey him then, ye Winds and Seas,
Swift as Deſire and calm as Peace.
In your Reſpect let him ſurvey
What all his other Subjects pay;
And propheſie to them again
The ſplendid ſmoothneſs of his Reign.
Charles and his mighty hopes you bear:
A greater now than *Cæſar*'s here;
Whoſe Veins a richer Purple boaſt
Than ever Hero's yet engroſt;
Sprung from a Father ſo auguſt,
He triumphs in his very duſt.
In him two Miracles we view,
His Vertue and his Safety too:
For when compell'd by Traitors crimes
To breathe and bow in forreign Climes,
Expos'd to all the rigid fate
That does on wither'd Greatneſs wait.
Plots againſt Life and Conſcience laid,
By Foes purſu'd, by Friends betray'd;
Then Heaven, his ſecret potent friend,
Did him from Drugs and Stabs defend;
And, what's more yet, kept him upright
'Midſt flattering Hope and bloudy Fight.
Cromwel his own Right never gain'd,
Defender of the Faith remain'd,
For which his Predeceſſors fought
And writ, but none ſo dearly bought.
Never was Prince ſo much beſieged,
At home provok'd, abroad obliged;

Nor ever Man reſiſted thus,
No not great *Athanaſius*.
No help of Friends could, or Foes ſpight,
To fierce Invaſion him invite.
Revenge to him no pleaſure is,
He ſpar'd their bloud who gap'd for his;
Bluſh'd any hands the Engliſh Crown
Should faſten on him but their own.
As Peace and Freedom with him went,
With him they came from Baniſhment,
That he might his Dominions win,
He with himſelf did firſt begin;
And, that beſt victory obtain'd,
His Kingdom quickly he regain'd.
Th' illuſtrious ſuff'rings of this Prince
Did all reduce, and all convince.
He only liv'd with ſuch ſucceſs,
That the whole world would fight with leſs.
Aſſiſtant Kings could but ſubdue
Thoſe Foes which he can pardon too.
He thinks no Slaughter-trophees good,
Nor Laurels dipt in Subjects blood;
But with a ſweet reſiſtleſs art
Diſarms the hand, and wins the heart;
And like a God doth reſcue thoſe
Who did themſelves and him oppoſe.
Go, wondrous Prince, adorn that Throne
Which Birth and Merit make your own;
And in your Mercy brighter ſhine
Than in the Glories of your Line;
Find Love at home, and abroad Fear,
And Veneration every where.
Th' united world will you allow
Their Chief, to whom the *Engliſh* bow;
And Monarchs ſhall to yours reſort,
As *Sheba*'s Queen to *Judah*'s Court;
Returning thence conſtrained more
To wonder, envy, and adore.

Diſcovered

Diſcovered *Rome* will hate your Crown,
But ſhe ſhall tremble at your Frown.
For *England* ſhall (rul'd and reſtor'd by You)
The ſuppliant world protect, or elſe ſubdue.

On the Fair Weather juſt at the Coronation, it having rained immediately before and after.

SO clear a ſeaſon, and ſo ſnatch'd from ſtorms,
Shews Heav'n delights to ſee what Man performs.
Well knew the Sun, if ſuch a day were dim,
It would have been an injury to him:
For then a Cloud had from his eye conceal'd
The nobleſt ſight that ever he beheld.
He therefore check'd th' invading Rains we fear'd,
And in a bright *Parentheſis* appear'd.
So that we knew not which look'd moſt content,
The King, the People, or the Firmament.
But the Solemnity once fully paſt,
The ſtorm return'd with an impetuous haſt.
And Heav'n and Earth each other to out-do,
Vied both in Cannons and in Fire-works too.
So *Iſrael* paſt through the divided flood,
While in obedient heaps the Ocean ſtood:
But the ſame Sea (the *Hebrews* once on ſhore)
Return'd in torrents where it was before.

To the Queen's Majeſty on her Arrival at Portſmouth, May 14. 1662.

NOw that the Seas and Winds ſo kind are grown,
For our advantage to reſign their own;
Now you have quitted the triumphant Fleet,
And ſuffered Engliſh ground to kiſs your Feet,

Whilſt

Whilſt your glad Subjects with impatience throng
To ſee a Bleſſing they have begg'd ſo long;
Whilſt Nature (who in complement to you
Kept back till now her wealth and beauty too)
Hath, to attend the luſtre your eyes bring,
Sent forth her lov'd Ambaſſadour the Spring;
Whilſt in your praiſe Fame's echo doth conſpire
With the ſoft touches of the ſacred Lyre;
Let an obſcurer Muſe upon her knees
Preſent you with ſuch Offerings as theſe,
And you as a Divinity adore,
That ſo your mercy may appear the more;
Who, though of thoſe you ſhould the beſt receive,
Can ſuch imperfect ones as theſe forgive.
Hail, Royal Beauty, Virgin bright and great,
Who do our hopes ſecure, our joys compleat.
We cannot reckon what to you we owe,
Who make Him happy who makes us be ſo.
But Heav n for us the deſp'rate debt hath paid,
Who ſuch a Monarch hath your Trophee made:
A Prince whoſe Vertue did alone ſubdue
Armies of Men, and of Offences too.
So good, that from him all our bleſſings flow,
Yet is a greater than he can beſtow.
So great, that he diſpenſes life and death,
And *Europe*'s fate depends upon his breath.
(For Fortune in amends now courts him more
Than ever ſhe affronted him before:
As Lovers that of Jealouſie repent
Grow troubleſome in kind acknowledgment.)
Who greater courage ſhew'd in wooing you,
Than other Princes in their battels do.
Never was *Spain* ſo generouſly defi'd;
Where they deſign'd a Prey, he courts a Bride.
Hence they may gueſs what will his Anger prove,
When he appear'd ſo brave in making Love;
And be more wiſe than to provoke his Arms,
Who can ſubmit to nothing but your Charms.

And till they give him leiſure to ſubdue,
His Enemies muſt owe their peace to you.
Whilſt he and you mixing illuſtrious Rays,
As much above our wiſhes as our praiſe,
Such Hero's ſhall produce, as even they
Without regret or bluſhes ſhall obey.

To the Queen-Mother's Majeſty, Jan. 1. 166⅞.

YOU juſtly may forſake a Land which you
Have found ſo guilty and ſo fatal too.
Fortune, injurious to your Innocence,
Shot all her poiſon'd arrows here, or hence.
'Twas here bold Rebels once your Life purſu'd
(To whom 'twas Treaſon only to be rude,)
Till you were forc'd by their unwearied ſpight
(O glorious Criminal!) to take your flight.
Whence after you all that was Humane fled;
For here, oh! here the Royal Martyr bled,
Whoſe cauſe and heart muſt be divine and high,
That having you could be content to die,
Here they purloin'd what we to you did owe,
And paid you in variety of woe.
Yet all thoſe billows in your breaſt did meet
A heart ſo firm, ſo loyal, and ſo ſweet,
That over them you greater conqueſt made
Than your immortal Father ever had.
For we may read in ſtory of ſome few
That fought like him, none that endur'd like you:
Till Sorrow bluſh'd to act what Traitors meant,
And Providence it ſelf did firſt repent.
But as our Active, ſo our Paſſive, ill
Hath made your ſhare to be the ſufferer's ſtill.
As from our Miſchiefs all your troubles grew,
'Tis your ſad right to ſuffer for them too.
Elſe our Great *Charles* had not been hence ſo long,
Nor the Illuſtrious *Glou'ſter* dy'd ſo young:

Nor

Nor had we loſt a Princeſs all confeſt
To be the greateſt, wiſeſt, and the beſt;
Who leaving colder parts, but leſs unkind,
(For it was here ſhe ſet, and there ſhe ſhin'd,)
Did to a moſt ungrateful Climate come
To make a Viſit, and to find a Tomb.
So that we ſhould as much your ſmile deſpair,
As of your ſtay in this unpurged air;
But that your Mercy doth exceed our Crimes
As much as your Example former times,
And will forgive our Suff'rings, though the flame
Does tremble ſtill betwixt regret and ſhame.
For we have juſtly ſuffered more than you
By the ſad guilt of all your ſuff'rings too.
As you the great Idea have been ſeen
Of either fortune, and in both a Queen,
Live ſtill triumphant by the nobleſt wars,
And juſtifie your reconciled ſtars.
See your Offenders for your mercy bow,
And your try'd Virtue all Mankind allow;
While you to ſuch a Race have given birth,
As are contended for by Heaven and Earth.

Upon the Princeſs Royal her Return into
ENGLAND.

WElcome, ſure Pledge, of reconciled Powers;
If Kingdoms have Good Angels, you are ours:
For th' Ill ones check'd by your bright influence,
Could never ſtrike till you were hurried hence.
But then, as Streams withſtood more rapid grow,
War and Confuſion ſoon did overflow:
Such and ſo many ſorrows did ſucceed,
As it would be a new one now to read.
But whilſt your Luſtre was to us deny'd,
You ſcatter'd bleſſings every where beſide.

Nature

Nature and Fortune have ſo curious been,
To give you Worth, and Scene to ſhew it in.
But we do moſt admire that gen'rous Care
Which did your glorious Brother's ſufferings ſhare;
So that he thought them in your Preſence none,
And yet your ſuff'rings did increaſe his own.
O wond'rous Prodigy! O Race Divine!
Who owe more to your Actions than your Line.
Your Lives exalt your Father's deathleſs Name,
The bluſh of *England*, and the boaſt of Fame.

Pardon, Great Madam, this unfit Addreſs,
Which does profane the Glory 'twould confeſs.
Our Crimes have baniſh'd us from you, and we
Were more remov'd by them than by the Sea.
Nor is it known whether we wrong'd you more
When we rebell'd, or now we do adore.
But what Guilt found, Devotion cannot miſs;
And you who pardon'd that, will pardon this.
Your bleſt Return tells us our ſtorms are ceas'd,
Our faults forgiven, and our ſtars appeas'd,
Your Mercy, which no Malice could deſtroy,
Shall firſt beſtow, and then inſtruct, our Joy.
For bounteous Heav'n hath, in your Highneſs ſent
Our great Example, Bliſs and Ornament.

On the Death of the Illuſtrious DUKE *of* GLOUCESTER.

GReat *Glou'ſter's* dead! and yet in this we muſt
Confeſs that angry Heaven is wiſe and juſt.
We have ſo long and yet ſo ill endur'd
The woes which our offences had procur'd,
That this new ſtroke would all our ſtrength deſtroy,
Had we not known an interval of Joy.
And yet perhaps this ſtroke had been excus'd,
If we this interval had not abus'd.

But our Ingratitude and Diſcontent,
Deſerv'd to know our Mercies were but lent:
And thoſe Complaints Heaven in this Rigid Fate
Does firſt Chaſtiſe, and then Legitimate.
By this it our Diviſions does reprove,
And makes us join in Grief, if not in Love:
For (Glorious Youth!) all Parties do agree,
As in admiring, ſo lamenting Thee;
The Sovereign's, Subject's, Foreigner's Delight;
Thou wert the Univerſal Favourite.
Not *Rome*'s Belov'd, and brave *Marcellus*, fell
So much a Darling or a Miracle:
Though built of Richeſt Blood and Fineſt Earth,
Thou hadſt a Heart more Noble than thy Birth;
Which by th' afflictive Changes thou didſt know,
Thou hadſt but too much cauſe and time to ſhow.
For when Fate did thy Infancy expoſe
To the moſt barbarous and ſtupid Foes;
Yet thou didſt then ſo much expreſs the Prince,
As did even them amaze, if not convince.
Nay, that looſe Tyrant whom no Bound confin'd,
Whom neither Laws, nor Oaths, nor ſhame could bind,
Although his Soul was than his Look more grim,
Yet thy brave Innocence half ſoftn'd him;
And he that Worth wherein thy Soul was dreſt,
By his ill-favour'd Clemency confeſt;
Leſſening the ill which he could not repent,
He call'd that Travel which was Baniſhment.
Eſcap'd from him, thy Trials were encreas'd;
The Scene was chang'd, but not the Danger ceas'd:
Thou from rough Guardians to Seducers gone,
Thoſe made thy Temper, theſe thy Judgment known;
Whilſt thou the Nobleſt Champion wert for Truth,
Whether we view thy Courage or thy Youth.
If to foil Nature and Ambition claims
Greater Reward than to encounter Flames,
All that ſhall know the Story muſt allow
A Martyr's Crown prepared for thy Brow.

But

But yet thou wert ſuſpended from thy Throne,
Till thy Great Brother had regain'd his own:
Who though the braveſt Suff'rer, yet even He
Could not at once have miſt his Crown and Thee.
But as Commiſſion'd Angels make no ſtay,
But having done their Errand go their way:
So thy part done, not thy reſtored State,
The future ſplendor which did for thee wait,
Nor that thy Prince and Country muſt mourn for
Such a Support, and ſuch a Counſellor,
Could longer keep thee from that bliſs, whence thou
Look'ſt down with pity on Earth's Monarchs now?
Where thy capacious Soul may quench her thirſt,
And younger Brothers may inherit firſt.
While on our King Heav'n does this care expreſs,
To make his Comforts ſafe he makes them leſs.
For this ſucceſsful Heathens uſe to ſay,
It is too much, (great Gods) ſend ſome allay.

To Her Royal Highneſs the Dutcheſs of York, *on her commanding me to ſend her ſome things that I had written.*

TO you whoſe Dignity ſtrikes us with aw,
And whoſe far greater Judgment gives us Law,
(Your Mind b'ing more tranſcendent than your State,
For while but Knees to this, Hearts bow to that)
Theſe humble Papers never durſt come near,
Had not your pow'rful Word bid them appear;
In which ſuch majeſty, ſuch ſweetneſs dwells,
As in one act obliges, and compels.
None can diſpute Commands vouchſaf'd by you:
What ſhall my fears then and confuſion do?
They muſt reſign, and by their juſt pretence
Some value ſet on my obedience.
For in religious Duties, 'tis confeſt,
The moſt Implicite are accepted beſt.

If on that ſcore your Highneſs will excuſe
This bluſhing tribute of an artleſs Muſe,
She may (encourag'd by your leaſt regard,
Which firſt can worth create, and then reward)
At modeſt diſtance with improved ſtrains
That Mercy celebrate which now ſhe gains.
But ſhould you that ſeverer juſtice uſe,
Which theſe too prompt Approches may produce,
As the ſwift Hinde which hath eſcaped long,
Believes a Vulgar ſhot would be a wrong;
But wounded by a Prince falls without ſhame,
And what in life ſhe loſes, gains in fame:
So if a Ray from you chance to be ſent,
Which to conſume, and not to warm, is meant;
My trembling Muſe at leaſt more nobly dies,
And falls by that a truer ſacrifice.

On the Death of the Queen of Bohemia.

ALthough the moſt do with officious heat
Only adore the Living and the Great;
Yet this Queen's Merits Fame ſo far hath ſpread,
That ſhe rules ſtill, though diſpoſſeſt and dead.
For loſing one, two other Crowns remain'd;
Over all hearts and her own griefs ſhe reign'd.
Two Thrones ſo ſplendid, as to none are leſs
But to that third which ſhe does now poſſeſs.
Her Heart and Birth Fortune ſo well did know,
That ſeeking her own fame in ſuch a Foe,
She dreſt the ſpacious Theatre for the fight:
And the admiring World call'd to the ſight:
An Army then of mighty Sorrows brought,
Who all againſt this ſingle Vertue fought;
And ſometimes ſtratagems, and ſometimes blows
To her Heroick Soul they did oppoſe:
But at her feet their vain attempts did fall,
And ſhe diſcover'd and ſubdu'd them all.

Till

Till Fortune weary of her malice grew,
Became her Captive and her Trophee too:
And by too late a Tribute begg'd t' have been
Admitted ſubject to ſo brave a Queen.
But as ſome Hero who a field hath wone,
Viewing the things he had ſo greatly done;
When by his ſpirit's flight he finds that he
With his own Life muſt buy his Victory,
He makes the ſlaughter'd heap that next him lies
His Funeral Pile, and then in triumph dies:
So fell this Royal Dame, with conquering ſpent,
And left in every breaſt her monument;
Wherein ſo high an Epitaph is writ,
As I muſt never dare to copy it.
But that bright Angel which did on her wait,
In fifty years contention with her fate,
And in that office did with wonder ſee
How great her troubles, how much greater ſhe;
How ſhe maintain'd her beſt Prerogative,
In keeping ſtill the power to Forgive:
How high ſhe did in her Devotion go,
And how her Condeſcenſion ſtoop'd as low;
With how much Glory ſhe had ever been
A Daughter, Siſter, Mother, Wife, and Queen;
Will ſure employ ſome deathleſs Muſe to tell
Our Children this inſtructive Miracle,
Who may her ſad Illuſtrious Life recite,
And after all her Wrongs may do her right.

On the 3. *of* September, 1651.

AS when the glorious Magazine of Light
Approches to his Canopy of Night,
He with new ſplendor clothes his dying Rays,
And double brightneſs to his Beams conveys;
And (as to brave and check his ending fate)
Puts on his higheſt looks in's loweſt ſtate,

Dreſt

Dreſt in ſuch terrour as to make us all
Be *Anti-Perſians*, and adore his Fall;
Then quits the World depriving it of Day,
While every Herb and Plant does droop away:
So when our gaſping *Engliſh* Royalty
Perceiv'd her Period was now drawing nigh,
She ſummons her whole ſtrength to give one blow,
To raiſe her ſelf, or pull down others too.
Big with revenge and hope ſhe now ſpake more
Of terror than in many months before;
And muſters her Attendents, or to ſave
Her from, or elſe attend her to, the Grave:
Yet but enjoy'd the miſerable fate
Of ſetting Majeſty, to die in State.
Unhappy Kings, who cannot keep a Throne,
Nor be ſo fortunate to fall alone!
Their weight ſinks others: *Pompey* could not fly,
But half the World muſt bear him Company;
And captiv'd *Samſon* could not life conclude,
Unleſs attended with a multitude.
Who'd truſt to Greatneſs now, whoſe food is air,
Whoſe ruine ſudden, and whoſe end deſpair?
Who would preſume upon his Glorious Birth,
Or quarrel for a ſpacious ſhare of Earth,
That ſees ſuch Diadems become ſo cheap,
And *Hero*'s tumble in a common heap?
Oh give me Virtue then, which ſums up all,
And firmly ſtands when Crowns and Scepters fall.

To the Noble Palæmon, *on his incomparable Diſcourſe of Friendſhip.*

WE had been ſtill undone, wrapt in diſguiſe,
Secure, not happy; cunning, and not wiſe;
War had been our deſign, Intereſt our trade;
We had not dwelt in ſafety, but in ſhade,

Hadſt

Hadſt thou not hung our Light more welcom far
Than wand'ring Sea-men think the Northern Star;
To ſhew, leſt we our Happineſs ſhould miſs,
'Tis plac'd in Friendſhip, Mens and Angels Bliſs.
Friendſhip, which had a ſcorn or mask been made,
And ſtill had been derided or betray'd;
At which the great Phyſitian ſtill had laugh'd,
The Souldier ſtormed, and the Gallant ſcoff'd;
Or worn not as a Paſſion, but a Plot,
At firſt pretended, and at laſt forgot;
Hadſt thou not been her great Deliverer,
At firſt diſcover'd, and then reſcu'd her,
And raiſing what rude Malice had flung down,
Unveil'd her Face, and then reſtor'd her Crown;
By ſo Auguſt an Action to convince,
'Tis greater to ſupport than be a Prince.
Oh for a Voice which loud as Thunder were,
That all Mankind thy Conqu'ring Truths might hear!
Sure the Litigious as amaz'd would ſtand,
As Fairy Knights touch'd with *Cambina*'s Wand,
Drawn by thy ſofter, and yet ſtronger Charms,
Nations and Armies would lay down their Arms:
And what more Honour can on thee be hurl'd,
Than to protect a Vertue, ſave a World?
But while great Friendſhip thou haſt Copied out,
Thou'ſt drawn thy ſelf ſo well, that we may doubt
Which moſt appears, thy Candour or thy Art,
Whether we owe more to thy Brain or Heart.
But this we know without thy own conſent,
Thou'ſt rais'd thy ſelf a Glorious Monument:
Temples and Statues Time will eat away,
And Tombs (like their Inhabitants) decay;
But there *Palæmon* lives, and ſo he muſt,
When Marbles crumble to forgotten Duſt.

To the Right Honourable Alice *Counteſs of* Carbury, *at her coming into* Wales.

AS when the firſt day dawn'd, Man's greedy Eye
Was apt to dwell on the bright Prodigy,
Till he might careleſs of his Organ grow,
And let his wonder prove his danger too:
So when our Country (which was deem'd to be
Cloſe-mourner in its own obſcurity,
And in neglected Chaos ſo long lay)
Was reſcu'd by your beams into a Day,
Like men into a ſudden luſtre brought,
We juſtly fear'd to gaze more than we ought.

2.

From hence it is you loſe moſt of your right,
Since none can pay't, nor durſt do't if they might.
Perfection's miſery 'tis that Art and Wit,
While they would honour, do but injure it.
But as the Deity ſlights our Expence,
And loves Devotion more than Eloquence:
So 'tis our Confidence you are Divine,
Makes us at diſtance thus approach your Shrine.
And thus ſecur'd, to you who need no art,
I that ſpeak leaſt my wit may ſpeak my heart.

3.

Then much above all zealous injury,
Receive this tribute of our ſhades from me,
While your great Splendors, like eternal Spring,
To theſe ſad Groves ſuch a refreſhment bring,
That the deſpiſed Country may be grown,
And juſtly too, the Envy of the Town.
That ſo when all Mankind at length have loſt
The Vertuous Grandeur which they once did boaſt,

Of

Of you like Pilgrims they may here obtain
Worth to recruit the dying world again.

To Sir Edward Deering *(the Noble* Silvander*) on his Dream and Navy, perſonating* Orinda*'s preferring* Roſania *before* Solomon*'s Traffick to* Ophir.

THen am I happier than is the King;
My Merchandiſe does no ſuch danger bring:
The Fleet I Traffick with fears no ſuch harms,
Sails in my ſight, and Anchors in my Arms.
Each new and unperceived grace
Diſcovered in that mind and face,
Each motion, ſmile and look from thee,
Brings Pearls and Ophir-*Gold to me.*

Thus far Sir Edw. Deering.

SIR, To be Noble, when 'twas Voted down,
To dare be good, though a whole Age ſhould frown;
To live within, and from that even ſtate
See all the under-world ſtoop to its fate;
To give the Law of Honour, and diſpence
All that is handſome, great and worthy thence;
Are things at once your practice and your end,
And which I dare admire, but not commend.
But ſince t' oblige the world is your delight,
You muſt deſcend within our reach and ſight:
For ſo Divinity muſt take diſguiſe,
Leſt mortals periſh with the bright ſurpriſe,
And thus your Muſe (which can enough reward
All actions ſhe vouchſafes but to regard,
And Honours gives, than Kings more permanent,
Above the reach of Acts of Parliament)
May ſuffer an acknowledgment from me,
For having thence receiv'd Eternity.
My thoughts with ſuch advantage you expreſs,
I hardly know them in this charming dreſs.

And had I more unkindneſs from my friend
Than my demerits e'er could apprehend,
Were the Fleet courted with this gale of wind,
I might be ſure a rich return to find.
So when the Shepherd of his Nymph complain'd,
Apollo in his ſhape his Miſtreſs gain'd:
She might have ſcorn'd the Swain, and found excuſe;
But could not his great Orator refuſe.
But for *Roſania*'s Intereſt I ſhould fear
It would be hard t' obtain your pardon here.
But your firſt Goodneſs will, I know, allow
That what was Bounty then, is Mercy now.
Forgiveneſs is the nobleſt Charity,
And nothing can worthy your favour be.
For you (God-like) are ſo much your own fate,
That what you will accept you muſt create.

To Mr. Henry Lawes.

NAture, which is the vaſt Creation's Soul,
That ſteddy curious Agent in the whole,
The Art of Heaven, the Order of this Frame,
Is only Number in another name.
For as ſome King conqu'ring what was his own,
Hath choice of ſeverel Titles to his Crown;
So harmony on this ſcore now, that then,
Yet ſtill is all that takes and governs Men.
Beauty is but Compoſure, and we find
Content is but the Concord of the Mind,
Friendſhip the Uniſon of well-tun'd Hearts,
Honour the *Chorus* of the nobleſt parts,
And all the world on which we can reflect
Muſick to th' Ear, or to the Intellect.
If then each man a Little World muſt be,
How many Worlds are copied out in thee,
Who art ſo richly formed, ſo compleat,
T' epitomize all that is Good and Great;

Whoſe

Whoſe Stars this brave advantage did impart,
Thy Nature's as harmonious as thy Art?
Thou doſt above the Poets praiſes live,
Who fetch from thee th' Eternity they give.
And as true Reaſon triumphs over ſenſe,
Yet is ſubjected to intelligence:
So Poets on the lower World look down,
But *Lawes* on them; his Height is all his own:
For, like Divinity it ſelf, his Lyre
Rewards the Wit it did at firſt inſpire.
And thus by double right Poets allow
His and their Laurel ſhould adorn his brow.
Live then, Great Soul of Nature, to aſſwage
The ſavage dulneſs of this ſullen Age.
Charm us to Senſe; for though Experience fail,
And Reaſon too, thy Numbers may prevail.
Then, like thoſe Antients, ſtrike, and ſo command
All Nature to obey thy gen'rous Hand.
None will reſiſt but ſuch who needs will be
More ſtupid than a Stone, a Fiſh, a Tree.
Be it thy care our Age to new-create:
What built a World may ſure repair a State.

A Sea-Voyage from Tenby *to* Briſtol, *begun* Sept. 5. 1652.
ſent from Briſtol *to* Lucaſia, *Sept.* 8. 1652.

HOiſe up the Sail, cry'd they who underſtand
No word that carries kindneſs for the *Land*:
Such Sons of Clamour, that I wonder not
They love the Sea, whom ſure ſome Storm begot.
Had he who doubted Motion theſe Men ſeen,
Or heard their tongues, he had convinced been.
For had our Barque mov'd half as faſt as they,
We had not need caſt Anchor by the way.
One of the reſt pretending to more wit,
Some ſmall *Italian* ſpoke, but murther'd it;

For I (thanks to *Sabuma*'s Letters) knew
How to diſtinguiſh 'twixt the falſe and true.
But t' oppoſe theſe as mad a thing would be
As 'tis to contradict a Presbyt'ry.
'Tis *Spaniſh* though, (quoth I) e'en what you pleaſe:
For him that ſpoke it 'tmight be Bread and Cheeſe.
So ſoftly moves the Barque which none controuls,
As are the meetings of agreeing Souls:
And the Moon-beams did on the water play,
As if at Midnight 'twould create a Day.
The amorous Wave that ſhar'd in ſuch diſpence
Expreſt at once delight and reverence.
Such trepidation we in Lovers ſpye
Under th' oppreſſion of a Miſtreſs eye.
But then the Wind ſo high did riſe and roar,
Some vow'd they'd never truſt the traitor more.
Behold the fate that all our Glories ſweep,
Writ in the dangerous wonders of the Deep:
And yet behold Man's eaſie folly more,
How ſoon we curſe what erſt we did adore.
Sure he that firſt himſelf did thus convey,
Had ſome ſtrong paſſion that he would obey.
The Barque wrought hard, but found it was in vain
To make its party good againſt the Main,
Toſs'd and retreated, till at laſt we ſee
She muſt be faſt if ere ſhe ſhould be free.
We gravely Anchor caſt, and patiently
Lie priſoners to the weather's cruelty.
We had nor Wind nor Tyde, nor ought but Grief,
Till a kind Spring-tide, was our firſt relief.
Then we float merrily, forgetting quite
The ſad confinement of the ſtormy night.
Ere we had loſt theſe thoughts, we ran aground,
And then how vain to be ſecure we found.
Now they were all ſurpriz'd. Well, if we muſt,
Yet none ſhall ſay that duſt is gone to duſt.
But we are off now, and the civil Tide
Aſſiſted us the Tempeſts to out-ride.

But

But what moſt pleas'd my mind upon the way,
Was the Ships poſture that in Harbour lay:
Which to a rocky Grove ſo cloſe were fix'd,
That the Trees branches with the Tackling mix'd.
One would have thought it was, as then it ſtood,
A growing Navy, or a floating Wood.
But I have done at laſt, and do confeſs
My Voyage taught me ſo much tediouſneſs.
In ſhort, the Heav'ns muſt needs propitious be,
Becauſe *Lucaſia* was concern'd in me.

Friendſhips Myſtery, To my deareſt Lucaſia.

COme, my *Lucaſia*, ſince we ſee
That Miracles Mens Faith do move,
By wonder and by prodigy
To the dull angry World let's prove
There's a Religion in our Love.

2.

For though we were deſign'd t' agree,
That Fate no liberty deſtroys,
But our Election is as free
As Angels, who with greedy choice
Are yet determin'd to their joys.

3.

Our hearts are doubled by the loſs,
Here Mixture is Addition grown;
We both diffuſe, and both ingroſs:
And we whoſe minds are ſo much one,
Never, yet ever are alone.

We

4.

We court our own Captivity
Than Thrones more great and innocent:
'Twere baniſhment to be ſet free,
Since we wear fetters whoſe intent
Not Bondage is but Ornament.

5.

Divided joys are tedious found,
And griefs united eaſier grow:
We are our ſelves but by rebound,
And all our Titles ſhuffled ſo,
Both Princes, and both Subjects too.

6.

Our Hearts are mutual Victims laid,
While they (ſuch power in Friendſhip lies)
Are Altars, Prieſts, and Offrings made:
And each Heart which thus kindly dies,
Grows deathleſs by the Sacrifice.

Content, To my deareſt Lucaſia.

COntent, the falſe Worlds beſt diſguiſe,
The ſearch and faction of the Wiſe,
Is ſo abſtruſe and hid in night,
That, like that Fairy Red-croſs Knight,
Who treacherous Falſhood for clear Truth had got,
Men think they have it when they have it not.

2.

For Courts Content would gladly own,
But ſhe ne'er dwelt about a Throne:

And

And to be flatter'd, rich, and great,
Are things which do Mens ſenſes cheat.
But grave Experience long ſince this did ſee,
Ambition and Content would ne'er agree.

3.

Some vainer would Content expect
From what their bright Out-ſides reflect:
But ſure Content is more Divine
Than to be digg'd from Rock or Mine:
And they that know her beauties will confeſs,
She needs no luſtre from a glittering dreſs.

4.

In Mirth ſome place her, but ſhe ſcorns
Th' aſſiſtance of ſuch crackling thorns,
Nor owes her ſelf to ſuch thin ſport,
That is ſo ſharp and yet ſo ſhort:
And Painters tell us they the ſame ſtrokes place,
To make a laughing and a weeping face.

5.

Others there are that place Content
In Liberty from Government:
But whomſoe'er Paſſions deprave,
Though free from ſhackles, he's a ſlave.
Content and Bondage differ only then,
When we are chain'd by Vices, not by Men.

6.

Some think the Camp Content does know,
And that ſhe ſits o' th' Victor's brow:
But in his Laurel there is ſeen
Often a Cypreſs-brow between.

Nor

Nor will Content her ſelf in that place give,
Where Noiſe and Tumult and Deſtruction live.

7.

But yet the moſt Diſcreet believe,
The Schools this Jewel do receive,
And thus far's true without diſpute,
Knowledge is ſtill the ſweeteſt fruit.
But whilſt men ſeek for Truth they loſe their Peace;
And who heaps Knowledge, Sorrow doth increaſe.

8.

But now ſome ſullen Hermite ſmiles,
And thinks he all the World beguiles,
And that his Cell and Diſh contain
What all mankind wiſh for in vain.
But yet his pleaſure's follow'd with a Grone,
For Man was never born to be alone.

9.

Content her ſelf beſt comprehends
Betwixt two ſouls, and they two friends,
Whoſe either joyes in both are fix'd,
And multiply'd by being mix'd:
Whoſe minds and intereſts are ſo the ſame;
Their Griefs, when once imparted, loſe that name.

10.

Theſe far remov'd from all bold noiſe,
And (what is worſe) all hollow joyes,
Who never had a mean deſign,
Whoſe flame is ſerious and divine,
And calm, and even, muſt contented be,
For they 've both Union and Society.

Then

Then, my *Lucaſia*, we who have
Whatever Love can give or crave;
Who can with pitying ſcorn ſurvey
The Trifles which the moſt betray;
With innocence and perfect friendſhip fir'd,
By Virtue join'd, and by our Choice retir'd.

12.

Whoſe Mirrors are the Cryſtal Brooks,
Or elſe each others Hearts and Looks;
Who cannot wiſh for other things
Than Privacy and Friendſhip brings:
Whoſe thoughts and perſons chang'd and mixt are one,
Enjoy Content, or elſe the World hath none.

A Dialogue of Abſence 'twixt Lucaſia *and* Orinda.
Set by Mr. Hen. Lawes.

Luc. SAy, my *Orinda*, why ſo ſad?
Orin. Abſence from thee doth tear my heart;
Which, ſince with thine it union had,
Each parting ſplits. *Luc.* And can we part?
Orin. Our Bodies muſt. *Luc.* But never we:
Our Souls, without the help of Sence,
By ways more noble and more free
Can meet, and hold intelligence.
Orin. And yet thoſe Souls, when firſt they met,
Lookt out at windows through the Eyes.
Luc. But ſoon did ſuch acquaintance get,
Nor Fate nor Time can them ſurprize.
Orin. Abſence will rob us of that bliſs
To which this Friendſhip title brings:
Love's fruits and joys are made by this
Uſeleſs as Crowns to captiv'd Kings.
Luc. Friendſhip's a Science, and we know
There Contemplation's moſt employ'd.

Orin. Religion's ſo, but practick too,
And both by niceties deſtroy'd.
Luc. But who ne'er parts can never meet,
And ſo that happineſs were loſt.
Orin. Thus Pain and Death are ſadly ſweet,
Since Health and Heav'n ſuch price muſt coſt.

Chorus.

But we ſhall come where no rude hand ſhall ſever,
And there we'll meet and part no more for ever.

To my dear Siſter Mrs. C. P. on her Marriage.

WE will not like thoſe men our offerings pay
Who crown the Cup, then think they crown the day.
We make no Garlands, nor an Altar build,
Which help not Joy, but Oſtentation yield.
Where mirth is juſtly grounded, theſe wild toyes
Are but a troubleſome, and empty noiſe.

2.

But theſe ſhall be my great Solemnities,
Orinda's wiſhes for *Caſſandra*'s bliſs.
May her Content be as unmix'd and pure
As my Affection, and like that endure;
And that ſtrong Happineſs may ſhe ſtill find
Not owing to her Fortune, but her Mind.

3.

May her Content and Duty be the ſame,
And may ſhe know no Grief but in the name.
May his and her Pleaſure and Love be ſo
Involv'd and growing, that we may not know
Who moſt Affection or moſt Peace engroſt;
Whoſe Love is ſtrongeſt, or whoſe Bliſs is moſt.

4.

May nothing accidental e'er appear,
But what ſhall with new bonds their Souls endear;
And may they count the hours as they paſs,
By their own Joys, and not by Sun or Glaſs:
While every day like this may ſacred prove
To Friendſhip, Gratitude, and ſtricteſt Love.

To Mr. Henry Vaughan, Siluriſt, *on his* Poems.

HAd I ador'd the multitude, and thence
Got an antipathy to Wit and Sence,
And hugg'd that fate in hope the World would grant
'Twas good affection to be ignorant;
Yet the leaſt Ray of thy bright fancy ſeen,
I had converted, or excuſeleſs been;
For each Birth of thy Muſe to after-times
Shall expiate for all this Age's crimes.
Firſt Shines thy Amoret, twice crown'd by thee,
Once by thy Love, next by thy Poetry:
Where thou the beſt of Unions doſt diſpence,
Truth cloth'd in Wit, and Love in Innocence.
So that the muddieſt Lovers may learn here,
No Fountains can be ſweet that are not clear.
There *Juvenal* reviv'd by thee declares
How flat Man's Joys are, and how mean his Cares;
And generouſly upbraids the World that they
Should ſuch a value for their Ruine pay.
But when thy ſacred Muſe diverts her Quill,
The Landskip to deſign of *Leon's* Hill;
As nothing elſe was worthy her or thee,
So we admire almoſt t' Idolatry.
What Savage Breaſt would not be rap'd to find
Such Jewels in ſuch Cabinets enſhrin'd?

Thou (fill'd with Joys too great to ſee or count)
Deſcend'ſt from thence like *Moſes* from the Mount,
And with a candid, yet unqueſtion'd aw,
Reſtor'ſt the Golden Age when Verſe was Law.
Inſtructing us thou ſo ſecur'ſt thy fame,
That nothing can diſturb it but my name;
Nay, I have hopes that ſtanding ſo near thine
'Twill loſe its droſs, and by degrees refine.
Live till the diſabuſed World conſent,
All Truths of Uſe, or Strength, or Ornament,
Are with ſuch Harmony by thee diſplay'd,
As the whole World was firſt by Number made;
And from the charming rigour thy Muſe brings,
Learn, there's no pleaſure but in ſerious things.

A retir'd Friendſhip. To Ardelia.

COme, my *Ardelia*, to this Bower,
Where kindly mingling Souls awhile,
Let's innocently ſpend an hour,
And at all ſerious follies ſmile.

2.

Here is no quarrelling for Crowns,
Nor fear of changes in our Fate;
No trembling at the Great Ones frowns,
Nor any ſlavery of State.

3.

Here's no diſguiſe nor treachery,
Nor any deep conceal'd deſign;
From Blood and Plots this Place is free,
And calm as are thoſe looks of thine.

4.

Here let us ſit and bleſs our Stars,
Who did ſuch happy quiet give,

As

As that remov'd from noiſe of Wars
In one anothers hearts we live.

5.

Why ſhould we entertain a fear?
Love cares not how the World is turn'd:
If crouds of dangers ſhould appear,
Yet Friendſhip can be unconcern'd.

6.

We wear about us ſuch a charm,
No horrour can be our offence;
For miſchief ſelf can do no harm
To Friendſhip or to Innocence.

7.

Let's mark how ſoon *Apollo*'s beams
Command the flocks to quit their meat,
And not entreat the neighbouring ſtreams
To quench their thirſt, but cool their heat.

8.

In ſuch a ſcorching Age as this,
Who would not ever ſeek a ſhade,
Deſerve their Happineſs to miſs,
As having their own peace betray'd.

9.

But we (of one anothers mind
Aſſur'd) the boiſterous World diſdain;
With quiet Souls and unconfin'd
Enjoy what Princes wiſh in vain.

To Mrs. Mary Carne, *when* Philaſter *courted her.*

AS ſome great Conqueror who knows no bounds,
But hunting Honour in a thouſand wounds,
Purſues his rage, and thinks that Triumph cheap
That's but attended with the common heap,
Till his more happy fortune doth afford
Some Royal Captive that deſerv'd his Sword,
And only now is of his Laurel proud,
Thinking his dang'rous Valour well beſtow'd;
But then retreats, and ſpending hate no more,
Thinks Mercy now what Courage was before:
As Cowardiſe in fight, ſo equally
He doth abhor a bloody Victory:
So, Madam, though your Beauty were allow'd
To be ſevere unto the yielding Crowd,
That were ſubdu'd ere you an Object knew
Worthy your Conqueſt and your Mercy too;
Yet now 'tis gain'd, your Victory's compleat,
Only your Clemency ſhould be as great.
None will diſpute the power of your Eyes,
That underſtands *Philaſter* is their prize.
Hope not your Glory can have new acceſs,
For all your future Trophees will grow leſs:
And with that Homage be you ſatisfi'd
From him that conquers all the World beſide.
Nor let your Rigour now the triumph blot,
And loſe the honour which your Beauty got.
Be juſt and kind unto your Peace and Fame,
In being ſo to him, for they're the ſame:
And live and die at once, if you would be
Nobly tranſmitted to Poſterity.
Take heed leſt in the ſtory they peruſe
A Murther which no Language can excuſe:
But wiſely ſpare the trouble of one frown;
Give him his happineſs, and know your own.

Thus

Thus ſhall you be as Honour's ſelf eſteem'd,
Who have one Sex oblig'd, your own redeem'd.
Thus the Religion due unto your Shrine
Shall be as Univerſal, as Divine:
And that Devotion ſhall this bleſſing gain,
Which Law and Reaſon do attempt in vain.
The World ſhall join, maintaining but one ſtrife,
Who ſhall moſt thank you for *Philaſters* life.

To Mr. J. B. *the noble* Cratander, *upon a Compoſition of his which he was not willing to own publickly.*

AS when ſome injur'd Prince aſſumes Diſguiſe,
And ſtrives to make his Carriage ſympathize,
Yet hath a great becoming Meen and Air,
Which ſpeaks him Royal ſpight of all his care:
So th' Iſſues of thy Soul can ne'er be hid,
And the Sun's force may be as ſoon forbid
As thine obſcur'd; there is no ſhade ſo great
Through which it will not dart forth light and heat.
Thus we diſcover thee by thy own Day,
Againſt thy will ſnatching the Cloud away.
Now the Piece ſhines, and though we will not ſay,
Parents can Souls, as Taper lights, convey;
Yet we muſt grant thy Soul tranſmitted here
In beams almoſt as laſting and as clear.
And that's our higheſt praiſe, for but thy Mind,
Thy Works could never a reſemblance find.
That Mind whoſe ſearch can Nature's ſecret hand
At one great ſtroke diſcover and command,
Which cleareth times and things, before whoſe eyes
Nor Men nor Notions dare put on diſguiſe.
And were all Authors now as much forgot
As proſperous Ignorance her ſelf would plot,
Had we the rich ſupplies of thy own breaſt,
The knowing World would never miſs the reſt.

Men did before from Ignorance take their Fame,
But Learning's ſelf is honour'd by thy Name.
Thou ſtudieſt not belief to introduce
Of Novelties, more fit for ſhew than uſe;
But think'ſt it Nobler Charity t' uphold
The Credit and the Beauty of the old:
And with one hand canſt eaſily ſupport
Learning and Law, a Temple and a Court.
And this ſecures me: for as we below
Valleys from Hills, Houſes from Churches know,
But to their ſight who ſtand extreamly high,
Theſe forms will have one flat Equality:
So from a lower Soul I well might fear
A critick cenſure when ſurvey'd too near;
But not from him who plac'd above the beſt,
Lives in a heighth which levels all the reſt.

To the Excellent Mrs. Anne Owen, *upon her receiving the Name of* Lucaſia, *and Adoption into our Society*, December 28. 1651.

WE are compleat, and Fate hath now
No greater bleſſing to beſtow:
Nay, the dull World muſt now confeſs,
We have all worth, all happineſs.
Annals of State are trifles to our fame,
Now 'tis made ſacred by *Lucaſia*'s Name.

But as though through a Burning-Glaſs
The Sun more vigorous doth paſs,
Yet ſtill with general freedom ſhines;
For that contracts, but not confines:
So though by this her beams are fixed here,
Yet ſhe diffuſes Glory every where.

Her Mind is ſo entirely bright,
The ſplendor would but wound our ſight,

And

And muſt to ſome diſguiſe ſubmit,
Or we could never worſhip it.
And we by this relation are allow'd
Luſtre enough to be *Lucaſia*'s Cloud.

Nations will own us now to be
A Temple of Divinity;
And Pilgrims ſhall ten Ages hence
Approach our Tombs with reverence.
May then that time which did ſuch bliſs convey,
Be kept by us perpetual Holy-day.

To the truly Noble Mrs. Anne Owen, *on my firſt Appoaches.*

MADAM,

AS in a Triumph Conquerors admit
Their meaneſt Captives to attend on it,
Who, though unworthy, have the power conſeſt,
And juſtifi'd the yielding of the reſt:
So when the buſie World (in hope t' excuſe
Their own ſurprize) your Conqueſts do peruſe,
And find my Name, they will be apt to ſay,
Your charms were blinded, or elſe thrown away.
There is no honour got in gaining me,
Who am a Prize not worth your Victory.
But this will clear you, that 'tis general,
The worſt applaud what is admir'd by all.
But I have plots in't: for the way to be
Secure of fame to all poſterity,
Is to obtain the honour I purſue,
To tell the World I was ſubdu'd by you.
And ſince in you all wonders common are,
Your Votaries may in your Virtues ſhare,
While you by noble Magick worth impart:
She that can conquer, can reclaim a heart.
Of this Creation I ſhall not deſpair,
Since for your own ſake it concerns your care.

For 'tis more honour that the World ſhould know
You made a noble Soul, than found it ſo.

Lucaſia.

NOt to oblige *Lucaſia* by my voice,
To boaſt my fate, or juſtifie my choice,
Is this deſign'd; but pity does engage
My Pen to reſcue the declining Age.
For ſince 'tis grown in faſhion to be bad,
And to be vain or angry, proud or mad,
(While in their Vices only Men agree)
Is thought the only modern Gallantry;
How would ſome brave Examples check the crimes,
And both reproach, and yet reform, the Times?
Nor can Morality it ſelf reclaim
Th' apoſtate World like my *Lucaſia*'s name:
Lucaſia, whoſe rich Soul had it been known
In that Time th' Antients call'd the *Golden* one,
When Innocence and Greatneſs were the ſame,
And Men no Battels knew but in a Game,
Chuſing what Nature, not what Art, prefers;
Poets were Judges, Kings Philoſophers;
Even then from her the Wiſe would Copies draw,
And ſhe to th' Infant World had giv'n a Law.
That Souls were made of Number could not be
An Obſervation, but a Prophecy.
It meant *Lucaſia*, whoſe harmonious ſtate
The Spheres and Muſes only imitate.
But as then Muſick is beſt underſtood,
When every Chord s examin'd and found good:
So what in others Judgment is and Will,
In her is the ſame even Reaſon ſtill.
And as ſome Colour various ſeems, but yet
'Tis but our diff'rence in conſidering it:
So ſhe now light, and then does light diſpence,
But is one ſhining Orb of Excellence:

And

And that ſo piercing when ſhe Judgment takes,
She doth not ſearch, but Intuition makes:
And her Diſcoveries more eaſie are
Than *Cæſar*'s Conqueſt in his *Pontick* War.
As bright and vigorous Heb beams are pure,
And in their own rich candor ſo ſecure,
That had ſhe liv'd where Legends were deviſed,
Rome had been juſt, and ſhe been canonized.
Nay Innocence her ſelf leſs clear muſt be,
If Innocence be any thing but ſhe.
For Vertue s ſo congenial to her mind,
That Liquid things, or Friends, are leſs combin'd.
So that in her that Sage his wiſh had ſeen,
And Vertue's ſelf had perſonated been.
Now as diſtilled Simples do agree,
And in th Alembick loſe variety;
So Vertue, though in pieces ſcatter'd 'twas,
Is by her Mind made one rich uſeful maſs.
Nor doth Diſcretion put Religion down,
Nor haſty Zeal uſurp the Judgment's crown.
Wiſdom and Friendſhip have one ſingle Throne,
And make another Friendſhip of their own.
Each ſev'ral piece darts ſuch fierce pleaſing rayes,
Poetick Lovers would but wrong in praiſe.
All hath proportion, all hath comlineſs,
And her Humility alone exceſs.
Her Modeſty doth wrong a Worth ſo great,
Which Caluminy her ſelf would noblier treat:
While true to Friendſhip and to Nature's truſt,
To her own Merits only ſhe's unjuſt.
But as Divinity we beſt declare
By ſounds as broken as our Notions are;
So to acknowledge ſuch vaſt Eminence,
Imperfect Wonder is our Eloquence.
No Pen *Lucaſia*'s Glories can relate,
But they admire beſt who dare imitate.

Wiſton Vault.

AND why this Vault and Tomb? Alike we muſt
Put off Diſtinction, and put on our Duſt.
Nor can the ſtateliеſt Fabrick help to ſave
From the corruptions of a common Grave;
Nor for the Reſurrection more prepare,
Than if the Duſt were ſcatter'd into Air.
What then? Th' ambition's juſt, ſay ſome, that we
May thus perpetuate our Memory.
Ah falſe vain task of Art! ah poor weak Man!
Whoſe Monument does more than's Merit can:
Who by his Friends beſt care and love s abus'd,
And in his very Epitaph accus'd:
For did they not ſuſpect his Name would fall,
There would not need an Epitaph at all.
But after death too I would be alive,
And ſhall, if my *Lucaſia* do, ſurvive.
I quit theſe pomps of Death, and am content,
Having her heart to be my Monument:
Though ne'er Stone to me, 'twill Stone for me prove,
By the peculiar miracles of Love.
There I'll Inſcription have which no Tomb gives,
Not, *Here Orinda lies*, but, *Here ſhe lives.*

Friendſhip in Embleme, or the Seal. To my deareſt Lucaſia.

I.

THE Hearts thus intermixed ſpeak
A Love that no bold ſhock can break;
For joyn'd and growing both in one,
None can be diſturb'd alone.

That

2.

That means a mutual Knowledge too;
For what is't either heart can do,
Which by its panting Centinel
It does not to the other tell?

3.

That Friendſhip Hearts ſo much refines,
It nothing but it ſelf deſigns:
The hearts are free from lower ends,
For each point to the other tends.

4.

They flame, 'tis true, and ſeveral ways,
But ſtill thoſe Flames do ſo much raiſe,
That while to either they incline,
They yet are noble and divine.

5.

From ſmoke or hurt thoſe Flames are free,
From groſſneſs or mortality:
The Heart (like *Moſes* Buſh preſumed)
Warm'd and enlightned, not conſumed.

6.

The Compaſſes that ſtand above,
Expreſs this great immortal Love;
For Friends, like them, can prove this true,
They are, and yet they are not, two.

7.

And in their poſture is expreſt
Friendſhip's exalted Intereſt:
Each follows where the other leans,
And what each does, this other means.

8.

And as when one foot does ſtand faſt,
And t' other circles ſeeks to caſt,
The ſteddy part does regulate
And make the wand'rer's motion ſtraight:

9.

So Friends are only two in this,
T' reclaim each other when they miſs:
For whoſoe'er will grieſly fall,
Can never be a Friend at all.

10.

And as that uſeful Inſtrument
For Even lines was ever meant;
So Friendſhip from good Angels ſprings,
To teach the world Heroick things.

11.

As theſe are found out in deſign
To rule and meaſure every Line;
So Friendſhip governs actions beſt,
Preſcribing unto all the reſt.

12.

And as in Nature nothing's ſet
So juſt as Lines in number met;
So Compaſſes for theſe b'ing made,
Do Friendſhip's harmony perſwade.

And

13.

And like to them, ſo Friends may own
Extenſion, not Diviſion:
Their Points, like Bodies, ſeparate;
But Head, like Souls, knows no ſuch fate.

14.

And as each part ſo well is knit,
That their Embraces ever fit:
So Friends are ſuch by deſtiny,
And no third can the place ſupply.

15.

There needs no Motto to the Seal:
But that we may the Mind reveal
To the dull Eye, it was thought fit
That *Friendſhip* only ſhould be writ.

16.

But as there are Degrees of Bliſs,
So there's no Friendſhip meant by this,
But ſuch as will tranſmit to Fame
Lucaſia and *Orinda*'s Name.

In Memory of F. P. *who died at* Acton *the* 24 *of* May, 1660. *at Twelve and an Half of Age.*

IF I could ever write a laſting Verſe,
It ſhould be laid, dear Saint, upon thy Herſe.
But Sorrow is no Muſe, and does confeſs,
That it leaſt can, what it would moſt expreſs.
Yet that I may ſome bounds to Grief allow,
I'll try if I can weep in Numbers now.
Ah, beauteous Bloſſom, too untimely dead!
Whither? Ah whither is thy ſweetneſs fled?

Where

Where are the charms that always did ariſe
From the prevailing language of thy Eyes?
Where is thy beauteous and lovely meen,
And all the wonders that in thee were ſeen?
Alas! in vain, in vain on thee I rave;
There is no pity in the ſtupid Grave.
But ſo the Bankrupt ſitting on the brim
Of thoſe fierce billows which had ruin'd him,
Begs for his loſt Eſtate, and does complain
To the inexorable Flouds in vain.
As well we may enquire when Roſes die,
To what retirement their ſweet Odours flie;
Whither their Virtues and their Bluſhes haſte,
When the ſhort triumph of their life is paſt;
Or call their periſhing Beauties back with tears,
As add one moment to thy finiſh'd years.
No, thou art gone, and thy preſaging Mind
So thriftily thy early hours deſign'd,
That haſty Death was baffled in his Pride,
Since nothing of thee but thy Body di'd.
Thy Soul was up betimes, and ſo concern'd
To graſp all Excellence that could be learn'd,
That finding nothing fill her thirſting here,
To the Spring-head ſhe went to quench it there;
And ſo prepar'd, that being freed from ſin
She quickly might become a Cherubin.
Thou wert all Soul, and through thy Eyes it ſhin'd:
Aſham'd and angry to be ſo confin'd,
It long'd to be uncag'd, and thither flown
Where it might know as clearly as 'twas known.
In theſe vaſt hopes we might thy change have found,
But that Heav'n blinds whom it decrees to wound.
For Parts ſo ſoon at ſo ſublime a pitch,
A Judgment ſo mature, Fancy ſo rich,
Never appear unto unthankful Men,
But as a Viſion to be hid agen.
So glorious Scenes in Maſques, Spectators view
With the ſhort pleaſure of an hour or two;

But

But that once paſt, the Ornaments are gone,
The Lights extinguiſh'd, and the Curtains drawn.
Yet all theſe Gifts were thy leſs noble part,
Nor was thy Head ſo worthy as thy Heart;
Where the Divine Impreſſion ſhin'd ſo clear,
As ſnatch'd thee hence, and yet endear'd thee here:
For what in thee did moſt command our love,
Was both the cauſe and ſign of thy remove.
Such fools are we, ſo fatally we chooſe,
That what we moſt would keep, we ſooneſt looſe.
The humble greatneſs of thy pious thought,
Sweetneſs unforc'd, and Bathfulneſs untaught,
The native Candour of thine open breſt,
And all the Beams wherein thy Worth was dreſt,
Thy Wit ſo bright, ſo piercing and immenſe,
Adorn'd with wiſe and lovely Innocence,
Might have foretold thou wert not ſo compleat,
But that our joy might be as ſhort as great.
So the poor Swain beholds his ripen'd Corn
By ſome rough Wind without a Sickle torn.
Never, ah! never let ſad Parents gueſs
At one remove of future happineſs:
But reckon Children 'mong thoſe paſſing joys,
Which one hour gives, and the next hour deſtroys.
Alas! we were ſecure of our content;
But find too late that it was onely lent,
To be a Mirrour wherein we may ſee
How frail we are, how ſpotleſs we ſhould be.
But if to thy bleſt Soul my grief appears,
Forgive and pity theſe injurious tears:
Impute them to Affection's ſad exceſs,
Which will not yield to Nature's tenderneſs,
Since 'twas through deareſt ties and higheſt truſt
Continued from thy Cradle to thy Duſt;
And ſo rewarded and confirm'd by thine,
That (wo is me!) I thought thee too much mine.
But I'll reſign, and follow thee as faſt
As my unhappy Minutes will make haſt.

Till when the freſh remembrances of thee
Shall be my Emblems of Mortality.
For ſuch a loſs as this (bright Soul!) is not
Ever to be repaired, or forgot.

In Memory of that excellent Perſon Mrs. Mary Lloyd *of* Bodidriſt *in* Denbigh-ſhire, *who died Nov.* 15. 1656. *after ſhe came thither from* Pembroke-ſhire.

I Cannot hold, for though to write were rude,
Yet to be ſilent were Ingratitude,
And Folly too; for if Poſterity
Should never hear of ſuch an one as thee,
And onely know this Age's brutiſh fame,
They would think Virtue nothing but a Name.
And though far abler Pens muſt her define,
Yet her Adoption hath engaged mine:
And I muſt own where Merit ſhines ſo clear,
'Tis hard to write, but harder to forbear.
Sprung from an ancient and an honour'd Stem,
Who lent her luſtre, and ſhe paid it them;
Who ſtill in great and noble things appear'd,
Whom all their Country lov'd, and yet they fear'd.
Match'd to another good and great as they,
Who did their Country both oblige and ſway.
Behold herſelf, who had without diſpute,
More than both Families could contribute.
What early Beauty, Grief and Age had broke,
Her lovely Reliques and her Off-ſpring ſpoke.
She was by Nature and her Parents care,
A Woman long before moſt others are.
But yet that antedated ſeaſon ſhe
Improv'd to Virtue, not to Liberty.
For ſhe was ſtill in either ſtate of life,
Meek as a Virgin, Prudent as a Wife.
And ſhe well knew, although ſo young and fair,
Juſtly to mix Obedience, Love, and Care;

Whilſt

Whil'ſt to her Children ſhe did ſtill appear
So wiſely kind, ſo tenderly ſevere,
That they from her Rule and Example brought
A native Honour, which ſhe ſtampt and taught.
Nor can a ſingle Pen enough commend,
So kind a Siſter and ſo clear a Friend.
A Wiſdom from above did her ſecure,
Which as 'twas peaceable, was ever pure.
And if well-order'd Commonwealths muſt be
Patterns for every private Family,
Her Houſe, rul'd by her hand and by her eye,
Might be a Pattern for a Monarchy.
Solomon's wiſeſt Woman leſs could do;
She built her houſe, but this preſerv'd hers too.
She was ſo pious that when ſhe did die,
She ſcarce chang'd place, I'm ſure not company.
Her Zeal was primitive and practick too;
She did believe, and pray, and read, and do.
A firm and equal Soul ſhe had engroſt,
Juſt ev'n to thoſe that diſoblig'd her moſt.
She grew to love thoſe wrongs ſhe did receive
For giving her the power to Forgive.
Her Alms I may admire, but not relate,
But her own *works ſhall praiſe her in the gate.*
Her Life was checquer'd with afflictive years,
And even her Comfort ſeaſon'd in her Tears.
Scarce for a Husband's loſs her eyes were dri'd,
And that loſs by her Children half ſuppli'd,
When Heav'n was pleas'd not theſe dear Props t' afford,
But tore moſt off by ſickneſs or by ſword.
She, who in them could ſtill their Father boaſt,
Was a freſh Widow every Son ſhe loſt.
Litigious hands did her of Right deprive,
That after all 'twas Penance to ſurvive.
She ſtill theſe Griefs had nobly undergone,
Which few ſupport at all, but better none.
Such a ſubmiſſive Greatneſs who can find?
A tender Heart with ſo reſolv'd a Mind!

But ſhe, though ſenſible, was ſtill the ſame,
Of a reſigned Soul, untainted Fame;
Nor were her Virtues coarſly ſet, for ſhe
Out-did Example in Civility.
To beſtow bleſſings, to oblige, relieve,
Was all for which ſhe could endure to live.
She had a joy higher in doing good,
Than they to whom the benefit accru'd.
Though none of Honour had a quicker ſenſe,
Never had Woman more of complacence;
Yet loſt it not in empty forms, but ſtill
Her Nature noble was, her Soul gentile.
And as in Youth ſhe did attract, (for ſhe
The Verdure had without the Vanity)
So ſhe in Age was mild and grave to all,
Was not moroſe, but was majeſtical.
Thus from all other Women ſhe had skill
To draw their good, but nothing of their ill.
And ſince ſhe knew the mad tumultuous World.
Saw Crowns revers'd, Temples to ruine hurl'd;
She in Retirement choſe to ſhine and burn,
As a bright Lamp ſhut in ſome Roman Urn.
At laſt, when ſpent with ſickneſs, grief and age,
Her Guardian Angel did her death preſage:
(So that by ſtrong impulſe ſhe chearfully
Diſpenced bleſſings, and went home to die;
That ſo ſhe might, when to that place remov'd,
Marry his Aſhes whom ſhe ever lov'd)
She dy'd, gain'd a reward, and paid a debt.
The Sun himſelf did never brighter ſet.
Happy were they that knew her and her end,
More happy they that did from her deſcend:
A double bleſſing they may hope to have,
One ſhe convey'd to them, and one ſhe gave.
All that are hers are therefore ſure to be
Bleſt by Inheritance and Legacy.
A Royal Birth had leſs advantage been.
'Tis more to die a Saint than live a Queen.

To the truly competent Judge of Honour, Lucaſia, *upon a ſcandalous Libel made by* J. J.

HOnour, which differs Man from Man much more
Than Reaſon differ'd him from Beaſts before,
Suffers this common Fate of all things good,
By the blind World to be miſunderſtood.
For as ſome Heathens did their Gods confine,
While in a Bird or Beaſt they made their ſhrine;
Depos'd their Deities to Earth, and then
Offer'd them Rites that were too low for Men:
So thoſe who moſt to Honour ſacrifice,
Preſcribe to her a mean and weak diſguiſe;
Impriſon her to others falſe Applauſe,
And from Opinion do receive their Laws.
While that inconſtant Idol they implore,
Which in one breath can murther and adore.
From hence it is that thoſe who Honour court,
(And place her in a popular report)
Do proſtitute themſelves to ſordid Fate,
And from their Being oft degenerate.
And thus their Tenents too are low and bad,
As if 'twere honourable to be mad:
Or that their Honour had concerned bin
But to conceal, not to forbear, a ſin.
But Honour is more great and more ſublime,
Above the battery of Fate or Time.
We ſee in Beauty certain Airs are found,
Which not one Grace can make, but all compound.
Honour's to th' Mind as Beauty to the Sence,
The fair reſult of mixed Excellence.
As many Diamonds together lie,
And dart one luſtre to amaze the Eye:
So Honour is that bright Ætherial Ray
Which many Stars doth in one light diſplay.

But

But as that Beauty were as truly ſweet,
Were there no Tongue to praiſe, no Eye to ſee't;
And 'tis the Privilege of a native Spark,
To ſhed a conſtant Splendor in the dark:
So Honour is its own Reward and End,
And ſatisfied within, cannot deſcend
To beg the ſuffrage of a vulgar Tongue,
Which by commending Virtue doth it wrong.
It is the Charter of a noble Action,
That the performance giveth ſatisfaction.
Other things are below't; for from a Clown
Would any Conquerour receive his Crown?
'Tis reſtleſs Cowardice to be a drudge
To an uncertain and unworthy Judge.
So the *Cameleon*, who lives on Air,
Is of all Creatures moſt inclin'd to fear.
But peaceable reflections on the Mind,
Will in a ſilent ſhade Contentment find.
Honour keeps Court at home, and doth not fear
To be condemn'd abroad, if quitted there.
While I have this retreat, 'tis not the noiſe
Of ſlander, though believ d, can wrong my Joyes.
There is advantage in't: for Gold uncoin'd
Had been unuſeful, not with Glory ſhin'd:
This ſtamp'd my Innocency in the Ore,
Which was as much, but not ſo bright, before.
Till an *Alembick* wakes and outward draws,
The ſtrength of Sweets lies ſleeping in their Cauſe:
So this gave me an opportunity
To feed upon my own Integrity.
And though their Judgment I muſt ſtill diſclaim,
Who can nor give nor take away a fame:
Yet I'll appeal unto the knowing few,
Who dare be juſt, and rip my heart to you.

To Antenor, *on a Paper of mine which* J. J. *threatens to publiſh to prejudice him.*

MUſt then my Crimes become thy ſcandal too?
Why, ſure the Devil hath not much to do.
The weakneſs of the other Charge is clear,
When ſuch a trifle muſt bring up the Rear.
But this is mad deſign, for who before
Loſt his repute upon anothers ſcore?
My Love and Life I muſt confeſs are thine,
But not my Errours, they are only mine.
And if my Faults muſt be for thine allow'd,
It will be hard to diſſipate the Cloud:
For *Eve*'s Rebellion did not *Adam* blaſt,
Untill himſelf forbidden Fruit did taſte.
'Tis poſſible this Magazine of Hell
(Whoſe name would turn a verſe into a ſpell,
Whoſe miſchief is congenial to his life)
May yet enjoy an honourable Wife.
Nor let his ill be reckoned as her blame,
Nor yet my Follies blaſt *Antenor's* name.
But if thoſe lines a Puniſhment could call
Laſting and great as this dark Lanthorn's gall;
Alone I'd court the Torments with content,
To teſtifie that thou art innocent.
So if my Ink through malice prov'd a ſtain,
My Bloud ſhould juſtly waſh it off again.
But ſince that Mint of ſlander could invent
To make ſo dull a Ryme his Inſtrument,
Let Verſe revenge the quarrel. But he's worſe
Than wiſhes, and below a Poet's curſe;
And more then this Wit knows not how to give,
Let him be ſtill himſelf, and let him live.

Roſania

Roſania *ſhadowed whilſt Mrs.* Mary Awbrey.

IF any could my dear *Roſania* hate,
They only ſhould her Character relate.
Truth ſhines ſo bright there, that an Enemy
Would be a better Orator than I.
Love ſtifles Language, and I muſt confeſs,
I had ſaid more, if I had loved leſs.
Yet the moſt critical who that Face ſee,
Will ne'er ſuſpect a partiality.
Others by time and by degrees perſwade,
But her firſt look doth every heart invade.
She hath a Face ſo eminently bright,
Would make a Lover of an Anchorite:
A Face where conqueſt mixt with modeſty,
Are both compleated in Divinity.
Not her leaſt glance but ſets a heart on fire,
And checks it if it ſhould too much aſpire.
Such is the Magick of her looks, the ſame
Beam doth both kindle and refine our flame.
If ſhe doth ſmile, no Painter e'er would take
Another Rule when he would Mercy make.
And Heav'n to her ſuch ſplendor hath allow'd,
That no one poſture can her Beauty cloud:
For if ſhe frown, none but would phanſie then
Juſtice deſcended here to puniſh Men.
Her common looks I know not how to call
Any one Grace, they are compos'd of all.
And if we Mortals could the Doctrine reach,
Her Eyes have language, and her Looks do teach.
And as in Palaces the outmoſt, worſt
Rooms entertain our wonder at the firſt;
But once within the Preſence-Chamber Door,
We do deſpiſe whate'er we ſaw before:
So when you with her Mind acquaintance get,
You'll hardly think upon the Cabinet.

Her

Her Soul, that Ray ſhot from the Deity,
Doth ſtill preſerve its native purity;
Which Earth can neither threaten nor allure,
Nor by falſe joys defile it, or obſcure.
The Innocence which in her heart doth dwell,
Angels themſelves can only parallel.
More gently ſoft than is an Evening ſhower:
And in that ſweetneſs there is coucht a Power,
Which ſcorning Pride, doth think it very hard
That Modeſty ſhould need ſo mean a Guard.
Her Honour is protected by her Eyes,
As the old Flaming Sword kept Paradiſe.
Such Conſtancy of Temper, Truth and Law,
Guides all her actions, that the World may draw
From her one Soul the nobleſt Precedent
Of the moſt ſafe, wiſe, vertuous Government.
And as the higheſt Element is clear
From all the Tempeſts which diſturb the Air:
So ſhe above the World and its rude noiſe,
Above our ſtorms a quiet Calm enjoys.
Tranſcendent things her noble thoughts ſublime,
Above the faults and trifles of the Time.
Unlike thoſe Gallants which take far leſs care
To have their Souls, than make their Bodies fair;
Who (ſick with too much leiſure) time do paſs
With theſe two Books, Pride, and a Looking-glaſs:
Plot to ſurprize Mens hearts, their pow'r to try,
And call that Love, which is meer Vanity.
But ſhe, although the greateſt Murtherer,
(For ev'ry glance commits a Maſſacre)
Yet glories not that ſlaves her power confeſs,
But wiſhes that her Monarchy were leſs.
And if ſhe love, it is not thrown away,
As many do, onely to ſpend the day;
But her s is ſerious, and enough alone
To make all Love become Religion.
And to her Friendſhip ſhe ſo faithful is,
That 'tis her onely blot and prejudice.

For Envy's self could never errour see
Within that Soul, hating her love to me.
Now as I must confess the name of Friend
To her that all the World doth comprehend,
Is a most wild Ambition; so for me
To draw her Picture is flat Lunacy.
Oh! I must think the rest; for who can write,
Or into words confine what's Infinite?

To the Queen of Inconstancy, Regina Collier, *in* Antwerp.

1.

UNworthy, since thou hast decreed
Thy Love and Honour both shall bleed,
My Friendship could not chuse to die
In better time or company.

2.

What thou hast got by this Exchange
Thou wilt perceive, when the Revenge
Shall by those treacheries be made,
For which our Faith thou hast betray'd.

3.

When thy Idolaters shall be
True to themselves, and false to thee,
Thou'lt see that in Heart-merchandise,
Value, not Number, makes the price.

4.

Live to that day, my Innocence
Shall be my Friendship's just defence:

For

For this is all the World can find,
While thou wert noble, I was kind.

5.

The desp'rate game that thou dost play
At private Ruines cannot stay;
The horrid treachery of that Face
Will sure undo its native place.

6.

Then let the Frenchmen never fear
The victory while thou art there:
For if 'ins will call Judgments down,
Thou hast enough to stock the Town.

To my Excellent Lucasia, *on our Friendship.*

I Did not live until this time
Crown'd my felicity,
When I could say without a crime,
I am not thine, but Thee.

This Carcass breath'd, and walkt, and slept,
So that the World believ'd
There was a Soul the Motions kept;
But they were all deceiv'd.

For as a Watch by art is wound
To motion, such was mine:
But never had *Orinda* found
A Soul till she found thine;

Which now inspires, cures and supplies,
And guides my darkned Breast:
For thou art all that I can prize,
My Joy, my Life, my Rest.

No Bridegrooms nor Crown-conquerors mirth
To mine compar'd can be:
They have but pieces of this Earth,
I've all the World in thee.

Then let our Flames ſtill light and ſhine,
And no falſe fear controul,
As innocent as our Deſign,
Immortal as our Soul.

Roſania's *private Marriage.*

IT was a wiſe and kind deſign of Fate,
That none ſhould this day's glory celebrate:
For 'twere in vain to keep a time which is
Above the reach of all Solemnities.
The greateſt Actions paſs without a noiſe,
And Tumults but prophane diviner Joys.
Silence with things tranſcendent neareſt ſuits,
The greateſt Emperours are ſerv'd by Mutes.
And as in ancient time the Deities
To their own Prieſts reveal'd no Myſteries
Until they were from all the World retir'd,
And in ſome Cave made fit to be inſpir'd.
So when *Roſania* (who hath them out-vied,
And with more Juſtice might be Deified;
Who if ſhe had their Rites and Altars, we
Should hardly think it were Idolatry)
Had found a breaſt that did deſerve to be
Receptacle of her Divinity;
It was not fit the gazing World ſhould know
When ſhe convey'd her ſelf to him, or how.
An Eagle ſafely may behold the Sun,
When weak Eyes are with too much Light undone.
Now as in Oracles were underſtood,
Not the Prieſt's only, but the common good:

So

So her great Soul would not imparted be,
But in deſign of general Charity.
She now is more diffuſive than before;
And what men then admir'd, they now adore.
For this Exchange makes not her power leſs,
But only fitter for the World's Addreſs.
May then that Mind (which, if we will admit
The Univerſe one Soul, muſt ſure be it)
Inform this All, (which, till ſhe ſhin'd out, lay
As drowſie men do in a cloudy day)
And Honour, Virtue, Reaſon ſo diſpence,
That all may owe them to her influence:
And while this Age is thus imploy'd, may ſhe
Scatter new Bleſſings for Poſterity.
I dare not any other wiſh prefer,
For only her beſtowing adds to her.
And to a Soul ſo in her ſelf complete
As would be wrong'd by any Epithete,
Whoſe ſplendor's fix'd unto her choſen Sphere,
And fill'd with Love and Satisfaction there,
What can increaſe the Triumph, but to ſee
The World her Convert and her Hiſtory?

Injuria Amicitiæ.

LOvely Apoſtate! what was my offence?
Or am I puniſh'd for Obedience?
Muſt thy ſtrange Rigour find as ſtrange a time?
The Act and Seaſon are an equal Crime.
Of what thy moſt ingenious ſcorns could do,
Muſt I be Subject and Spectator too?
Or were the Sufferings and Sins too few
To be ſuſtain'd by me, perform'd by you?
Unleſs (with *Nero*) your uncurb'd deſire
Be to ſurvey the *Rome* you ſet on fire.
While wounded for and by your Power, I
At once your Martyr and your Proſpect die.

This

This is my doom, and ſuch a ridling Fate
As all impoſſibles doth complicate.
For Obligation here is Injury,
Conſtancy Crime, Friendſhip a Hereſie.
And you appear ſo much on Ruine bent,
Your own deſtruction gives you now Content:
For our twin-Spirits did ſo long agree,
You muſt undo your ſelf to ruine me.
And, like ſome Frantick Goddeſs, you're inclin'd,
To raze the Temple where you are enſhrin'd.
And, what's the Miracle of Cruelty,
Kill that which gave you Immortality.
While glorious Friendſhip, whence your Honour ſprings,
Lies gaſping in the Crowd of common things;
And I'm ſo odious, that for being kind
Doubled and ſtudied Murthers are deſign'd.
Thy ſin's all Paradox, for ſhouldſt thou be
Thy ſelf again, th' wouldſt be ſevere to me.
For thy Repentance coming now ſo late,
Would only change, and not relieve my Fate.
So dangerous is the conſequence of ill,
Thy leaſt of Crimes is to be cruel ſtill.
For of thy Smiles I ſhould yet more complain,
If I ſhould live to be betray'd again.
Live then (fair Tyrant) in Security,
From both my Kindneſs and Revenge be free;
While I, who to the Swains had ſung thy Fame,
And taught each Echo to repeat thy Name,
Will now my private Sorrow entertain,
To Rocks and Rivers, not to thee, complain.
And though before our Union cheriſh'd me,
'Tis now my pleaſure that we diſagree.
For from my paſſion your laſt Rigour grew,
And you kill'd me becauſe I worſhipp'd you.
But my worſt Vows ſhall be your Happineſs,
And not to be diſturb'd by my diſtreſs.
And though it would my ſacred flames pollute,
To make my heart a ſcorned proſtitute;

Yet

Yet I'll adore the Author of my Death,
And kiſs the Hand that robs me of my breath.

To Regina Collier, *on her cruelty to* Philaſter.

TRiumphant Queen of ſcorn! how ill doth ſit
In all that ſweetneſs, ſuch injurious Wit?
Unjuſt and Cruel! what can be your prize,
To make one heart a double Sacrifice?
Where ſuch ingenious Rigour you do ſhew,
To break his Heart, you break his Image too;
And by a Tyranny that's ſtrange and new,
You murther him becauſe he worſhips you.
No pride can raiſe you, or can make him ſtart,
Since Love and Honour do enrich his heart.
Be Wiſe and Good, leſt when Fate will be juſt,
She ſhould o erthrow thoſe glories in the duſt,
Rifle your Beauties, and you thus forlorn
Make a cheap Victim to another's ſcorn;
And in thoſe Fetters which you do upbraid,
Your ſelf a wretched Captive may be made.
Redeem the poyſon'd Age, let it be ſeen
There's no ſuch freedom as to ſerve a Queen.
But you I ſee are lately Round-head grown,
And whom you vanquiſh you inſult upon.

To Philaſter, *on his Melancholy for* Regina.

GIve over now thy tears, thou vain
And double Murtherer;
For every minute of thy pain
Wounds both thy ſelf and her.
Then leave this dulneſs; for 'tis our belief,
Thy Queen muſt cure, or not deſerve, thy Grief.

Phi-

Philoclea's *parting.*

KInder than a condemned Man's reprieve,
Was your dear Company that bad me live.
When by *Roſania*'s ſilence I had been
The wretcheſt Martyr any Age hath ſeen.
But as when Traytors faint upon the rack,
Tormenters ſtrive to call their Spirits back;
Not out of kindneſs to preſerve their breath,
But to increaſe the Torments of their Death:
So was I raiſed to this glorious ſtate,
To make my fall the more unfortunate.
But this I know, none ever dy'd before
Upon a ſadder or a nobler ſcore.

To Roſania, *now Mrs.* Montague, *being with her.*

1.

AS Men that are with Viſions grac'd,
Muſt have all other thoughts diſplac'd,
And buy thoſe ſhort deſcents of Light
With loſs of Senſe; or Spirit's flight:

2.

So ſince thou wert my happineſs,
I could not hope the rate was leſs;
And thus the Viſion which I gain
Is ſhort t enjoy, and hard t' attain.

3.

Ah then! what a poor trifle's all
That thing which here we Pleaſure call,

Since

Since what our very Souls hath coſt
Is hardly got and quickly loſt?

4.

Yet is there Juſtice in the fate;
For ſhould we dwell in bleſt eſtate,
Our Joys thereby would ſo inflame,
We ſhould forget from whence we came.

5.

If this ſo ſad a doom can quit
Me for the follies I commit;
Let no eſtrangement on thy part
Add a new ruine to my heart.

6.

When on my ſelf I do reflect,
I can no ſmile from thee expect:
But if thy Kindneſs hath no plea,
Some freedom grant for Charity.

7.

Elſe the juſt World muſt needs deny
Our Friendſhip an Eternity:
This Love will ne'er that title hold:
For mine's too hot, and thine too cold.

8.

Divided Rivers loſe their name;
And ſo our too unequal flame
Parted, will Paſſion be in me,
And an Indifference in thee.

9.

Thy abſence I could eaſier find,
Provided thou wert well and kind,
Than ſuch a Preſence as is this,
Made up of ſnatches of my bliſs.

10.

So when the Earth long gaſps for Rain,
If ſhe at laſt ſome few drops gain,
She is more parched than at firſt;
That ſmall recruit increas'd the thirſt.

To my Lucaſia.

LEt dull Philoſophers enquire no more
In Nature's Womb, or Cauſes ſtrive t' explore,
By what ſtrange harmony and courſe of things
Each Body to the whole a Tribute brings;
What ſecret Unions ſecret Neighbourings make,
And of each other how they do partake.
Theſe are but low Experiments: but he
That Nature's harmony intire would ſee,
Muſt ſearch agreeing Souls, ſit down and view
How ſweet the mixture is, how full, how true;
By what ſoft touches Spirits greet and kiſs,
And in each other can compleat their bliſs.
A wonder ſo ſublime, it will admit
No rude Spectator to contemplate it.
The Object will refine, and he that can
Friendſhip revere, muſt be a Noble Man.
How much above the common rate of things
Muſt they then be, from whom this Union ſprings?
But what's all this to me, who live to be
Diſprover of my own Morality?

And

And he that knew my unimproved Soul,
Would ſay I meant all Friendſhip to controul.
But Bodies move in time, and ſo muſt Minds;
And though th' attempt no eaſie progreſs finds,
Yet quit me not, leſt I ſhould deſp'rate grow,
And to ſuch Friendſhip add ſome Patience now.
O may good Heav'n but ſo much Virtue lend,
To make me fit to be *Lucaſia*'s Friend!
But I'll forſake my ſelf, and ſeek a new
Self in her breaſt that's far more rich and true.
Thus the poor Bee unmark'd doth hum and flye,
And dron'd with age would unregarded dye,
Unleſs ſome lucky drop of precious Gum,
Do bleſs the Inſect with an Amber-tomb.
Then glorious in its funeral the Bee
Gets Eminence, and gets Eternity.

On Controverſies in Religion.

REligion, which true Policy befriends,
Deſign'd by God to ſerve Man's nobleſt ends,
Is by that old Deceiver's ſubtle play
Made the chief party in its own decay,
And meets that Eagles deſtiny, whoſe breaſt
Felt the ſame ſhaft which his own feathers dreſt.
For that great Enemy of Souls perceiv'd,
The notion of a Deity was weav'd
So cloſely in Man's Soul; to ruine that,
He muſt at once the World depopulate.
But as thoſe Tyrants who their Wills purſue,
If they expound old Laws, need make no new:
So he advantage takes of Nature's light,
And raiſes that to a bare uſeleſs height;
Or while we ſeek for Truth, he in the Queſt
Mixes a Paſſion, or an Intereſt,
To make us loſe it; that I know not how,
'Tis not our Practice, but our Quarrel now.

As in the Moon's Eclipſe ſome Pagans thought
Their barbarous Clamours her deliverance wrought:
So we ſuppoſe that Truth oppreſſed lies,
And needs a Reſcue by our Enmities.
But 'tis Injuſtice, and the Mind's Diſeaſe,
To think of gaining Truth by loſing Peace.
Knowledge and Love, if true, do ſtill unite;
God's Love and Knowledge are both Infinite.
And though indeed Truth does delight to lie
At ſome Remoteneſs from a Common Eye;
Yet 'tis not in a Thunder or a Noiſe,
But in ſoft whiſpers and the ſtiller Voice.
Why ſhould we then Knowledge ſo rudely treat,
Making our Weapon what was meant our Meat?
'Tis Ignorance that makes us quarrel ſo;
The Soul that's dark will be contracted too.
Chimæra's make a noiſe, ſwelling and vain,
And ſoon reſolve to their own ſmoak again.
But a true Light the Spirit doth dilate,
And robs it of its proud and ſullen ſtate;
Makes Love admir'd becauſe 'tis underſtood,
And makes us Wiſe becauſe it makes us Good.
'Tis to a right Proſpect of things that we
Owe our Uprightneſs and our Charity.
For who reſiſts a beam when ſhining bright,
Is not a Sinner of a common height.
That ſtate's a forfeiture, and helps are ſpent,
Not more a Sin, than 'tis a Puniſhment.
The Soul which ſees things in their Native frame,
Without Opinion's Mask or Cuſtom's Name,
Cannot be clogg'd to Senſe, or count that high
Which hath its Eſtimation from a Lye.
(Mean ſordid things, which by miſtake we prize,
And abſent covet, but enjoy'd deſpiſe.)
But ſcorning theſe hath robb'd them of their art,
Either to ſwell or to ſubdue the Heart;
And learn'd that generous frame to be above
The World in hopes, below it all in love:

Touch'd

Touch'd with Divine and Inward Life doth run,
Not reſting till it hath its Centre won;
Moves ſteadily until it ſafe doth lie
I'th' Root of all its Immortality;
And reſting here hath yet activity
To grow more like unto the Deity;
Good, Univerſal, Wiſe, and Juſt as he,
(The ſame in kind, though diff'ring in degree)
Till at the laſt 'tis ſwallowed up and grown
With God and with the whole Creation one;
It ſelf, ſo ſmall a part, i'th' Whole is loſt,
And Generals have Particulars engroſt.
That dark contracted Perſonality,
Like Miſts before the Sun, will from it flie.
And then the Soul, one ſhining ſphere, at length
With true Love's wiſdom fill'd and purged ſtrength,
Beholds her higheſt good with open face,
And like him all the World ſhe can embrace.

To the Honoured Lady E. C.

Madam,

I Do not write to you that Men may know
How much I'm honour'd that I may do ſo:
Nor hope (though I your rich Example give)
To write with more ſucceſs than I can live,
To cure the Age; nor think I can be juſt,
Who only dare to write, becauſe I muſt.
I'm full of you, and ſomething muſt expreſs,
To vent my wonder and your pow'r confeſs.
Had I ne'er heard of your Illuſtrious Name,
Nor known the *Scotch* or *Engliſh* antient Fame;
Yet if your glorious Frame did but appear,
I could have ſoon read all your Grandeur there.
I could have ſeen in each Majeſtick Ray,
What Greatneſs Anceſtors could e'er convey;

And

And in the luſtre of your Eyes alone,
How near you were allied to the Throne:
Which yet doth leſſen you, who cannot need
Thoſe bright advantages which you exceed.
For you are ſuch, that your Deſcent from Kings
Receives more Honour from you than it brings:
As much above their Glories as our Toil.
A Court to you were but a handſom foil.
And if we name the Stock on which you grew,
'Tis rather to do right to it than you:
For thoſe that would your greateſt ſplendour ſee,
Muſt read your Soul more than your Pedigree.
For as the ſacred Temple had without
Beauty to feed thoſe eyes that gaz'd about,
And yet had riches, ſtate, and wonder more,
For thoſe that ſtood within the ſhining door;
But in the Holy Place the admitted few,
Luſtre receiv'd and Inſpiration too:
So though your Glories in your Face be ſeen,
And ſo much bright Inſtruction in your Meen;
You are not known but where you will impart
The treaſures of your more illuſtrious Heart.
Religion all her odours ſheds on you,
Who by obeying vindicate her too:
For that rich Beam of Heaven was almoſt
In nice Diſputes and falſe Pretences loſt;
So doubly injur'd, ſhe could ſcarce ſubſiſt
Betwixt the Hypocrite and Caſuiſt;
Till you by great Example did convince
Us of her nature and her reſidence.
And choſe to ſhew her face, and eaſe her grief,
Leſs by your Arguments than by your Life;
Which if it ſhould be copied out, would be
A ſolid Body of Divinity.
Your Principle and Practice light would give
What we ſhould do, and what we ſhould believe:
For the extenſive Knowledge you profeſs,
You do acquire with more eaſe than confeſs,

And

And as by you Knowledge has thus obtain'd
To be refin'd, and then to be explain'd:
So in return ſhe uſeful is to you,
In Practice and in Contemplation too.
For by the various ſuccours ſhe hath lent,
You act with Judgement, and think with Content.
Yet thoſe vaſt Parts with ſuch a Temper meet,
That you can lay them at Religion's feet.
Nor is it half ſo bold as it is true,
That Virtue is her ſelf oblig'd to you:
For being dreſt in your ſubduing Charms,
She conquers more than did the *Roman* Arms.
We ſee in you how much that Malice ly'd
That ſtuck on Goodneſs any ſullen Pride;
And that the harſhneſs ſome Profeſſors wear
Falls to their own, and not Religion's ſhare.
But your bright ſweetneſs if it but appear,
Reclaims the bad, and ſoftens the auſtere.
Men talk'd of Honour too but could not tell
What was the ſecret of that active ſpell.
That beauteous Mantle they to divers lent,
Yet wonder'd what the mighty nothing meant.
Some did confine her to a worthy Fame,
And ſome to Royal Parents gave her Name.
You having claim unto her either way,
By what a King could give, a world could pay,
Have a more living Honour in your breſt,
Which juſtifies, and yet obſcures the reſt;
A Principle from Fame and Pomp unty'd,
So truly high that it deſpiſes Pride;
Buying good actions at the deareſt rate,
Looks down on ill with as much ſcorn as hate;
Acts things ſo generous and bravely hard,
And in obliging finds ſo much Reward;
So ſelf-denying great, ſo firmly juſt,
Apt to confer, ſtrict to preſerve a Truſt;
That all whoſe Honour would be juſtified,
Muſt by your ſtandards have it ſtamp'd and tried.

But

But your Perfection heightens others Crimes,
And you reproach while you inform the Times.
Which ſad advantage you will ſcarce believe;
Or if you muſt, you do conceal and grieve.
You ſcorn ſo poor a foil as others ill,
And are Protector to th' unhappy ſtill;
Yet are ſo tender when you ſee a ſpot,
You bluſh for thoſe who for themſelves could not.
You are ſo much above your Sex, that we
Believe your life your greateſt courteſie:
For Women boaſt, they have you while you live
A Pattern and a Repreſentative,
And future Mothers who in Child-birth grone,
Shall wiſh for Daughters, knowing you are one.
The world hath Kings whoſe Crowns are cemented,
Or by the blqud they boaſt, or that they ſhed:
Yet theſe great Idols of the ſtooping crew
Have neither Pleaſure found, nor Honour true.
They either fight, or play; and Power court,
In trivial anger, or in cruel ſport.
You, who a nobler Privilege enjoy,
(For you can ſave whom they can but deſtroy)
An Empire have where different mixtures kiſs;
You're grave, not ſour, and kind, but not remiſs.
Such ſweetned Majeſtie, ſuch humble State,
Do love and reverence at once create.
Pardon (dear Madam) theſe untaught Eſſayes,
I can admire more fitly than I praiſe.
Things ſo ſublime are dimly underſtood,
And you are born ſo great, and are ſo good,
So much above the Honour of your Name,
And by neglect do ſo ſecure your Fame;
Whoſe Beauty's ſuch as captivates the Wiſe,
Yet only you of all the World deſpiſe;
That have ſo vaſt a Knowledge ſo ſubdued,
Religion ſo adorn'd, and ſo purſued;
A Wit ſo ſtrong, that who would it define,
Will need one ten times more acute than mine;

Yet

Yet rul'd ſo that its Vigour manag'd thus
Becomes at once graceful and generous;
Whoſe Honour has ſo delicate a Senſe,
Who always pardon, never give offence;
VVho needing nothing, yet to all are kind,
VVho have ſo large a Heart, ſo rich a Mind;
VVhoſe Friendſhip ſtill's of the obliging ſide,
And yet ſo free from Tyranny and Pride;
VVho do in love like *Jonathan* deſcend,
And ſtrip your ſelf to cloath your happy Friend;
VVhoſe kindneſs and whoſe modeſty is ſuch,
T' expect ſo little and deſerve ſo much;
VVho have ſuch candid worth, ſuch dear concern,
VVhere we ſo much may love, and ſo much learn;
VVhoſe every wonder though it fills and ſhines,
It never to an ill exceſs declines;
But all are found ſo ſweetly oppoſite,
As are in *Titians* Pieces Shade and Light:
That he that would your great Deſcription try,
Though he write well, would be as loſt as I,
VVho of injurious Zeal convicted ſtand,
To draw you with ſo bold and bad a hand;
But that, like other Glories, I preſume
You will enlighten, where you might conſume.

Parting with Lucaſia, *A Song.*

1.

WEll, we will do that rigid thing
VVhich makes Spectators think we part;
Though Abſence hath for none a ſting
But thoſe who keep each others heart.

2.

And when our Senſe is diſpoſſeſt,
Our labouring Souls will heave and pant,

And gaſp for one anothers breaſt,
Since their Conveyances they want.

3.

Nay, we have felt the tedious ſmart
Of abſent Friendſhip, and do know
That when we die we can but part;
And who knows what we ſhall do now?

4.

Yet I muſt go: we will ſubmit,
And ſo our own Diſpoſers be;
For while we nobly ſuffer it,
We triumph o'er Neceſſity.

5.

By this we ſhall be truly great,
If having other things o'ercome,
To make our victory compleat
We can be Conquerors at home.

6.

Nay then to meet we may conclude,
And all Obſtructions overthrow,
Since we our Paſſion have ſubdu'd,
Which is the ſtrongeſt thing I know.

Againſt Pleaſure. Set by Dr. Coleman.

1.

THere's no ſuch thing as Pleaſure here,
'Tis all a perfect Cheat,

Which

Which does but ſhine and diſappear,
Whoſe Charm is but Deceit:
The empty bribe of yielding Souls,
Which firſt betrays, and then controuls.

2.

'Tis true, it looks at diſtance fair;
But if we do approach,
The fruit of *Sodom* will impair,
And periſh at a touch:
In Being than in Fancy leſs,
And we expect more than poſſeſs.

3.

For by our Pleaſures we are cloy'd,
And ſo Deſire is done;
Or elſe, like Rivers, they make wide
The Channel where they run:
And either way true bliſs deſtroys,
Making Us narrow, or our Joys.

4.

We covet Pleaſure eaſily,
But it not ſo poſſeſs;
For many things muſt make it be,
But one may make it leſs.
Nay, were our ſtate as we could chuſe it,
'Twould be conſum'd by fear to loſe it.

5.

What art thou then, thou winged Air,
More weak and ſwift than Fame?
Whoſe next ſucceſſor is Deſpair,
And its attendant Shame.

Th' Experienc'd Prince then reaſon had,
Who ſaid of pleaſure, *It is mad.*

A Prayer.

ETernal Reaſon, Glorious Majeſty,
Compar'd to whom what can be ſaid to be?
Whoſe Attributes are Thee, who art alone
Cauſe of all various things, and yet but One;
Whoſe Eſſence can no more be ſearch'd by Man,
Than Heav'n thy Throne be graſped with a Span.
Yet if this great Creation was deſign'd
To ſeveral ends fitted for every kind;
Sure Man (the World's Epitome) muſt be
Form'd to the beſt, that is to ſtudy thee.
And as our Dignity, 'tis Duty too,
Which is ſumm'd up in this, to know and do.
Theſe comely rows of Creatures ſpell thy Name,
Whereby we grope to find from whence they came,
By thy own Chain of Cauſes brought to think
There muſt be one, then find that higheſt Link.
Thus all created Excellence we ſee
Is a reſemblance faint and dark of thee.
Such ſhadows are produc'd by the Moon-beams
Of Trees or Houſes in the running ſtreams.
Yet by Impreſſions born with us we find
How good, great, juſt thou art, how unconfin'd.
Here we are ſwallowed up and gladly dwell,
Safely adoring what we cannot tell.
All we know is, thou art ſupremely good,
And doſt delight to be ſo underſtood.
A ſpicy Mountain on the Univerſe,
On which thy richeſt Odours do diſperſe.
But as the Sea to fill a Veſſel heaves,
More greedily than any Cask receives,
Beſieging round to find ſome gap in it,
Which will a new Infuſion admit;

So

So doſt thou covet that thou mayſt diſpence
Upon the empty World thy Influence;
Lov'ſt to disburſe thy ſelf in kindneſs: Thus
The King of Kings waits to be gracious.
On this account, O God, enlarge my heart
To entertain what thou wouldſt fain impart.
Nor let that Soul, by ſeveral titles thine,
And moſt capacious form'd for things Divine,
(So nobly meant, that when it moſt doth miſs,
'Tis in miſtaken pantings after Bliſs)
Degrade it ſelf in ſordid things delight,
Or by prophaner mixtures loſe its right.
Oh! that with fixt unbroken thoughts it may
Admire the light which does obſcure the day.
And ſince 'tis Angels work it hath to do,
May its compoſure be like Angels too.
When ſhall theſe clogs of Senſe and Fancy break,
That I may hear the God within me ſpeak?
When with a ſilent and retired art
Shall I with all this empty hurry part?
To the Still Voice above, my Soul advance;
My light and joy plac'd in his Countenance?
By whoſe diſpence my Soul to ſuch frame brought,
May tame each trech'rous, fix each ſcatt'ring thought;
With ſuch diſtinctions all things here behold,
And ſo to ſeparate each droſs from gold,
That nothing my free Soul may ſatisfie,
But t' imitate, enjoy, and ſtudy thee.

To Mris. M. A. *upon Abſence.*

1.

'Tis now ſince I began to die
Four Months, yet ſtill I gaſping live;
Wrapp'd up in ſorrow do I lie,
Hoping, yet doubting a Reprieve.

Adam

Adam from Paradiſe expell'd
Juſt ſuch a wretched Being held.

2.

'Tis not thy Love I fear to loſe,
That will in ſpight of abſence hold;
But 'tis the benefit and uſe
Is loſt, as in impriſon'd Gold:
Which though the Sum be ne'er ſo great,
Enriches nothing but conceit.

3.

What angry Star then governs me
That I muſt feel a double ſmart,
Priſoner to fate as well as thee;
Kept from thy face, link'd to thy heart?
Becauſe my Love all love excells,
Muſt my grief have no Parallels?

4.

Sapleſs and dead as Winter here
I now remain, and all I ſee
Copies of my wild ſtate appear,
But I am their Epitome.
Love me no more, for I am grown
Too dead and dull for thee to own.

To Mrs. Mary Awbrey.

SOul of my Soul, my Joy, my Crown, my Friend,
A name which all the reſt doth comprehend;
How happy are we now, whoſe Souls are grown,
By an incomparable mixture, one:

Whoſe

Whoſe well-acquainted Minds are now as near
As Love, or Vows, or Friendſhip can endear?
I have no thought but what's to thee reveal'd,
Nor thou deſire that is from me conceal'd.
Thy Heart locks up my Secrets richly ſet,
And my Breaſt is thy private Cabinet.
Thou ſhed'ſt no tear but what my moiſture lent,
And if I ſigh, it is thy breath is ſpent.
United thus, what Horrour can appear
Worthy our Sorrow, Anger, or our Fear?
Let the dull VVorld alone to talk and fight,
And with their vaſt Ambitions Nature fright;
Let them deſpiſe ſo Innocent a flame,
VVhile Envy, Pride, and Faction play their game:
But we by Love ſublim'd ſo high ſhall riſe,
To pity Kings, and Conquerours deſpiſe,
Since we that Sacred Union have engroſt,
VVhich they and all the factious VVorld have loſt.

In Memory of Mr. Cartwright.

STay, Prince of Phancy, ſtay, we are not fit
To welcome or admire thy Raptures yet:
Such horrid Ignorance benights the Times,
That VVit and Honour are become our Crimes.
But when thoſe happy Pow'rs which guard thy duſt
To us, and to thy Mem'ry ſhall be juſt,
And by a flame from thy bleſt Genius lent,
Reſcue us from our dull Impriſonment,
Unſequeſter our Phancies, and create
A VVorth that may upon thy Glories wait:
VVe then ſhall underſtand thee, and deſcry
The Splendor of reſtored Poetry.
Till when let no no bold hand profane thy Shrine;
'Tis high VVit-Treaſon to debaſe thy Coin.

Mr. Francis Finch, *the Excellent* Palæmon.

THis is confeſt Preſumption, for had I
All that rich ſtock of Ingenuity
Which I could wiſh for this, yet would it be
Palæmon's blot, a pious Injury.
But as no Votaries are ſcorn'd when they
The meaneſt Victim in Religion pay;
Not that the Pow'r they worſhip needs a Gum,
But that they ſpeak their thanks for all with ſome:
So though the moſt contemptible of all
That do themſelves *Palæmon*'s Servants call,
I know that Zeal is more than Sacrifice,
(For God did not the Widows Mite deſpiſe)
And that *Palæmon* hath Divinity,
And Mercy is his higheſt property:
He that doth ſuch tranſcendent Merit own,
Muſt have imperfect Off'rings or none.
He's one rich luſtre which doth Rays diſpenſe,
As Knowledge will when ſet in Innocence.
For Learning did ſelect his Noble Breſt,
VVhere (in her Native Majeſty) to reſt;
Free from the Tyranny and Pride of Schools,
Who have confin'd her to Pedantick Rules;
And that Gentiler Errour which does take
Offence at Learning for her Habits ſake,
Palæmon hath redeem'd her, who may be
Eſteem'd himſelf an Univerſity;
And yet ſo much a Gentleman, that he
Needs not (though he enjoys) a Pedigree.
Sure he was built and ſent to let us know
VVhat Man compleated could both be and do.
Freedom from Vice is in him Nature's part,
Without the help of Diſcipline or Art.
He's his own happineſs and his own Law,
Whereby he keeps Paſſion and Fate in awe.

Nor

Nor was this wrought in him by Time and Growth,
His Genius had anticipated both.
Had all Men been *Palæmons*, Pride had ne'er
Taught one Man Tyranny, the other Fear;
Ambition had been full as Monſtrous then
As this ill World doth render Worthy Men.
Had Men his Spirit, they would ſoon forbear
Groveling for Dirt, and quarrelling for Air.
Were his harmonious Soul diffus'd in all,
We ſhould believe that Men did never fall.
It is *Palæmon*'s Soul that hath engroſt
Th' ingenuous Candor that the World hath loſt;
Whoſe own Mind ſeats him quiet, ſafe and high,
Above the reach of Time or Deſtiny.
'Twas he that reſcu'd gaſping Friendſhip when
The Bell toll'd for her Funeral with Men:
'Twas he that made Friends more than Lovers burn,
And then made Love to ſacred Friendſhip turn:
'Twas he turn'd Honour inward, ſet her free
From Titles and from Popularity.
Now fix'd to Virtue, ſhe begs Praiſe of none,
But's Witneſs'd and Rewarded both at home.
And in his Breaſt this Honour's ſo enſhrin'd,
As the old Law was in the Ark confin'd:
To which Poſterity ſhall all conſent,
And leſs diſpute than Acts of Parliament.
He's our Original, by whom we ſee
How much we fail, and what we ought to be.
But why do I to Copy him pretend?
My Rhimes but libel whom they would commend.
'Tis true; but none can reach what's ſet ſo high;
And though I miſs, I've noble Company:
For the moſt happy Language muſt confeſs,
It doth obſcure *Palæmon*, not expreſs.

To Mrs. M. A. *at parting.*

1.

I Have examin'd and do find,
Of all that favour me,
There's none I grieve to leave behind
But only, only thee.
To part with thee I needs muſt die,
Could parting ſep'rate thee and I.

2.

But neither Chance nor Complement
did element our Love;
'Twas ſacred Sympathy was lent
Us from the Quire above.
That Friendſhip Fortune did create,
Still fears a wound from Time or Fate.

3.

Our chang'd and mingled Souls are grown
To ſuch acquaintance now,
That if each would reſume their own,
Alas! we know not how.
We have each other ſo engroſt,
That each is in the Union loſt.

4.

And thus we can no Abſence know,
Nor ſhall we be confin'd;
Our active Souls will daily go
To learn each others mind.
Nay, ſhould we never meet to Senſe,
Our Souls would hold Intelligence.

In-

5.

Inſpired with a Flame Divine,
I ſcorn to court a ſtay;
For from that noble Soul of thine
I ne'er can be away.
But I ſhall weep when thou doſt grieve;
Nor can I die whilſt thou doſt live.

6.

By my own temper I ſhall gueſs
At thy felicity,
And only like my happineſs
Becauſe it pleaſeth thee.
Our hearts at any time will tell,
If thou, or I, be ſick, or well.

7.

All Honour ſure I muſt pretend,
All that is Good or Great;
She that would be *Roſania*'s Friend,
Muſt be at leaſt compleat.
If I have any bravery,
'Tis cauſe I have ſo much of thee.

8.

Thy Leiger Soul in me ſhall lie,
And all thy thoughts reveal;
Then back again with mine ſhall flie,
And thence to me ſhall ſteal.
Thus ſtill to one another tend;
Such is the ſacred Name of *Friend!*

9.

Thus our twin-Souls in one ſhall grow,
And teach the World new Love,
Redeem the Age and Sex, and ſhew
A Flame Fate dares not move:
And courting Death to be our friend,
Our Lives together too ſhall end.

10.

A Dew ſhall dwell upon our Tomb
Of ſuch a quality,
That fighting Armies, thither come,
Shall reconciled be.
We'll ask no Epitaph, but ſay
ORINDA and ROSANIA.

To my deareſt Antenor, *on his Parting.*

THough it be juſt to grieve when I muſt part
With him that is the Guardian of my Heart;
Yet by an happy change the loſs of mine
Is with advantage paid in having thine.
And I (by that dear Gueſt inſtructed) find
Abſence can do no hurt to Souls combin'd.
As we were born to love, brought to agree
By the impreſſions of Divine Decree:
So when united nearer we became,
It did not weaken, but increaſe, our Flame.
Unlike to thoſe who diſtant joys admire,
But ſlight them when poſſeſt of their deſire.
Each of our Souls did its own temper fit,
And in the other's Mould ſo faſhion'd it,
That now our Inclinations both are grown,
Like to our Intereſts and Perſons, one;

And

And Souls whom ſuch an Union fortifies,
Paſſion can ne'er deſtroy, nor Fate ſurprize.
Now as in Watches, though we do not know
When the Hand moves, we find it ſtill doth go:
So I, by ſecret Sympathy inclin'd,
Will abſent meet, and underſtand thy mind;
And thou at thy return ſhalt find thy Heart
Still ſafe, with all the love thou didſt impart.
For though that treaſure I have ne'er deſerv'd,
It ſhall with ſtrong Religion be preſerv'd.
And beſides this thou ſhalt in me ſurvay
Thy ſelf reflected while thou art away.
For what ſome forward Arts do undertake,
The Images of abſent Friends to make,
And repreſent their actions in a Glaſs,
Friendſhip it ſelf can only bring to paſs,
That Magick which both Fate and Time beguiles,
And in a moment runs a thouſand miles.
So in my breſt thy Picture drawn ſhall be,
My Guide, Life, Object, Friend, and Deſtiny:
And none ſhall know, though they employ their wit,
Which is the right *Antenor*, thou, or it.

Engraven on Mr. John Collier's *Tomb-ſtone at* Bedlington.

HEre what remains of him doth lie,
Who was the VVorld's Epitome,
Religion's Darling, Merchants Glory,
Mens true Delight, and Virtue's Story;
VVho, though a Priſoner to the Grave,
A glorious Freedom once ſhall have:
Till when no Monument is fit,
But what's beyond our love and wit.

On the little Regina Collier, *on the ſame Tomb-ſtone.*

VIrtue's Bloſſom, Beauty's Bud,
The pride of all that's fair and good,
By Death's fierce hand was ſnatched hence
In her ſtate of Innocence:
Who by it this advantage gains,
Her wages got without her pains.

Friendſhip.

LEt the dull brutiſh World that know not Love,
Continue Hereticks, and diſapprove
That noble Flame; but the refined know,
'Tis all the Heaven we have here below.
Nature ſubſiſts by Love, and they do tie
Things to their Cauſes but by Sympathy.
Love chains the different Elements in one
Great Harmony, link'd to the Heav'nly Throne.
And as on Earth, ſo the bleſt Quire above
Of Saints and Angels are maintain'd by Love;
That is their Buſineſs and Felicity,
And will be ſo to all Eternity.
That is the Ocean, our Affections here
Are but ſtreams borrow'd from the Fountain there.
And 'tis the nobleſt Argument to prove
A Beauteous Mind, that it knows how to Love.
Thoſe kind Impreſſions which Fate can't controul,
Are Heaven's mintage on a worthy Soul.
For Love is all the Arts Epitome,
And is the Sum of all Divinity.
He's worſe than Beaſt that cannot Love, and yet
It is not bought for Money, Pains or Wit;
For no chance or deſign can Spirits move,
But the Eternal deſtiny of Love:

And

And when two Souls are chang'd and mixed ſo,
It is what they and none but they can do.
This, this is Friendſhip, that abſtracted flame
Which groveling Mortals know not how to name.
All Love is ſacred, and the Marriage-tie
Hath much of Honour and Divinity.
But Luſt, Deſign, or ſome unworthy Ends
May mingle there, which are deſpis'd by Friends.
Paſſion hath violent extreams, and thus
All oppoſitions are contiguous.
So when the end is ſerv'd their Love will bate,
If Friendſhip make it not more fortunate:
Friendſhip, that Love's Elixir, that pure fire
Which burns the clearer 'cauſe it burns the higher.
For Love, like earthly fires (which will decay
If the material fuel be away)
Is with offenſive ſmoke accompanied,
And by reſiſtance only is ſupplied:
But Friendſhip, like the fiery Element,
With its own Heat and Nouriſhment content,
Where neither hurt, nor ſmoke, nor noiſe is made,
Scorns the aſſiſtance of a foreign aid.
Friendſhip (like Heraldry) is hereby known,
Richeſt when plaineſt, braveſt when alone;
Calm as a Virgin, and more Innocent
Than ſleeping Doves are, and as much content
As Saints in Viſions; quiet as the Night,
But clear and open as the Summer's light;
United more than Spirits Faculties,
Higher in thoughts than are the Eagle's eyes;
What ſhall I ſay? when we true friends are grown,
W' are like—Alas, w' are like our ſelves alone.

The

The Enquiry.

1.

IF we no old Hiſtorian's Name
Authentick will admit,
But think all ſaid of Friendſhip's Fame
But Poetry or Wit:
Yet what's rever'd by Minds ſo pure,
Muſt be a bright Idea ſure.

2.

But as our Immortality
By inward ſenſe we find,
Judging that if it could not be,
It would not be deſign'd:
So here how could ſuch Copies fall,
If there were no Original?

3.

But if Truth be in antient Song,
Or Story we believe,
If the inſpir'd and graver Throng
Have ſcorned to deceive;
There have been Hearts whoſe Friendſhip gave
Them thoughts at once both ſoft and brave.

4.

Among that conſecrated Few,
Some more Seraphick ſhade
Lend me a favourable Clew
Now Miſts my Eyes invade.
Why, having fill'd the World with Fame,
Left you ſo little of your Flame?

Why

5.

VVhy is't ſo difficult to ſee
Two Bodies and one Mind?
And why are thoſe who elſe agree
So differently kind?
Hath Nature ſuch fantaſtick art,
That ſhe can vary every Heart?

6.

VVhy are the bands of Friendſhip tied
VVith ſo remiſs a knot,
That by the moſt it is defied,
And by the reſt forgot?
VVhy do we ſtep with ſo light ſenſe
From Eriendſhip to Indifference?

7.

If Friendſhip Sympathy impart,
VVhy this ill-ſhuffled game,
That Heart can never meet with Heart,
Or Flame encounter Flame?
VVhat does this Cruelty create?
Is't the Intrigue of Love or Fate?

8.

Had Friendſhip ne'er been known to Men,
(The Ghoſt at laſt confeſt)
The VVorld had been a ſtranger then
To all that Heaven poſſeſt.
But could it all be here acquir'd,
Not Heaven it ſelf would be deſir'd.

To my Lucaſia, *in defence of declared Friendſhip.*

1.

O My *Lucaſia*, let us ſpeak our Love,
And think not that impertinent can be,
VVhich to us both doth ſuch aſſurance prove,
And whence we find how juſtly we agree.

2.

Before we knew the Treaſures of our Love,
Our Noble Aims our Joys did entertain;
And ſhall Enjoyment nothing then improve?
'Twere beſt for us then to begin again.

3.

Now we have gain'd, we muſt not ſtop, and ſleep
Out all the reſt of our myſterious reign:
It is as hard and glorious to keep
A Victory, as it is to obtain.

4.

Nay, to what end did we once barter Minds,
Only to know and to neglect the claim?
Or (like ſome VVantons) our Pride pleaſure finds,
To throw away the thing at which we aim.

5.

If this be all our Friendſhip does deſign,
VVe covet not Enjoyment then, but Power:
To our Opinion we our Bliſs confine,
And love to have, but not to ſmell, the Flower.

Ah!

6.

Ah! then let Miſers bury thus their Gold,
Who though they ſtarve, no farthing will produce:
But we lov'd to enjoy and to behold,
And ſure we cannot ſpend our ſtock by uſe.

7.

Think not 'tis needleſs to repeat deſires;
The fervent Turtles alwaies court and bill,
And yet their ſpotleſs paſſion never tires,
But does increaſe by repetition ſtill.

8.

Although we know we love, yet while our Soul
Is thus impriſon'd by the Fleſh we wear,
There's no way left that bondage to controul,
But to convey tranſactions through the Ear.

9.

Nay though we read our paſſions in the Eye,
It will oblige and pleaſe to tell them too:
Such joys as theſe by motion multiply,
Were't but to find that our Souls told us true.

10.

Believe not then, that being now ſecure
Of either's heart, we have no more to do:
The Spheres themſelves by motion do endure,
And they move on by Circulation too.

11.

And as a River, when it once hath paid
The tribute which it to the Ocean owes,
Stops not, but turns, and having curl'd and play'd
On its own waves, the ſhore it overflows.

12.

So the Soul's motion does not end in bliſs,
But on her ſelf ſhe ſcatters and dilates,
And on the Object doubles till by this
She finds new joys which that reflux creates.

13.

But then becauſe it cannot all contain,
It ſeeks a vent by telling the glad news,
Firſt to the Heart which did its joys obtain,
Then to the Heart which did thoſe joys produce.

14.

When my Soul then doth ſuch excurſions make,
Unleſs thy Soul delight to meet it too,
What ſatisfaction can it give or take,
Thou being abſent at the interview?

15.

'Tis not diſtruſt; for were that plea allow'd,
Letters and Viſits all would uſeleſs grow:
Love's whole expreſſion then would be its cloud,
And it would be refin'd to nothing ſo.

16.

If I diſtruſt, 'tis my own worth for thee,
'Tis my own fitneſs for a love like thine;
And therefore ſtill new evidence would ſee,
T' aſſure my wonder that thou'rt ſtill be mine.

17.

But as the Morning-Sun to drooping Flowers,
As weary Travellers a Shade do find,
As to the parched Violet Evening-showers;
Such is from thee to me a Look that's kind.

18.

But when that Look is dreſt in words, 'tis like
The myſtick pow'r of Muſicks unison;
Which when the finger doth one Viol ſtrike,
The other's ſtring heaves to reflection.

19.

Be kind to me, and juſt then to our love,
To which we owe our free and dear Converſe;
And let not tract of Time wear or remove
It from the privilege of that Commerce.

20.

Tyrants do baniſh what they can't requite:
But let us never know ſuch mean deſires;
But to be grateful to that Love delight
Which all our joys and noble thoughts inſpires.

A

A Reſvery.

A Choſen Privacy, a cheap Content,
And all the Peace a Friendſhip ever lent;
A Rock which civil Nature made a Seat,
A Willow that repulſes all the heat,
The Beauteous quiet of a Summers day,
A Brook which ſobb'd aloud and ran away,
Invited my Repoſe, and then conſpir'd
To entertain my Phancie thus retir'd.
As *Lucian*'s Ferry-man aloft did view
The angry World, and then laugh'd at it too:
So all its ſullen Follies ſeem to me
But as a too-well acted Tragedy.
One dangerous Ambition doth befool,
Another Envies to ſee that man Rule:
One makes his Love the Parent of his Rage,
For private friendſhip publickly t' engage:
And ſome for Conſcience, ſome for Honour die;
And ſome are meanly kill'd they know not why.
More different than mens faces are their ends,
Whom yet one common Ruine can make Friends.
Death, Duſt and Darkneſs they have only won,
And haſtily unto their Periods run.
Death is a Leveller; Beauty, and Kings,
And Conquerors, and all thoſe glorious things,
Are tumbled to their Graves in one rude heap,
Like common duſt as quiet and as cheap.
At greater Changes who would wonder then,
Since Kingdoms have their Fates as well as men?
They muſt fall ſick and die; nothing can be
In this World certain, but uncertainty.
Since Pow'r and Greatneſs are ſuch ſlippery things,
Who'd pity Cottages, or envy Kings?
Now leaſt of all, when, weary of deceit,
The World no longer flatters with the Great.

Though

Though ſuch Confuſions here below we find,
As Providence were wanton with Mankind:
Yet in this Chaos ſome things do ſend forth,
(Like Jewels in the dark) a Native worth.
He that derives his high Nobility,
Not from the mention of a Pedigree;
Who thinks it not his praiſe that others know
His Anceſtors were gallant long ago;
Who ſcorns to boaſt the Glories of his blood,
And thinks he can't be great that is not good;
Who knows the World, and what we Pleaſure call,
Yet cannot ſell one Conſcience for them all;
Who hates to hoard that Gold with an excuſe,
For which he can find out a nobler uſe;
Who dares not keep that Life that he can ſpend,
To ſerve his God, his Country, and his Friend;
Who flattery and falſhood doth ſo hate,
He would not buy ten Lives at ſuch a rate;
Whoſe Soul, than Diamonds more rich and clear,
Naked and open as his face doth wear;
Who dares be good alone in ſuch a time,
When Virtue's held and puniſh'd as a Crime;
Who thinks dark crooked Plots a mean defence,
And is both ſafe and wiſe in Innocence;
Who dares both fight and die, but dares not fear;
Whoſe only doubt is, if his cauſe be clear;
Whoſe Courage and his Juſtice equal worn,
Can dangers grapple, overcome and ſcorn,
Yet not inſult upon a conquer'd Foe,
But can forgive him and oblige him too;
Whoſe Friendſhip is congenial with his Soul,
VVho where he gives a heart, beſtows it whole;
VVhoſe other Ties and Titles here do end,
Or buried or compleated in the Friend;
VVho ne'er reſumes the Soul he once did give,
VVhile his Friend's Honeſty and Honour live;
And if his Friends content could coſt the price,
VVould count himſelf a happy Sacrifice;

VVhoſe

Whoſe happy days no Pride infects, nor can
His other Titles make him ſlight the man;
No dark Ambitious thoughts do cloud his brow,
Nor reſtleſs cares when to be great, and how;
Who ſcorns to envy Wealth where e'er it be,
But pities ſuch a Golden Slavery;
With no mean fawnings can the people court,
Nor wholly ſlight a popular report;
Whoſe houſe no Orphan groans do ſhake or blaſt,
Nor any riot help to ſerve his taſte:
Who from the top of his Proſperities
Can take a fall, and yet without ſurprize;
Who with the ſame auguſt and even ſtate
Can entertain the beſt and worſt of Fate;
Whoſe ſuffering's ſweet, if Honour once adorn it;
VVho ſlights Revenge, yet does not fear, but ſcorn it;
Whoſe Happineſs in ev'ry Fortune lives,
For that no Fortune either takes or gives;
Who no unhandſome ways can bribe his Fate,
Nay, out of Priſon marches through the Gate;
Who loſing all his Titles and his Pelf,
Nay, all the World, can never loſe himſelf;
This Perſon ſhines indeed, and he that can
Be Virtuous is the great Immortal Man.

A Country-life.

HOw Sacred and how Innocent
A Country-life appears,
How free from Tumult, Diſcontent,
From Flattery or Fears!
This was the firſt and happieſt Life,
When man enjoy'd himſelf;
Till Pride exchanged Peace for Strife,
And Happineſs for Pelf.
'Twas here the Poets were inſpir'd,
Here taught the multitude;

The

The brave they here with Honour fir'd;
And civiliz'd the rude,
That Golden Age did entertain
No Paſſion but of Love;
The thoughts of Ruling and of Gain
Did ne'er their Fancies move.
None then did envy Neighbour's wealth,
Nor plot to wrong his bed:
Happy in Friendſhip and in Health,
On Roots, not Beaſts, they fed.
They knew no Law nor Phyſick then,
Nature was all their Wit.
And if there yet remain to men
Content, ſure this is it.
What Bleſſings doth this World afford
To tempt or bribe deſire?
Her Courtſhip is all Fire and Sword,
Who would not then retire?
Then welcome deareſt Solitude,
My great Felicity;
Though ſome are pleas'd to call thee rude,
Thou art not ſo, but we.
Them that do covet only reſt,
A Cottage will ſuffice:
It is not brave to be poſſeſt
Of Earth, but to deſpiſe.
Opinion is the rate of things,
From hence our Peace doth flow;
I have a better Fate than Kings,
Becauſe I think it ſo.
When all the ſtormy World doth roar
How unconcern'd am I?
I cannot fear to tumble lower
Who never could be high.
Secure in theſe unenvi'd walls
I think not on the State,
And pity no mans caſe that falls
From his Ambition's height.

Silence and Innocence are ſafe;
A heart that's nobly true
At all theſe little Arts can laugh
That do the World ſubdue.
While others Revel it in State,
Here I'll contented ſit,
And think I have as good a Fate
As Wealth and Pomp admit.
Let ſome in Courtſhip take delight,
And to th' *Exchange* reſort;
Then Revel out a Winter's night,
Not making Love, but Sport.
Theſe never know a noble Flame,
'Tis Luſt, Scorn, or Deſign:
While Vanity plays all their Game,
Let Peace and Honour mine.
When the inviting Spring appears,
To *Hide-Park* let them go,
And haſting thence be full of fears
To loſe *Spring-Garden* ſhew.
Let others (nobler) ſeek to gain
In Knowledge happy Fate,
And others buſie them in vain
To ſtudy ways of State.
But I, reſolved from within,
Confirmed from without,
In Privacy intend to ſpin
My future Minutes out.
And from this Hermitage of mine
I baniſh all wild toys,
And nothing that is not Divine
Shall dare to tempt my Joys.
There are below but two things good,
Friendſhip and Honeſty,
And onely thoſe of all I would
Ask for Felicity.
In this retir'd and humble ſeat
Free from both War and Strife,

I am not forc'd to make retreat,
But chuſe to ſpend my life.

To Mrs. Wogan, *my Honoured Friend, on the Death of her Husband.*

DRy up your tears, there's enough ſhed by you,
And we muſt pay our ſhare of Sorrows too.
It is no private loſs when ſuch men fall,
The World's concern'd, and Grief is general.
But though of our Misfortune we complain,
To him it is injurious and vain.
For ſince we know his rich Integrity,
His real Sweetneſs, and full Harmony;
How free his heart and houſe were to his Friends,
Whom he oblig'd without Deſign or Ends;
How univerſal was his courteſie,
How clear a Soul, how even, and how high;
How much he ſcorn'd diſguiſe or meaner Arts,
But with a native Honour conquer'd Hearts;
We muſt conclude he was a Treaſure lent,
Soon weary of this ſordid Tenement.
The Age and World deſerv'd him not, and he
Was kindly ſnatch'd from future Miſery.
We can ſcarce ſay he's Dead, but gone to reſt,
And left a Monument in ev'ry breaſt.
For you to grieve then in this ſad exceſs,
Is not to ſpeak your Love, but make it leſs.
A noble Soul no Friendſhip will admit,
But what's Eternal and Divine as it.
The Soul is hid in mortal fleſh we know,
And all its weakneſſes muſt undergo,
Till by degrees it does ſhine forth at length,
And gathers Beauty, Purity, and Strength:
But never yet doth this Immortal Ray
Put on full ſplendor till it put off Clay:

So Infant Love is in the worthieſt breaſt;
By Senſe and Paſſion fetter'd and oppreſt
But by degrees it grows ſtill more refin'd,
And ſcorning clogs, only concerns the mind.
Now as the Soul you lov'd is here ſet free
From its material groſs capacity;
Your love ſhould follow him now he is gone,
And quitting Paſſion, put Perfection on.
Such Love as this will its own good deny,
If its dear Object have Felicity.
And ſince we cannot his great Loſs reprieve,
Let's not loſe you in whom he ſtill doth Live.
For while you are by Grief ſecluded thus,
It doth appear your Funeral to us.

In memory of the moſt juſtly Honoured,
Mrs. Owen *of* Orielton.

AS when the ancient World by Reaſon liv'd,
The *Aſian* Monarchs deaths were never griev'd;
Their glorious Lives made all their Subjects call
Their Rites a Triumph, not a Funeral:
So ſtill the Good are Princes, and their Fate
Invites us not to weep but imitate.
Nature intends a progreſs of each ſtage
Whereby weak Man creeps to ſucceeding Age,
Ripens him for that Change for which he's made,
Where th' active Soul is in her Centre ſtaid.
And ſince none ſtript of Infancy complain,
'Cauſe 'tis both their neceſſity and gain:
So Age and Death by ſlow approaches come,
And by that juſt inevitable doom
By which the Soul (her cloggy droſs once gone)
Puts on Perfection, and reſumes her own.
Since then we mourn a happy Soul, O why
Diſturb we her with erring Piety?
Who's ſo enamour'd on the beauteous Ground,
When with rich Autumn's livery hung round,

As

As to deny a Sickle to his Grain,
And not undreſs the teeming Earth again?
Fruits grow for uſe, Mankind is born to die;
And both Fates have the ſame neceſſity.
Then grieve no more, ſad Relatives, but learn;
Sigh not, but Profit by your juſt concern.
Read over her Life's volume: wiſe and good,
Not 'cauſe ſhe muſt be ſo, but 'cauſe ſhe wou'd.
To choſen Virtue ſtill a conſtant friend,
She ſaw the Times which chang'd, but did not mend.
And as ſome are ſo civil to the Sun,
They'd fix his beams, and make the Earth to run:
So ſhe unmov'd beheld the angry Fate
Which tore a Church, and overthrew a State:
Still durſt be Good, and own the noble Truth,
To crown her Age which had adorn'd her Youth.
Great without Pride, a Soul which ſtill could be
Humble and high, full of calm Majeſty.
She kept true ſtate within, and could not buy
Her Satisfaction with her Charity.
Fortune or Birth ne'er rais'd her Mind, which ſtood,
Not on her being rich, but doing good.
Oblig'd the World, but yet would ſcorn to be
Paid with requitals, Thanks or Vanity.
How oft did ſhe what all the World adore,
Make the Poor happy with her uſeful ſtore?
So general was her Bounty, that ſhe gave
Equality to all before the Grave.
By ſeveral means ſhe different perſons ty'd,
Who by her Goodneſs onely were ally'd.
Her Virtue was her Temper, not her Fit;
Fear'd nothing but the Crimes which ſome commit;
Scorn'd thoſe dark Arts which paſs for Wiſdom now,
Nor to a mean ignoble thing could bow.
And her vaſt Prudence had no other end,
But to forgive a Foe, endear a Friend:
To uſe, but ſlight, the World; and fixt above,
Shine down in beams of Piety and Love.

Why ſhould we then by poor unjuſt complaint
Prove envious Sinner 'cauſe ſhe is a Saint?
Cloſe then the Monument; let not a Tear
That may prophane her Aſhes now appear:
For her beſt Obſequies are that we be
Prudent and Good, Noble and Sweet, as ſhe.

A Friend.

1.

LOve, Nature's Plot, this great Creation's Soul,
The Being and the Harmony of things,
Doth ſtill preſerve and propagate the whole,
From whence Mans Happineſs and Safety ſprings:
The earlieſt, whiteſt, bleſſedſt Times did draw
From her alone their univerſal Law.

2.

Friendſhip's an Abſtract of this nobler Flame,
'Tis Love refin'd and purg'd from all its droſs,
The next to Angels Love, if not the ſame,
As ſtrong as paſſion is, though not ſo groſs:
It antedates a glad Eternity,
And is an Heaven in Epitome.

3.

Nobler than Kindred or than Marriage-band,
Becauſe more free; Wedlock-felicity
It ſelf doth only by this Union ſtand,
And turns to Friendſhip or to Miſery.
Force or Deſign Matches to paſs may bring,
But Friendſhip doth from Love and Honour ſpring.

4 If

4.

If Souls no Sexes have, for Men t'exclude
Woman from Friendſhip's vaſt capacity,
Is a Deſign injurious or rude,
Onely maintain'd by partial tyranny.
Love is allow'd to us and Innocence,
And nobleſt Friendſhips do proceed from thence.

5.

The chiefeſt thing in Friends is Sympathy,
There is a Secret that doth Friendſhip guide,
Which makes two Souls before they know agree,
Who by a thouſand mixtures are ally'd,
And chang'd and loſt, ſo that it is not known
Within which breaſt doth now reſide their own.

6.

Eſſential Honour muſt be in a Friend,
Not ſuch as every breath fans to and fro;
But born within, is its own judge and end,
And dares not ſin though ſure that none ſhould know.
Where Friendſhip's ſpoke, Honeſty's underſtood;
For none can be a Friend that is not Good.

7.

Friendſhip doth carry more than common truſt,
And Treachery is here the greateſt ſin.
Secrets depoſed then none ever muſt
Preſume to open, but who put them in.
They that in one Cheſt lay up all their ſtock,
Had need be ſure that none can pick the Locks.

8.

A breaſt too open Friendſhip does not love,
For that the others Truſt will not conceal;
Nor one too much reſerv'd can it approve,
Its own Condition this will not reveal.
We empty Paſſions for a double end,
To be refreſh'd and guarded by a Friend.

9.

Wiſdom and Knowledge Friendſhip does require,
The firſt for Counſel, this for Company;
And though not mainly, yet we may deſire
Both complaiſance and Ingenuity.
Though ev'ry thing may love, yet 'tis a Rule,
He cannot be a Friend that is a Fool.

10.

Diſcretion uſes Parts, and beſt knows how;
And Patience will all Qualities commend:
That ſerves a need beſt, but this doth allow
The Weakneſſes and Paſſions of a Friend.
We are not yet come to the Quire above:
Who cannot Pardon here, can never Love.

11.

Thick Waters ſhew no Images of things:
Friends are each others Mirrours, and ſhould be
Clearer than Cryſtal or the Mountain Springs,
And free from Clouds, Deſign or Flattery.
For vulgar Souls no part of Friendſhip ſhare:
Poets and Friends are born to what they are.

12. Friends

12.

Friends ſhould obſerve and chide each others Faults,
To be ſevere then is moſt juſt and kind;
Nothing can 'ſcape their ſearch who knew the thoughts:
This they ſhould give and take with equal Mind.
For Friendſhip, when this Freedom is deny'd,
Is like a Painter when his hands are ty'd.

13.

A Friend ſhould find out each Neceſſity,
And then unask'd reliev't at any rate:
It is not Friendſhip, but Formality,
To be deſir'd; for Kindneſs keeps no ſtate.
Of Friends he doth the Benefactor prove,
That gives his Friend the means t' expreſs his Love.

14.

Abſence doth not from Friendſhip's right excuſe:
Them who preſerve each others heart and fame,
Parting can ne'er divide, it may diffuſe;
As a far ſtretch'd out River's ſtill the ſame.
Though Preſence help'd them at the firſt to greet,
Their Souls know now without thoſe aids to meet.

15.

Conſtant and Solid, whom no ſtorms can ſhake,
Nor death unfix, a right Friend ought to be;
And if condemned to ſurvive, doth make
No ſecond choice, but Grief and Memory,
But Friendſhip's beſt Fate is, when it can ſpend
A Life, a Fortune, all to ſerve a Friend.

L' Accord du Bien.

1.

Order, by which all things are made,
And this great World's foundation laid,
Is nothing else but Harmony,
Where different parts are brought t' agree.

2.

As Empires are still best maintain'd
Those ways which first their Greatness gain'd:
So in this universal Frame
What made and keeps it, is the same.

3.

Thus all things unto peace do tend;
Even Discords have it for their end.
The cause why Elements do fight,
Is but their Instinct to Unite.

4.

Musick could never please the Sense
But by United excellence:
The sweetest Note which Numbers know,
If struck alone, would tedious grow.

5.

Man, the whole World's Epitome,
Is by creation Harmony.
'Twas Sin first quarrell'd in his breast,
Then made him angry with the rest.

6. But

6.

But Goodneſs keeps that Unity,
And loves its own ſociety
So well, that ſeldom we have known
One real Worth to dwell alone.

7.

And hence it is we Friendſhip call
Not by one Virtue's name, but all.
Nor is it when bad things agree
Thought Union, but Conſpiracy.

8.

Nature and Grace, ſuch Enemies,
That when one fell t' other did riſe,
Are now by Mercy even ſet,
As Stars in Conſtellations met.

9.

If Nature were her ſelf a ſin,
Her Author (GOD) had guilty bin;
But Man by ſin contracting ſtain,
Shall, purg'd from that, be clear again

10.

To prove that Nature's excellent,
Even Sin it ſelf's an Argument:
Therefore we Nature's ſtain deplore,
Becauſe it ſelf was pure before.

11.

And Grace deſtroys not, but refines,
Unveils our Reaſon, then it ſhines;
Reſtores what was depreſt by ſin,
The fainting beam of God within.

12.

The main ſpring (Judgment) rectify'd,
Will all the leſſer Motions guide,
To ſpend our Labour, Love and Care,
Not as things ſeem, but as they are.

13.

'Tis Fancy loſt, Wit thrown away,
In trifles to imploy that Ray,
Which then doth in full luſtre ſhine
VVhen both Ingenious and Divine.

14.

To Eyes by Humour vitiated
All things ſeem falſly coloured:
So 'tis our prejudicial thought
That makes clear Objects ſeem in fault.

15.

They ſcarce believe united good,
By whom 'twas never underſtood:
They think one Grace enough for one,
And 'tis becauſe their ſelves have none.

16.

VVe hunt Extreams, and run ſo faſt,
VVe can no ſteddy judgment caſt:
He beſt ſurveys the Circuit round,
VVho ſtands i th' middle of the ground.

17.

That happy mean would let us ſee
Knowledge and Meekneſs may agree;
And find, when each thing hath its name,
Paſſion and Zeal are not the ſame.

18.

VVho ſtudies God doth upwards flye,
And heighth ſtill leſſens to our eye;
And he that knows God, ſoon will ſee
Vaſt cauſe for his Humility.

19.

For by that ſearch it will be known
There's nothing but our VVill our own:
And who doth ſo that ſtock imploy,
But finds more cauſe for Shame than Joy?

20.

VVe know ſo little and ſo dark,
And ſo extinguiſh our own ſpark,
That he who furtheſt here can go,
Knows nothing as he ought to know.

21.

It will with the moſt Learned ſute,
More to enquire than diſpute:
But Vapours ſwell within a Cloud;
'Tis Ignorance that makes us proud.

22.

So when their own vain Heart belies,
Like Inflammations quickly riſe:
But that Soul which is truly great,
Is loweſt in its own conceit.

23.

Yet while we hug our own miſtake,
We Cenſures, but not Judgments, make;
And thence it is we cannot ſee
Obedience ſtand with Liberty.

24.

Providence ſtill keeps even ſtate;
But he can beſt command his Fate,
Whoſe Art by adding his own Voice,
Makes his Neceſſity his Choice.

25.

Rightly to rule ones ſelf muſt be
The hardeſt, largeſt Monarchy:
Whoſe Paſſions are his Maſters grown,
Will be a Captive in a Throne.

26.

He most the inward freedom gains,
Who just Submissions entertains:
For while in that his Reason sways,
It is himself that he obeys.

27.

But onely in Eternity
We can these beauteous Unions see;
For Heaven it self and Glory is
But one harmonious constant Bliss.

Invitation to the Country.

BE kind, my dear *Rosania*, though 'tis true
Thy Friendship will become thy Penance too;
Though there be nothing can reward the pain,
Nothing to satisfie or entertain;
Though all be empty, wild, and like to me,
Who make new Troubles in my Company:
Yet is the action more obliging great;
'Tis Hardship only makes Desert compleat.
But yet to prove Mixtures all things compound,
There may in this be some advantage found;
For a Retirement from the noise of Towns,
Is that for which some Kings have left their Crowns:
And Conquerors, whose Laurel prest the brow,
Have chang'd it for the quiet Myrtle-bow.
For Titles, Honours, and the World's Address,
Are things too cheap to make up Happiness;
The easie Tribute of a giddy race,
And paid less to the Person than the place.
So false reflected and so short content
Is that which Fortune and Opinion lent,
That who most try'd it have of Fate complain'd,
With Titles burthen'd and to greatness chain'd.

For

For they alone enjoy'd what they poſſeſt,
Who reliſht moſt and underſtood it beſt.
And yet that underſtanding made them know
The empty ſwift diſpatch of all below:
So that what moſt can outward things endear,
Is the beſt means to make them diſappear;
And even that Tyrant (Senſe) doth theſe deſtroy,
As more officious to our Grief than Joy.
Thus all the glittering World is but a cheat,
Obtruding on our ſenſe things Groſs for Great.
But he that can enquire and undiſguiſe,
Will ſoon perceive the ſting that hidden lies;
And find no Joys merit eſteem but thoſe
Whoſe Scene lies only at our own diſpoſe.
Man unconcern'd without himſelf may be
His own both Proſpect and Security.
Kings may be Slaves by their own Paſſions hurl'd,
But who commands himſelf commands the World.
A Country-life aſſiſts this ſtudy beſt,
Where no diſtractions do the Soul arreſt:
There Heav'n and Earth lie open to our view,
There we ſearch Nature and its Author too;
Poſſeſt with Freedom and a real State
Look down on Vice, and Vanity, and Fate.
There (my *Roſania*) will we, mingling Souls,
Pity the Folly which the World controuls;
And all thoſe *Grandeurs* which the World do prize
We either can enjoy, or will deſpiſe.

In Memory of Mrs. E. H.

AS ſome choice Plant cheriſh'd by Sun and Air,
And ready to requite the Gard'ner's care,
Bloſſoms and flouriſhes, but then we find
Is made the Triumph of ſome ruder Wind:
So thy untimely Grave did both entomb
Thy Sweetneſs now, and wonders yet to come.

Hung

Hung full of hopes thou fell'ſt a lovely prize,
Juſt as thou didſt attract all Hearts and Eyes.
Thus we might apprehend, for had thy years
Been lengthen'd to have paid thoſe vaſt arrears
The World expected, we ſhould then conclude,
The Age of Miracles had been renew'd.
For thou already haſt with eaſe found out
What others ſtudy with ſuch pains and doubt;
That Frame of Soul which is content alone,
And needs no Entertainment but its own.
Thy even Mind, which made thee good and great,
Was to thee both a ſhelter and retreat.
Of all the Tumults which this World do fill,
Thou wert an unconcern'd Spectator ſtill:
And, were thy duty punctually ſupply'd,
Indifferent to all the World beſide.
Thou wert made up within reſolv'd and fix'd,
And wouldſt not with a baſe allay be mix'd;
Above the World, couldſt equally deſpiſe
Both its Temptations and its Injuries;
Couldſt ſumme up all, and find not worth deſire
Thoſe glittering Trifles which the moſt admire;
But with a nobler aim, and higher born,
Look down on Greatneſs with contempt and ſcorn.
Thou hadſt no Arts that others this might ſee,
Nor lov'dſt a Trumpet to thy Piety:
But ſilent and retir'd, calm and ſerene,
Stol'ſt to thy bleſſed Haven hardly ſeen.
It were vain to deſcribe thee then, but now
Thy vaſt acceſſion harder is to know;
How full of light, and ſatisfi'd thou art,
So early from this treach'rous World to part;
How pleas'd thou art reflections now to make,
And find thou didſt not things below miſtake;
In how abſtracted converſe thou doſt live,
How much thy Knowledge is intuitive;
How great and bright a glory is enjoy'd
With Angels, and in Myſteries, employ'd.

'Tis ſin then to lament thy Fate, but we
Should help thee to a new Eternity;
And by ſucceſſive Imitation ſtrive,
Till Time ſhall die, to keep thee ſtill alive;
And (by thy great Example furniſh'd) be
More apt to live than write thy Elogy.

On Roſania's *Apoſtacy, and* Lucaſia's *Friendſhip.*

GReat Soul of Friendſhip, whither art thou fled?
Where doſt thou now chuſe to repoſe thy head?
Or art thou nothing but voice, air and name,
Found out to put Souls in purſuit of fame?
Thy flames being thought Immortal, we may doubt
Whether they e'er did burn that ſee them out.

Go, weary'd Soul, find out thy wonted reſt,
In the ſafe Harbor of *Orinda*'s Breſt;
There all unknown Adventures thou haſt found
In thy late Tranſmigrations expound;
That ſo *Roſania*'s darkneſs may be known
To be her want of Luſtre, not thy own.

Then to the Great *Lucaſia* have recourſe,
There gather up new excellence and force,
Till by a free unbyaſs'd clear Commerce,
Endearments which no Tongue can e'er reherſe,
Lucaſia and *Orinda* ſhall thee give
Eternity, and make even Friendſhip live.

Hail, Great *Lucaſia*, thou ſhalt doubly ſhine,
What was *Roſania*'s own is now twice thine;
Thou ſaw'ſt *Roſania*'s Chariot and her flight,
And ſo the double portion is thy right:
Though 'twas *Roſania*'s Spirit be content,
Since 'twas at firſt from thy *Orinda* ſent.

To my Lady Elizabeth Boyle, *Singing now affairs, &c.*

SUbduing Fair! what will you win
To uſe a needleſs Dart?
Why then ſo many to take in
One undefended Heart?
I came expos'd to all your Charms,
'Gainſt which the firſt half hour
I had no will to take up Arms,
And in the next no Power.
How can you chuſe but win the Day,
Who can reſiſt your Siege,
Who in one action know the way
To Vanquiſh and Oblige?
Your Voice which can in melting ſtrains
Teach Beauty to be blind,
Confines me yet in ſtronger Chains,
By being ſoft and kind.
Whilſt you my trivial fancy ſing,
You it to wit refine,
As Leather once ſtamp'd by a King
Became a Current Coin.
By this my Verſe is ſure to gain
Eternity with men,
Which by your Voice it will obtain,
Though never by my Pen.
I'd rather in your Favour live
Than in a laſting Name,
And much a greater rate would give
For Happineſs than Fame.

Submiſſion.

'Tis ſo, and humbly I my will reſign,
Nor dare diſpute with Providence Divine.
In vain, alas! we ſtruggle with our chains,
But more entangled by the fruitleſs pains.
For as i' th' great Creation of this all,
Nothing by chance could in ſuch order fall;
And what would ſingle be deform'd confeſt,
Grows beauteous in its union with the reſt:
So Providence like Wiſdom we allow,
(For what created once does govern now)
And the ſame Fate that ſeems to one Reverſe,
Is neceſſary to the Univerſe.
All theſe particular and various things,
Linkt to their Cauſes by ſuch ſecret ſprings,
Are held ſo faſt, and govern'd by ſuch Art,
That nothing can out of its order ſtart.
The World's God's Watch, where nothing is ſo ſmall,
But makes a part of what compoſes all:
Could the leaſt Pin be loſt or elſe diſplac'd,
The World would be diſorder'd and defac'd.
It beats no Pulſe in vain, but keeps its time,
And undiſcern'd to its own heighth doth climb;
Strung firſt and daily wound up by his hand
Who can its motions guide and underſtand.
No ſecret cunning then nor multitude
Can Providence divert, croſs or delude.
And her juſt full decrees are hidden things,
Which harder are to find than Births of Springs.
Yet all in various Conſorts fitly ſound,
And by their Diſcords Harmony compound.
Hence is that Order, Life and Energy,
Whereby Forms are preſerv'd though Matters die;
And ſhifting dreſs keep their own living ſtate:
So that what kills this, does that propagate.

This

This made the ancient Sage in Rapture cry,
That ſure the World had full Eternity.
For though it ſelf to Time and Fate ſubmit,
He's above both who made and governs it;
And to each Creature hath ſuch Portion lent,
As Love and Wiſdom ſees convenient.
For he's no Tyrant, nor delights to grieve
The Beings which from him alone can live.
He's moſt concern'd, and hath the greateſt ſhare
In Man, and therefore takes the greateſt care
To make him happy, who alone can be
So by Submiſſion and Conformity.
For why ſhould Changes here below ſurprize,
When the whole World its revolution tries?
Where were our Springs, our Harveſts pleaſant uſe,
Unleſs Viciſſitude did them produce?
Nay, what can be ſo weariſom a pain,
As when no Alterations entertain?
To loſe, to ſuffer, to be ſick and die,
Arreſt us by the ſame Neceſſity.
Nor could they trouble us, but that our mind
Hath its own glory unto droſs confin'd.
For outward things remove not from their place,
Till our Souls run to beg their mean embrace;
Then doting on the choice make it our own,
By placing Trifles in th' Opinions Throne.
So when they are divorc'd by ſome new croſs,
Our Souls ſeem widow'd by the fatal loſs:
But could we keep our Grandeur and our ſtate,
Nothing below would ſeem unfortunate;
But Grace and Reaſon, which beſt ſuccours bring,
VVould with advantage manage every thing;
And by right Judgment would prevent our moan,
For loſing that which never was our own.
For right Opinion's like a Marble Grott,
In Summer cool, and in the VVinter hot;
A Principle which in each Fortune lives,
Beſtowing Catholick Preſervatives.

'Tis

'Tis this resolves, there are no losses where
Virtue and Reason are contained there.
The meanest Soul might such a Fortune share,
But no mean Soul could so that Fortune bear.
Thus I compose my thoughts grown insolent,
As th' *Irish* Harper doth his Instrument;
Which if once struck doth murmur and complain,
But the next touch will silence all again.

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2 Cor. 5. 19. *God was in Christ Reconciling the World to himself.*

WHen God, contracted to Humanity,
Could sigh and suffer, could be sick and die;
When all the heap of Miracles combin'd
To form the greatest, which was, save Mankind:
Then God took stand in Christ, studying a way
How to repair the Ruin'd World's decay.
His Love, Pow'r, Wisdom, must some means procure
His Mercy to advance, Justice secure:
And since Man in such Misery was hurl'd,
It cost him more to save, than make the World.
Oh! what a desp'rate load of sins had we,
When God must plot for our Felicity!
When God must beg us that he may forgive,
And die himself before Mankind could live!
And what still are we, when our King in vain
Begs his lost Rebels to be Friends again!
What flouds of Love proceed from Heaven's smile,
At once to pardon and to reconcile!
What God himself hath made he cannot hate,
For 'tis one act to Love and to Create:
And he's too perfect full of Majesty,
To need additions from our Misery.
He hath a Fathers, not a Tyrant's, joy;
Shews more his Pow'r to save, than to destroy.
Did there Ten Thousand Worlds to ruine fall,
One God could save, one Christ redeem them all.

Be

Be ſilent then, ye narrow Souls, take heed
Leſt you reſtrain the Mercy you will need.
But O my Soul, from theſe be different,
Imitate thou a nobler Precedent:
As God with open Arms the World does woo,
Learn thou like God to be enlarged too;
As he begs thy conſent to pardon thee,
Learn to ſubmit unto thy Enemy;
As he ſtands ready thee to entertain,
Be thou as forward to return again;
As he was Crucify'd for and by thee,
Crucifie thou what caus'd his Agony:
And like to him be mortify'd to ſin,
Die to the World as he dy'd for it then.

The World.

WE falſly think it due unto our Friends,
That we ſhould grieve for their untimely ends.
He that ſurveys the World with ſerious eyes,
And ſtrips her from her groſs and weak diſguiſe,
Shall find 'tis Injury to mourn their Fate;
He only dies untimely who dies late.
For if 'twere told to Children in the Womb,
To what a Stage of Miſchiefs they muſt come;
Could they foreſee with how much toil and ſweat
Men count that gilded nothing, being Great;
What pains they take not to be what they ſeem,
Rating their bliſs by others falſe eſteem,
And ſacrificing their Content, to be
Guilty of grave and ſerious Vanity;
How each Condition hath its proper Thorns,
And what one man admits, another ſcorns;
How frequently their Happineſs they miſs,
So far even from agreeing what it is,
That the ſame Perſon we can hardly find,
Who is an hour together in one mind:

Sure

Sure they would beg a Period of their breath,
And what we call their Birth would count their Death.
Mankind is mad; for none can live alone,
Becauſe their Joys ſtand by compariſon:
And yet they quarrel at Society,
And ſtrive to kill they know not whom, nor why.
We all live by Miſtake, delight in Dreams,
Loſt to our ſelves, and dwelling in Extreams;
Rejecting what we have, though ne'er ſo good,
And prizing what we never underſtood.
Compar'd t our boiſterous inconſtancy
Tempeſts are calm, and Diſcords harmony.
Hence we reverſe the World, and yet do find
The God that made can hardly pleaſe our Mind.
We live by chance and ſlip into Events;
Have all of Beaſts except their Innocence.
The Soul, which no man's pow'r can reach, a thing
That makes each Woman Man, each Man a King,
Doth ſo much loſe, and from its height ſo fall,
That ſome contend to have no Soul at all.
'Tis either not obſerv'd, or at the beſt
By Paſſion fought withal, by Sin depreſt.
Freedom of Will (God's Image) is forgot;
And if we know it, we improve it not.
Our Thoughts, though nothing can be more our own,
Are ſtill unguided, very ſeldom known.
Time 'ſcapes our hands as Water in a Sieve,
We come to die ere we begin to live.
Truth, the moſt ſuitable and noble prize,
Food of our Spirits, yet neglected lies.
Errour and Shadows are our choice, and we
Owe our perdition to our own decree.
If we ſearch Truth, we make it more obſcure,
And when it ſhines, cannot the light endure,
For moſt men now, who plod, and eat, and drink,
Have nothing leſs their buſineſs than to think.
And thoſe few that enquire, how ſmall a ſhare
Of Truth they find, how dark their Notions are!

That

That ſerious Evenneſs that calms the Breſt,
And in a Tempeſt can beſtow a Reſt,
We either not attempt, or elſe decline,
By ev'ry trifle ſnatch'd from our deſign.
(Others he muſt in his deceits involve,
Who is not true unto his own Reſolve.)
We govern not our ſelves, but looſe the Reins,
Counting our Bondage to a thouſand Chains;
And with as many Slaveries, content
As there are Tyrants ready to torment,
We live upon a Rack extended ſtill
To one Extreme or both, but always ill.
For ſince our Fortune is not underſtood,
We ſuffer leſs from bad than from the good.
The Sting is better dreſt and longer laſts,
As Surfeits are more dangerous than Faſts.
And to complete the miſery to us,
We ſee Extremes are ſtill contiguous.
And as we run ſo faſt from what we hate,
Like Squibs on Ropes, to know no middle ſtate;
So outward ſtorms ſtrength'ned by us, we find
Our Fortune as diſordered as our Mind.
But that's excus'd by this, it doth its part;
A trech'rous World befits a trech'rous Heart.
All ill's our own, the outward ſtorms we loath
Receive from us their Birth, their Sting, or both.
And that our Vanity be paſt a doubt,
'Tis one new Vanity to find it out.
Happy are they to whom God gives a Grave,
And from themſelves as from his wrath doth ſave.
'Tis good not to be born; but if we muſt,
The next good is, ſoon to return to duſt.
When th' uncag'd Soul fled to Eternity
Shall reſt, and live, and ſing, and love, and ſee.
Here we but crawl and grovel, play and cry;
Are firſt our own, then others, enemy:
But there ſhall be defac'd both ſtain and ſcore,
For Time, and Death, and Sin ſhall be no more.

The Soul.

1.

HOw vain a thing is Man, whoſe nobleſt part,
That Soul which through the World doth rome,
Traverſes Heav'n, finds out the depth of Art,
Yet is ſo ignorant at home?

2.

In every Brook or Mirrour we can find
Reflections of our face to be;
But a true Optick to preſent our Mind
We hardly get, and darkly ſee.

3.

Yet in the ſearch after our ſelves we run,
Actions and Cauſes we ſurvey;
And when the weary Chaſe is almoſt done,
Then from our Queſt we ſlip away.

4.

'Tis ſtrange and ſad, that ſince we do believe
We have a Soul muſt never die,
There are ſo few that can a Reaſon give
How it obtains that Life, or why.

5.

I wonder not to find thoſe that know moſt,
Profeſs ſo much their Ignorance;
Since in their own Souls greateſt Wits are loſt,
And of themſelves have ſcarce a glance.

6.

But ſomewhat ſure doth here obſcurely lie,
That above Droſs would fain advance,
And pants and catches at Eternity,
As 'twere its own Inheritance.

7.

A Soul ſelf-mov'd which can dilate, contract,
Pierces and judges things unſeen:
But this groſs heap of Matter cannot act,
Unleſs impulſed from within.

8.

Diſtance and Quantity, to Bodies due,
The ſtate of Souls cannot admit;
And all the Contraries which Nature knew
Meet there, nor hurt themſelves, nor it.

9.

God never Body made ſo bright and clean,
Which Good and Evil could diſcern:
What theſe words Honeſty and Honour mean,
The Soul alone know's how to learn.

10.

And though 'tis true ſhe is impriſon'd here,
Yet hath ſhe Notions of her own,
Which Senſe doth onely jog, awake, and clear,
But cannot at the firſt make known.

13.

The Soul her own felicity hath laid,
And independent on the Senſe,
Sees the weak terrours which the World invade
With pity or with negligence.

14.

So unconcern'd ſhe lives, ſo much above
The Rubbiſh of a ſordid Jail,
That nothing doth her Energy improve
So much as when thoſe ſtructures fail.

15.

She's then a ſubſtance ſubtile, ſtrong and pure,
So immaterial and refin'd,
As ſpeaks her from the Body's fate ſecure,
And wholly of a diff'rent kind.

16.

Religion for reward in vain would look,
Virtue were doom'd to miſery,
All actions were like bubbles in a brook,
VVere't not for Immortality.

17.

But as that Conquerour who Millions ſpent
Thought it too mean to give a Mite;
So the World's Judge can never be content
To beſtow leſs than Infinite.

16.

Treason against Eternal Majesty
Must have eternal justice too;
And since unbounded Love did satisfie,
He will unbounded Mercy shew.

17.

It is our narrow thoughts shorten these things,
By their companion Flesh inclin'd,
Which feeling its own weakness gladly brings
The same opinion to the Mind.

18.

We stifle our own Sun, and live in Shade,
But where its beams do once appear,
They make that person of himself afraid,
And to his own acts most severe.

19.

For ways, to sin close, and our breast disguise
From outward search, we soon may find:
But who can his own Soul bribe or surprise,
Or sin without a sting behind?

20.

He that commands himself is more a Prince
Than he who Nations keeps in awe;
Who yield to all that does their Souls convince,
Shall never need another Law.

Happiness.

Happineſs.

NAture courts Happineſs, although it be
Unknown as the *Athenian* Deity:
It dwells not in Man's Senſe, yet he ſupplies
That want by growing fond of its diſguiſe.
The falſe appearances of Joy deceive,
And ſeeking her unto her like we cleave.
For ſinking Man hath ſcarce ſenſe left to know
Whether the Plank he graſps will hold or no.
While all the buſineſs of the World is this,
To ſeek that Good which by miſtake they miſs.
And all the ſeveral Paſſions men expreſs
Are but for Pleaſure in a diff'rent dreſs.
They hope for Happineſs in being Great,
Or Rich, or Lov'd, then hug their own conceit.
But the Good man can find this treaſure out,
For which in vain others do dig and doubt;
And hath ſuch ſecret full Content within,
Though all abroad be ſtorms, yet he can ſing.
His peace is made, all's quiet in that place,
Where Nature's cur'd and exercis'd by Grace.
This inward Calm prevents his Enemies,
For he can neither envy nor deſpiſe:
But in the beauty of his ordered Mind
Doth ſtill a new, rich ſatisfaction find.
Innocent Epicure! whoſe ſingle breaſt
Can furniſh him with a continual feaſt.
A Prince at home, and Scepters can refuſe;
Valuing only what he cannot loſe.
He ſtudies to do good; (a man may be
Harmleſs for want of Opportunity:)
But he's induſtrious kindneſs to diſpence,
And therein onely covets eminence.
Others do court applauſe and fame, but he
Thinks all that giddy noiſe but Vanity.

He

He takes no pains to be obſerv'd or ſeen,
While all his acts are echoed from within.
He's ſtill himſelf, when Company are gone,
Too well employ'd ever to be alone.
For ſtudying God in all his volumes, he
Begins the buſineſs of Eternity.
And unconcern'd without, retains a power
To ſuck (like Bees) a ſweet from ev'ry flower.
And as the Manna of the *Iſraelites*
Had ſeveral taſtes to pleaſe all Appetites:
So his Contentment is that Catholick food,
That makes all ſtates ſeem fit as well as good.
He dares not wiſh, nor his own fate propound;
But, if God ſends, reads Love in every wound:
And would not loſe for all the joys of ſenſe
The glorious pleaſures of Obedience.
His better part can neither change nor loſe,
And all God's will can bear, can do, can chuſe.

Death.

1.

HOw weak a Star doth rule Mankind,
Which owes its ſway to the ſame
Cauſes which Nature had deſign'd
To cheriſh and preſerve the frame!

2.

As Commonwealths may be ſecure,
And no remote Invaſion dread;
Yet may a ſadder fall endure
From Traitors in their boſom bred.

3. So

3.

So while we feel no violence,
And on our active Health do truſt,
A ſecret hand doth ſnatch us hence,
And tumbles us into the duſt.

4.

Yet careleſly we run our race,
As if we could Death's ſummons wave;
And think not on the narrow ſpace
Between a Table and a Grave.

5.

But ſince we cannot Death reprieve,
Our Souls and Fame we ought to mind,
For they our Bodies will ſurvive;
That goes beyond, this ſtays behind.

6.

If I be ſure my Soul is ſafe,
And that my Actions will provide
My Tomb a nobler Epitaph,
Than that I only li'vd and dy'd.

7.

So that in various accidents
I Conſcience may, and Honour, keep;
I with that eaſe and innocence
Shall die, as Infants go to ſleep.

To the Queen's Majesty, on her late Sickness and Recovery.

THe publick Gladness that's to us restor'd,
For your escape from what we so deplor'd,
Will want as well resemblance as belief,
Unless our Joy be measur'd by our Grief.
When in your Fever we with terrour saw
At once our Hopes and Happiness withdraw;
And every *crisis* did with jealous fear
Enquire the News we scarce durst stay to hear.
Some dying Princes have their Servants slain,
That after death they might not want a Train.
Such cruelty were here a needless sin;
For had our fatal Fears prophetick been,
Sorrow alone that service would have done,
And you by Nations had been waited on.
Your danger was in ev'ry Visage seen,
And onely yours was quiet and serene.
But all our zealous Grief had been in vain,
Had not Great *Charles*'s call'd you back again:
Who did your suff'rings with such pain discern,
He lost three Kingdoms once with less concern.
Lab'ring your safety he neglected his,
Nor fear'd he Death in any shape but this.
His *Genius* did the bold Distemper tame,
And his rich Tears quench'd the rebellious Flame.
At once the *Thracian* Hero lov'd and griev'd,
Till he his lost Felicity retriev'd;
And with the moving accents of his wo,
His Spouse recover'd from the shades below.
So the King's grief your threatned loss withstood,
Who mourn'd with the same fortune that he woo'd,
And to his happy passion we have been
Now twice oblig'd for so ador'd a Queen.
But how severe a Choice had you to make,
When you must Heav'n delay, or Him forsake?

Yet ſince thoſe joys you made ſuch haſte to find
Had ſcarce been full if he were left behind,
How well did Fate decide your inward ſtrife
By making him a Preſent of your Life?
Which reſcu'd Bleſſing he muſt long enjoy,
Since our Offences could it not deſtroy.
For none but Death durſt rival him in you;
And Death himſelf was baffled in it too.

Upon Mr. Abraham Cowley's *Retirement.*

ODE.

I.

NO, no, unfaithful World, thou haſt
Too long my eaſie Heart betray'd,
And me too long thy Foot-ball made:
But I am wiſer grown at laſt,
And will improve by all that I have paſt.
I know 'twas juſt I ſhould be practis'd on;
For I was told before,
And told in ſober and inſtructive lore,
How little all that truſted thee have won:
And yet I would make haſte to be undone.
Now by my ſuff'ring I am better taught,
And ſhall no more commit that ſtupid fault.
Go, get ſome other Fool,
Whom thou mayſt next cajole:
On me thy frowns thou doſt in vain beſtow;
For I know how
To be as coy and as reſerv'd as thou.

2.

In my remote and humble ſeat
Now I'm again poſſeſt
Of that late fugitive, my Breaſt,

From

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From all thy tumults and from all thy heat
I'll find a quiet and a cool retreat
And on the Fetters I have worn
Look with experienc'd and revengeful scorn
In this my sov'raign Privacy.
'Tis true I cannot govern thee,
But yet my self I may subdue;
And that's the nobler Empire of the two.
If ev ry Passion had got leave
Its satisfaction to receive,
Yet I would it a higher pleasure call,
To conquer one, than to indulge them all.

For thy inconstant Sea, no more
I'll leave that safe and solid Shore:
No, though to prosper in the chear,
Thou shouldst my Destiny defeat,
And make me be Belov'd, or Rich, or Great:
Nor from my self shouldst me reclaim
With all the noise and all the pomp of Fame.
Judiciously I'll these despise;
Too small the Bargain, and to great the Price,
For them to cozen twice.
At length this secret I have learn'd;
Who will be happy, must be unconcern'd,
Must all their Comfort in their Bosom wear,
And seek their treasure and their power there.

No other Wealth will I aspire,
But that of Nature to admire;
Nor envy on a Laurel will bestow,
Whilst I have any in my Garden grow.
And when I would be Great,
'Tis but ascending to a Seat

Which Nature in a lofty Rock has built
A Throne as free from trouble as from guilt.
Where when my Soul her wings does raiſe
Above what Worldlings fear or praiſe,
With innocence and quiet pride I'll ſit,
And ſee the humble waves pay tribute to my feet.
O Life Divine, when free from joys diseas'd,
Not always merry, but it's always pleas'd!

5.

A Heart, which is too great a thing
To be a Preſent for a *Perſian* King,
Which God himſelf would have to be his Court,
Where Angels would officiouſly reſort,
From its own height ſhould much decline,
If this Converſe ſhould reſign
(Ill-natur'd World!) for thine,
Thy unwiſe rigour ſuch thy Empire loſt;
It hath not only ſet me free,
But it hath made me ſee,
They only reign o'er thy poſſeſſion boaſt,
Who do enjoy thee leaſt, and underſtand thee moſt.
For lo, the Man whom all Mankind admir'd,
(By ev'ry Grace adorn'd, and ev'ry Muſe inſpir'd)
Is now triumphantly retir'd
The mighty Conqueſt this hath done,
And over thee a *Turkiſh* Conqueſt won:
Which future Ages ſhall adore,
And which in this ſubdues thee more
Than either *Greek* or *Roman* ever could before.

The Irish *Grey-hound.*

BEhold this Creature's Form and ſtate,
Which Nature therefore did create,
That to the World might be expreſt
What meen there can be in a Beaſt;
And that we in this ſhape may find
A Lion of another kind.
For this Heroick beaſt does ſeem
In Majeſty to Rival him;
And yet vouchſafes, to Man, to ſhew
Both ſervice and ſubmiſſion too.
From whence we this diſtinction have,
That Beaſt is fierce, but this is brave.
This Dog hath ſo himſelf ſubdu'd,
That hunger cannot make him rude:
And his behaviour does confeſs
True Courage dwells with Gentleneſs.
With ſterneſt Wolves he dares engage,
And acts on them ſucceſsful rage.
Yet too much courteſie may chance
To put him out of countenance.
When in his oppoſers blood,
Fortune hath made his valour good;
This Creature from an act ſo brave
Grows not more ſullen, but more grave.

Mans Guard he would be, not his ſport,
Believing he hath ventur'd for't,
But yet no blood or ſhed or ſpent
Can ever make him inſolent.
Few Men of him, to do great things have learn
And when th'are done to be ſo unconcern'd.

SONG.

To the Tune of *Sommes nous pas trop heureux.*

1.

HOw prodigious is my fate,
Since I can't determine clearly,
Whether you'll do more severely
Giving me your love or hate!
For if you with kindness blesse me,
Since from you I soon must part;
Fortune will so dispossess me,
That your Love will break my heart.

But since Death all sorrow cures,
Might I chuse my way of dying,
I could wish the arrow flying
From Fortunes Quiver, not from yours.
For in the sad unusual story
How my wretched heart was torn,
It will more concern your glory,
I by absence fell than scorn.

A Dialogue betwixt Lucasia *and* Rosania, *Imitating that of Gentle* Thenis.

MAy Lucasia, leave the Mountain tops,
And like a nearer air.

Luc. How shall I then forsake my Lovely Flocks
Bequeathed to my care?

Ros. Shepherdess, thy Flocks will not be less,
Although thou should'st come hither.

Luc.

Luc. But I fear, the World will be ſevere,
Should I leave them to go thither.
Ros. O! my friend, if you on that depend,
You'll never know content.
Luc. Rather I near thee would live and dye,
Would Fortune but conſent.
Ros. But did you ask leave to love me too,
That others ſhould deprive me?
Luc. Not all Mankind, a ſtratagem can find
Which from that heart ſhould drive me.
Ros. Better 't had been, I thee had never ſeen,
Than that content to loſe.
Luc. Such are thy Charms, I'd dwell within thine arms
Could I my ſtation chuſe.
Ros. VVhen Life is done, the VVorld to us is gone,
And all our cares do end.
Luc. Nay I know there's nothing ſweet below
Unleſs it be a Friend.
Ros. Then whilſt we live, this Joy let's take and give,
Since death us ſoon will ſever.
Luc. But I truſt, when crumbled into duſt,
We ſhall meet and love for ever.

Song to the Tune of Adieu Phillis.

'TIs true our Life is but a long diſeaſe
Made up of real pain and ſeeming eaſe.
You Stars, who theſe entangled frotunes give,
O tell me why
It is ſo hard to dye,
Yet ſuch a task to Live?

If with ſome pleaſure we our griefs betray,
It coſts us dearer than it can repay.
For Time or Fortune all things ſo devours;
Our hopes are croſt,
Or elſe the object loſt,
Ere we can call it ours.

An

An Epitaph on my Honoured Mother-in-Law Mrs. Phillips *of* Portheynon *in* Cardigan-ſhire, *who dyed Jan.* 1. *Anno* 166$\frac{2}{1}$.

READER ſtay, it is but juſt;
Thou doſt not tread on common duſt.
For underneath this ſtone does lye
One whoſe name can never dye:
Who from an Honour'd Linage ſprung,
Was to another matched Young;
Whoſe happineſs ſhe ever ſought;
One bleſſing was, and many brought.
And to her ſpouſe her faith did prove
By fifteen pledges of their Love.
But when by Death of him depriv'd,
An honourable Widow liv'd
Full four and twenty years, wherein
Though ſhe had much afflicted been,
Saw many of her children fall,
And publick Ruine threaten all.
Yet from above aſſiſted, ſhe
Both did and ſuffer'd worthily.
She to the Crown, and Church adher'd,
And in their Sorrows them rever'd,
With Piety which knew no ſtrife,
But was as ſober as her life.
A furniſh'd Table, open door,
That for her Friends, this for the Poor
She kept; yet did her fortune find,
Too narrow for her nobler Mind;
Which ſeeking objects to relieve,
Did food to many Orphans give,
Who in her Life no want did know,
But all the Poor are Orphans now.
Yet hold, her fame is much too ſafe,
To need a written Epitaph.

Her

Her Fame was ſo confeſs'd, that ſhe
Can never here forgotten be,
Till *Cardigan* it ſelf become,
To its own ruin'd heaps a Tomb.

Lucaſia, Roſania, *and* Orinda *parting at a Fountain, July* 1663.

1.

HEre, here are our enjoyments done,
And ſince the Love and Grief we wear
Forbids us either word or tear,
And Art wants here expreſſion,
See Nature furniſh us with one.

2.

The kind and mournful Nymph which here
Inhabits in her humble Cells,
No longer her own ſorrow tells,
Nor for it now concern'd appears,
But for our parting ſheds theſe tears.

3.

Unleſs ſhe may afflicted be,
Leſt we ſhould doubt her Innocence;
Since ſhe hath loſt her beſt pretence
Unto a matchleſs purity;
Our Love being clearer far than ſhe.

4.

Cold as the ſtreams that from her flow,
Or (if her privater receſs
A greater Coldneſs can expreſs)

Then cold as thoſe dark beds of Snow
Our hearts are at this parting blow.

5.

But Time that has both wings and feet,
Our Suffering Minutes being ſpent,
Will Viſit us with new Content.
And ſure, if kindneſs be ſo ſweet,
'Tis harder to forget than meet.

6.

Then though the ſad adieu we ſay,
Yet as the wine we hither bring,
Revives, and then exalts the Spring;
So let our hopes to meet allay,
The fears and Sorrows of this day.

A Farewel to Roſania.

MY Dear *Roſania*, ſometimes be ſo kind,
To think upon the friend thou leav'ſt behind,
And wiſh Thee here, to make my joys compleat,
Or elſe me there, to ſhare thy bleſt Retreat.
But to the Heart which for thy Loſs doth mourn,
The kindeſt thought is that of quick return.

To my Lady Anne Boyle, *ſaying I look'd angrily upon her.*

ADor'd *Valeria*, and can you conclude,
Orinda loſt in ſuch Ingratitude;
And ſo miſ-ſpell the Language of my face,
When in my heart you have ſo great a Place?

Ah be aſſur'd I could no look direct
To you, not full of paſſion and reſpect.
Or if my looks have play'd that treach'rous part;
And ſo much miſ-interpreted my heart,
I ſhall forgive them that one falſhood, leſs
Than all their folly, and their uglineſs;
And had much rather chuſe they ſhould appear
Always unhandſome, than once unſincere.
But I muſt thank your errour, which procures
Me ſuch obliging jealouſie as yours.
For at that quarrel I can ne'er repine,
Which ſhews your kindneſs, though it queſtions mine.
To your Concern I pardon your diſtruſt,
And prize your Love, ev'n when it is unjuſt.

On the Welch Language.

IF Honour to an ancient Name be due,
Or Riches challenge it for one that's new,
The *Britiſh* Language claims in either ſenſe,
Both for its Age, and for its Opulence.
But all great things muſt be from us remov'd,
To be with higher reverence belov'd.
So Landskips which in proſpects diſtant lye,
With greater wonder draw the pleaſed Eye.
Is not great *Troy* to one dark ruine hurl'd?
Once the fam'd Scene of all the fighting world.
Where's *Athens* now, to whom *Rome* Learning owes,
And the ſafe Lawrels that adorn'd her brows?
A ſtrange reverſe of Fate ſhe did endure,
Never once greater, than ſhe's now obſcure.
Ev'n *Rome* her ſelf can but ſome footſteps ſhow
Of *Scipio*'s times, or thoſe of *Cicero*.
And as the *Roman* and the *Grecian* State,
The *Britiſh* fell, the ſpoil of Time and Fate.
But though the Language hath the beauty loſt,
Yet ſhe has ſtill ſome great Remains to boaſt.

For 'twas in that, the ſacred Bards of old,
In deathleſs Numbers did their thoughts unfold.
In Groves, by Rivers, and on fertile Plains,
They civiliz'd and taught the liſt'ning Swains;
Whilſt with high raptures, and as great ſucceſs,
Virtue they cloath'd in Muſick's charming dreſs.
This *Merlin* ſpoke, who in his gloomy Cave,
Ev'n Deſtiny her ſelf ſeem'd to enſlave.
For to his ſight the future time was known,
Much better than to others is their own;
And with ſuch ſtate, Predictions from him fell,
As if he did Decree, and not Foretell.
This ſpoke King *Arthur*, who, if Fame be true,
Could have compell'd Mankind to ſpeak it too.
In this once *Boadicca* valour taught,
And ſpoke more nobly than her Souldiers fought:
Tell me what Hero could be more than ſhe,
Who fell at once for Fame and Liberty?
Nor could a greater Sacrifice belong,
Or to her Childrens, or her Countries wrong.
This ſpoke *Caractacus*, who was ſo brave,
That to the *Roman* Fortune check he gave:
And when their Yoke he could decline no more,
He it ſo decently and nobly wore,
That *Rome* her ſelf with bluſhes did believe,
A *Britain* would the Law of Honour give;
And haſtily his chains away ſhe threw,
Leſt her own Captive elſe ſhould her ſubdue.

To the Counteſs of Thanet, *upon her marriage.*

SInce you who Credit to all wonders bring,
That Lovers can believe, or Poets ſing;
Whoſe only ſhape and faſhion does expreſs,
Your Virtue is your nature not your dreſs;
In whom the moſt admir'd extreams appear,
Humble and Fair, Prudent and yet ſincere:

Whoſe

Whoſe matchleſs worth tranſmits ſuch ſplendid rais,
As thoſe that envy it are forc'd to praiſe.
Since you have found ſuch an illuſtrious ſphere,
And are reſolv'd to fix your glories there;
A heart whoſe bravery to his Sex ſecures
As much Renown as you have done to yours;
And whoſe perfections in obtaining you,
Are both diſcover'd and rewarded too;
'Twere almoſt equal boldneſs to invent
How to increaſe your Merit, or Content.
Yet ſure the Muſes ſomewhat have to ſay,
But they will ſend it you a better way:
The Court, which ſo much to your luſtre owes,
Muſt alſo pay you its officious vows.
But whilſt this ſhews reſpect, and thoſe their art,
Let me too ſpeak the language of my heart;
Whoſe ruder Off'rings dare approach your ſhrine,
For you, who merit theirs, can pardon mine.
Fortune and Virtue with ſuch heat contend
(As once for *Rome*) now to make you their friend:
And you ſo well can this prefer to that,
As you can neither fear, nor mend your Fate:
Yet ſince the votes of joy from all are due,
A love like mine, muſt find ſome wiſhes too.

May you in this bright Conſtellation ſet,
Still ſhew how much the Good outſhine the Great:
May you be courted with all joys of ſenſe,
Yet place the higheſt in your innocence;
Whoſe praiſe may you enjoy, but not regard,
Finding within both motive and reward.
May Fortune ſtill to your commands be juſt,
Yet ſtill beneath your kindneſs or your truſt.
May you no trouble either feel or fear,
But from your pity for what others wear;
And may the happy owner of your breaſt,
Still find his paſſion with his joys encreas'd;
Whilſt every moment your concern makes known,
And gives him too, freſh reaſon for his own:

And

And from their Parents may your Off-ſpring have
All that is wiſe and lovely, ſoft and brave:
Or if all wiſhes we in one would give,
For him, and for the world, Long may you live.

EPITAPH

On her Son H. P. *at St.* Syth's *Church, where her body alſo lies Interred.*

WHat on Earth deſerves our truſt;
Youth and Beauty both are duſt.
Long we gathering are with pain,
What one moment calls again.
Seven years childleſs, marriage paſt,
A Son, a Son is born at laſt:
So exactly limb'd and fair,
Full of good Spirits, Meen, and Air,
As a long life promiſed,
Yet, in leſs than ſix weeks dead.
Too promiſing, too great a mind
In ſo ſmall room to be confin'd:
Therefore, as fit in Heav'n to dwell,
He quickly broke the Priſon ſhell.
So the ſubtle Alchymiſt,
Can't with *Hermes* Seal reſiſt
The powerful ſpirit's ſubtler flight,
But 'twill bid him long good night,
And ſo the Sun if it ariſe
Half ſo glorious as his Eyes,
Like this Infant, takes a ſhrowd,
Buried in a morning Cloud.

On

On the death of my Lord Rich, *only Son to the Earl of* Warwick, *who dyed of the ſmall Pox,* 1664.

HAve not ſo many lives of late
Suffic'd to quench the greedy thirſt of Fate?
Though to encreaſe the mournful purple Flood,
As well as Noble, ſhe drank Royal Blood;
That not content, againſt us to engage
Our own wild fury, and Uſurpers rage;
By ſickneſs now, when all that ſtorm is paſt,
She ſtrives to hew our Heros down as faſt;
And by the Prey ſhe chuſes, ſhews her Aim
Is to extinguiſh all the Engliſh Fame.
Elſe had this generous Youth we now have loſt,
Been ſtill his Friends delight, and Country's boaſt,
And higher rais'd the Illuſtrious Name he bore,
Than all our Chronicles had done before.
Had Death conſider'd e're he ſtruck this blow,
How many noble hopes 'twould overthrow;
The Genius of his Houſe (who did complain
That all her Worthies now dy'd o're again)
His flouriſhing, and yet untainted years;
His Fathers anguiſh, and his Mothers tears;
Sure he had been perſwaded to relent,
Nor had for ſo much early ſweetneſs, ſent
That fierce Diſeaſe, which knows not how to ſpare
The Young, the Great, the Knowing, or the Fair.
But we as well might flatter every wind,
And court the Tempeſts to be leſs unkind,
As hope from churliſh Death to ſnatch his Prey,
Who is as furious and as deaf as they;
And who hath cruelly ſurpriz'd in him,
His Parents joy, and all the World's eſteem.
Say treacherous hopes that whiſper in our ear,
Still to expect ſome ſteady comfort here,

And

And though we oft diſcover all your Arts,
Would ſtill betray our diſappointed Hearts;
What new deluſion can you now prepare,
Since this pale object ſhews how falſe you are?
'T will fully anſwer all you have to plead,
If we reply, Great *Warwick*'s Heir is dead:
Bluſh humane Hopes and Joys, and then be all
In ſolemn morning at this Funeral.
For ſince ſuch expectations brittle prove,
What can we ſafely either Hope or Love?

The Virgin.

THe things that make a Virgin pleaſe,
She that ſeeks, will find them theſe;
A Beauty, not to Art in debt,
Rather agreeable than great;
An Eye, wherein at once do meet,
The beams of kindneſs, and of wit;
An undiſſembled Innocence,
Apt not to give, nor take offence:
A Converſation, at once, free
From Paſſion, and from Subtlety;
A Face that's modeſt, yet ſerene,
A ſober, and yet lively Meen;
The vertue which does her adorn,
By honour guarded, not by ſcorn;
With ſuch wiſe lowlineſs indu'd,
As never can be mean, or rude;
That prudent negligence enrich,
And Time's her ſilence and her ſpeech;
Whoſe equal mind does always move,
Neither a foe, nor ſlave to Love;
And whoſe Religion's ſtrong and plain,
Not ſuperſtitious, nor prophane.

Upon

Upon the Graving of her Name upon a Tree in Barn-Elms *Walks.*

ALas, how barbarous are we,
Thus to reward the courteous Tree,
Who its broad ſhade affording us,
Deſerves not to be wounded thus!
See how the Yielding Bark complies
With our ungrateful Injuries!
And ſeeing this, ſay how much then
Trees are more generous than Men,
Who by a Nobleneſs ſo pure,
Can firſt oblige, and then endure.

To my deareſt Friend Mrs. A. Owen, *upon her greateſt loſs.*

AS when two Siſter-rivulets who crept
From that dark Bed of Snow wherein thy ſlept,
By private diſtant Currents under ground,
Have by *Mæanders* eithers boſom found,
They ſob aloud, and break down what withſtood,
Swoln by their own embraces to a flood:
So when my ſympathy for thy dear grief
Had brought me near, in hope to give relief,
I found my ſorrow heightned when ſo joyn'd,
And thine increas'd by being ſo combin'd,
Since to the bleeding hopes of many years,
I could contribute nothing but my tears;
Fears which to thy ſad fate were juſtly due,
And to his loſs, by all who that loſs knew;
For thy *Chariſtus* was ſo much above
The eloquence of all our grief and love,
That it would be Injurious to his Herſe,
To think to crowd his worth into a Verſe:

Could I by miracle ſuch praiſe indite,
Who with more eaſe and juſtice weep than write,
He was all that which Hiſtory can boaſt,
Or bolder Poetry had e'er engroſs'd.
So pious, juſt, noble, diſcreet, and kind,
Their beſt *Ideas* know not how to find.
His ſtrong Religion not on trifles ſpent,
Was uſeful, firm, early, and eminent,
Never betray'd to indigeſted heat,
Nor yet entic'd from what was ſafely great.
And this ſo ſoon, as if he had foreſight,
He muſt begin betimes whoſe noon is night.
His virtue was his choice, and not his chance,
Not mov'd by Age, nor born of Ignorance.
He well knew whom, and what he did believe,
And for his Faith did not diſpute, but live,
And liv'd juſt like his infant Innocence,
But that was crown'd with free obedience.
How did he ſcorn deſign, and equally
How much abhorr'd this Ages vanity!
He neither lik'd its tumults, nor its Joys,
Slighted alike Earths pleaſures, and her noiſe.
But unconcern'd in both, in his own mind
Alone could power and ſatisfaction find.
A treaſury of merit there lay hid,
Which though he ne'er confeſs'd, his actions did.
His Modeſty unto his virtue lent
At once a ſhadow and an ornament.
But what could hide thoſe filial rites he paid?
How much he lov'd, how prudently obey'd?
How as a brother did he juſtly ſhare
His kind concern betwixt reſpect and care?
And to a wife how fully did he prove
How wiſely he could judge, how fondly love?
As Husbands ſerious, but as Lovers kind,
He valu'd all of her, but lov'd her mind;
And with a paſſion made this Riddle true,
'Twas ever perfect, and yet ſtill it grew.

Such

Such handſome thoughts his Breaſt did ever fill,
He durſt do any thing, but what was ill;
Unlike thoſe Gallants who ſo uſe their time,
As opportunity to act their crime,
And loſt in Wine or Vanity when young,
They die too ſoon, becauſe they liv'd too long:
But he has hallowed ſo his early death,
'Tis almoſt ſhame to draw a longer breath.
I can no more, they that can muſt have learn'd,
To be more eloquent, and leſs concern'd.
But all that Noble Juſtice to his Name,
His own good Angel will commit to Fame.
Could grief recall this happineſs again,
Of thy dear ſorrow I would ne'er complain,
But ſuch an opportunity would take
To grieve an uſeleſs life out for thy ſake.
But ſince it cannot, I muſt pray thee live,
That ſo much of *Chariſtus* may ſurvive,
And that thou do not act ſo harſh to Love,
As that his glory ſhould thy ſorrow move:
Endure thy loſs till Heav'n ſhall it repay,
Upon thy laſt and glorious Wedding-day,
When thou ſhalt know him more, and quickly find
The love increas'd by being ſo refin'd,
And there poſſeſs him without partinſe gars,
As I my friendſhip free from future tears.

Orinda *to* Lucaſia *parting* October 1661. *at* London.

ADieu, dear Object of my Love's exceſs,
And with thee all my hopes of happineſs,
With the ſame fervent and unchanged heart
Which did its whole ſelf once to thee impart,
(And which though fortune has ſo ſorely bruis'd,
Would ſuffer more, to be from this excus'd)
I to reſign thy dear Converſe ſubmit,
Since I can neither keep, nor merit it.

Thou haſt too long to me confined been,
Who ruine am without, paſſion within.
My mind is ſunk below thy tenderneſs,
And my condition does deſerve it loſs;
I'm ſo entangl'd and ſo loſt a thing
By all the ſhocks my daily ſorrow bring,
That wouldſt thou for thy old *Orinda* call,
Thou hardly couldſt unravel her at all.
And ſhould I thy clear fortunes interline
With the inceſſant miſeries of mine?
No, no, I never lov'd at ſuch a rate,
To tie thee to the rigours of my fate,
As from my obligations thou art free,
Sure thou ſhalt be ſo from my Injury,
Though every other worthineſs I miſs,
Yet I'll at leaſt be generous in this.
I'd rather periſh without ſigh or groan,
Than thou ſhouldſt be condemn'd to give me one;
Nay, in my Soul I rather could allow
Friendſhip ſhould be a ſufferer, than thou:
Go then, ſince my ſad Heart has ſet thee free,
Let all the loads and chains remain on me.
Though I be left the prey of Sea and Wind,
Thou being happy wilt in that be kind;
Nor ſhall I my undoing much deplore,
Since thou art ſafe, whom I muſt value more.
Oh! mayſt thou ever be ſo, and as free
From all ills elſe, as from my company;
And may the Torments thou haſt had from it,
Be all that Heaven will to thy life permit.
And that they may thy Virtue ſervice do,
Mayſt thou be able to forgive them too:
But though I muſt this ſharp ſubmiſſion learn,
I cannot yet unwiſh thy dear concern.
Not one new comfort I expect to ſee,
I quit my Joy, Hope, Life, and all but thee;
Nor ſeek I thence ought that may diſcompoſe
That Mind where ſo ſerene a goodneſs grows.

I ask no inconvenient kindneſs now,
To move thy paſſion, or to cloud thy brow;
And thou wilt ſatisfie my boldeſt plea
By ſome few ſoft remembrances of me,
Which may preſent thee with this candid thought,
I meant not all the troubles that I brought.
Own not what Paſſion rules, and Fate does cruſh,
But wiſh thou couldſt have done't without a bluſh;
And that I had been, ere it was too late,
Either more worthy, or more fortunate.
Ah who can love the thing they cannot prize?
But thou mayſt pity though thou doſt deſpiſe.
Yet I ſhould think that pity bought too dear,
If it ſhould coſt thoſe precious Eyes a tear.
Oh may no minutes trouble thee poſſeſs,
But to endear the next hours happineſs;
And mayſt thou when thou art from me remov'd,
Be better pleas'd, but never worſe belov'd:
Oh pardon me for pouring out my woes
In Rhime now, that I dare not do't in Proſe.
For I muſt loſe whatever is call'd dear,
And thy aſſiſtance all that loſs to bear,
And have more cauſe than e'er I had before,
To fear that I ſhall never ſee thee more.

On the 1. *of* January 1657.

TH' Eternal Centre of my life and me,
Who when I was not, gave me room to be,
Hath ſince (my time preſerving in his hands)
By moments numbred out the precious ſands,
Till it is ſwell'd to ſix and twenty years,
Checquer'd by Providence with ſmiles and tears.
I have obſerv'd how vain all Glories are,
The change of Empire, and the chance of War:
Seen Faction with its native venom burſt,
And Treaſon ſtruck, by what it ſelf had nurs'd.

Seen

Seen uſeleſs Crimes, whoſe Owners but made way
For future Candidates to wear the Bay.

To my Lady M. Cavendiſh, *chuſing the Name of* Policrite.

THat Nature in your frame has taken care,
As well your Birth as Beauty do declare,
Since we at once diſcover in your Face,
The luſtre of your Eyes and of your Race:
And that your ſhape and faſhion does atteſt,
So bright a form has yet a brighter Gueſt,
To future times authentick fame ſhall bring,
Hiſtorians ſhall relate, and Poets ſing.
But ſince your boundleſs mind upon my head,
Some rays of ſplendor is content to ſhed;
And leſt I ſuffer by the great ſurprize,
Since you ſubmit to meet me in diſguiſe,
Can lay aſide what dazles vulgar ſight,
And to *Orinda* can be *Policrite.*
You muſt endure my Vows, and find the way
To entertain ſuch Rites as I can pay:
For ſo the Pow'r Divine new praiſe acquires,
By ſcorning nothing that it once inſpires:
I have no merits that your ſmile can win,
Nor offering to appeaſe you when I ſin;
Nor can my uſeleſs homage hope to raiſe,
When what I cannot ſerve, I ſtrive to praiſe:
But I can love, and love at ſuch a pitch,
As I dare boaſt it will ev'n you enrich;
For kindneſs is a Mine, when great and true,
Of Nobler Ore than ever *Indians* knew;
'Tis all that Mortals can on Heav'n beſtow,
And all that Heav'n can value here below.

Againſt

Againſt Love.

HEnce *Cupid* with your cheating Toies,
Your real Griefs, and painted Joies,
Your Pleaſure which it ſelf deſtroies.
Lovers like men in Fevers burn and rave,
And only what will injure them do crave.
Mens weakneſs makes Love ſo ſevere,
They give him power by their fear,
And make the Shackles which they wear.
Who to another does his heart ſubmit,
Makes his own Idol, and then worſhips it.
Him whoſe heart is all his own,
Peace and liberty does crown,
He apprehends no killing frown.
He feels no raptures which are joies diſeas'd,
And is not much tranſported, but ſtill pleas'd.

A Dialogue of Friendſhip multiplyed.

Muſidorus.

WIll you unto one ſingle ſenſe
Confine a ſtarry Influence;
Or when you do the raies combine,
To themſelves only make them ſhine?
Love that's engroſs'd by one alone,
Is envy not affection.

Orinda.

No *Muſidorus*, this would be
But Friendſhips prodigality;
Union in raies does not confine,
But doubles luſtre when they ſhine,

And

And Souls united live above
Envy, as much as ſcatter'd Love.
Friendſhip (like Rivers) as it multiplies
In many ſtreams, grows weaker ſtill and dies.

Muſidorus.

Rivers indeed may loſe their force,
When they divide or break their courſe;
For they may want ſome hidden Spring,
Which to their ſtreams recruits may bring:
But Friendſhip's made of pureſt Fire,
Which burns and keeps its Stock entire.
Love like the Sun, may ſhed his beams on all,
And grow more great by being general.

Orinda.

The Purity of Friendſhip's flame,
Proves that from ſympathy it came,
And that the hearts ſo cloſe do knit,
They no third partner can admit;
Love like the Sun does all inſpire,
But burns moſt by contracted Fire.
Then though I honour every Worthy Gueſt,
Yet my *Lucaſia* only rules my Breaſt.

Roſania *to* Lucaſia *on her Letters.*

AH! ſtrike out-right, or elſe forbear;
Be more kind, or more ſevere;
For in this checquer'd mixture I
Cannot live, and would not die:
And muſt I neither? Tell me why.

When thy Pen thy kindneſs tells,
My Heart tranſported leaps and ſwells.

But when my greedy Eye does ſtray,
Thy threat'ned abſence to ſurvey,
That Heart is ſtruck, and faints away.

To give me Title to rich Land,
And the fruition to withſtand,
Or ſolemnly to ſend the Key
Of Treaſures I muſt never ſee,
Would it contempt, or bounty be?

This is ſuch refin'd diſtreſs,
That thy ſad Lovers ſigh for leſs,
Though thou their hopes haſt overthrown,
They loſe but what they ne'er have known,
But I am plunder'd from my own.

How canſt thou thy *Roſania* prize,
And be ſo cruel and ſo wiſe?
For if ſuch rigid policy
Muſt thy Reſolves diſpute with me,
Where then is Friendſhip's Victory?

Kindneſs is of ſo brave a make,
'Twill rather Death than Bondage take;
So that if thine no power can have,
Give it and me one common Grave,
But quickly either kill or ſave.

To my Antenor, *March* 16. 166¼.

MY dear *Antenor*, now give ore,
For my ſake talk of Graves no more;
Death is not in your power to gain,
And is both wiſh'd and fear'd in vain.
Lets be as angry as we will,
Grief ſooner may diſtract than kill,
And the Unhappy often prove
Death is as coy a thing as Love.

Thoſe whoſe own Sword their death did give,
Afraid were or aſham'd to live;
And by an act ſo deſperate,
Did poorly run away from Fate;
'Tis braver much t' out-ride the ſtorm,
Endure its rage, and ſhun his harm;
Affliction nobly undergone,
More Greatneſs ſhews than having none.
But yet the Wheel in turning round,
At laſt may lift us from the ground,
And when our Fortune's moſt ſevere,
The leſs we have, the leſs we fear.
And why ſhould we that grief permit,
Which can nor mend nor ſhorten it?
Let's wait for a ſucceeding good,
Woes have their Ebb as well as Flood;
And ſince the Parliament have reſcu'd you,
Believe that Providence will do ſo too.

A Triton to Lucaſia *going to Sea, ſhortly after the Queens arrival.*

1.

MY Maſter *Neptune* took ſuch pains of late
To quiet the Commotions of his State,
That he might give, through his fierce Winds and Seas,
Safe paſſage to the Royal *Portugueze*,
That he e'er ſince at home has kept,
And in his Chryſtal Palace ſlept,
Till a ſwift Wind told him to day,
A Stranger was to paſs this way,
Whom he hath ſent me out to view,
And I muſt tell him, Madam, it is you.

2.

He knows you by an Honourable Fame:
Who hath not heard *Lucaſta*'s worthy Name?
But ſhould he ſee you too, I doubt he will
Grow amorous, and here detain you ſtill:
I know his humour very well,
So beſt can the event foretell,
But wiſhing you better ſucceſs,
And that my Maſters guilt be leſs,
I will ſay nothing of your form,
Till you are paſt the danger of a ſtorm.

3.

Fear nothing elſe, for eyes ſo ſweet as theſe,
No power that is Sea-born can diſpleaſe;
You are much more than Nymph or Goddeſs bright;
I ſaw 'm all at Supper t'other Night:
They with far leſs attraction draw,
They give us Love, you give us Law.
Your Charms the Winds and Seas will move,
But 'tis no wonder, not to Love.
Your only danger is, leſt they
Stiff with amazement ſhould becalm your way.

4.

But ſhould they all want breath to make a gale,
What's ſent in Prayers for you will fill your Sail;
What brought you hither will your way ſecure,
Courage and Kindneſs can no ſlip endure;
The Winds will do as much for you.

5.

Yet ſince our Birth the Engliſh Ocean boaſts,
We hope ſometimes to ſee you on theſe Coaſts,
And we will order for you as you paſs,
Winds ſoft as Lovers Vows, Waves ſmooth as Glaſs.

Each Deity ſhall you befriend,
And all the Sea-Nymphs ſhall attend;
But if becauſe a Ship's too ſtraight,
Or elſe unworthy ſuch a fraight,
A Coach more uſeful would appear,
That and ſix *Daniſh* Steeds you know are here.

Orinda *upon little* Hector Philips.

1.

TWice forty months of Wedlock I did ſtay,
Then had my Vows crown'd with a Lovely Boy,
And yet in forty days he dropt away;
O ſwift Viciſſitude of Humane Joy!

2.

I did but ſee him, and he diſ-appear'd,
I did but pluck the Roſe-bud and it fell;
A ſorrow unforeſeen and ſcarcely fear'd,
For ill can Mortals their afflictions ſpell.

3.

And now (ſweet Babe!) what can my trembling Heart
Suggeſt to right my doleful fate or thee?
Tears are my Muſe, and ſorrow all my Art,
So piercing Groans muſt be thy Elogy.

4.

Thus whilſt no Eye is witneſs of my mone,
I grieve thy loſs, (Ah Boy too dear to live!)
And let the unconcerned World alone,
Who neither will, nor can refreſhment give.

An

5.

An Off'ring to for thy ſad Tomb I have,
Too juſt a tribute to thy early Herſe,
Receive theſe gaſping numbers to thy Grave,
The laſt of thy unhappy Mothers Verſe.

To the Lady E. Boyl.

AH lovely *Celimena!* why
Are you ſo full of charms,
That neither Sex can from them flie,
Nor take againſt them Arms?
Others in time may gain a part,
But you at once ſnatch all the heart.

Dear Tyrant, why will you ſubdue
Orinda's trivial heart,
Which can no triumph add to you,
Not meriting your dart?
And ſure you will not grant it one,
If not for my ſake, for your own.

For it has been by tenderneſs
Already ſo much bruis'd,
That at your Altars I may gueſs
It will be but refus'd.
For never Deity did prize
A torn and maimed Sacrifice.

But Oh what madneſs can or dare
Diſpute this noble chain,
Which 'tis a greater thing to wear,
Than Empires to obtain?
To be your Slave I more deſign,
Than to have all the World be mine.

Thoſe glorious Fetters will create
A merit fit for them,

Repair

Repair the breaches made by Fate,
And whom they own redeem.
What thus ennobles and thus cures,
Can be no influence but yours.

Pardon th' Ambition of my aim,
Who love you at that rate,
That ſtory cannot boaſt a flame
So laſting and ſo great.
I can be only kind and true,
But what elſe can be worthy you?

To my Lord Duke of Ormond, *upon the late Plot.*

THough you, great Sir, be Heav'ns immediate care,
Who ſhew'd you danger, and then broke the ſnare;
And our firſt gratitude to that be due,
Yet there is much that muſt be paid to you:
For 'tis your Prudence *Ireland*'s peace ſecures,
Gives her her ſafety, and (what's dearer) yours,
Whilſt your prevailing Genius does diſpence,
At once its conduct, and its influence;
Leſs Honour from a Battel won, is got,
Than to repel ſo dangerous a Plot;
Fortune with Courage may play booty there,
But ſingle Virtue is triumphant here:
In vain the bold ingrateful Rebels aim
To overturn when you ſupport the ſame:
You who three potent Kingdoms late have ſeen
Tremble with fury, and yet ſtedfaſt been;
Who an afflicted Majeſty could wait,
When it was ſeemingly forſook by Fate;
Whoſe ſetled Loyalty no ſtorms diſmaid,
Nor the more flattering miſchiefs could diſſwade:
And having ſcap'd ſo dangerous a Coaſt,
Could you now fall expiring Treaſons boaſt?
Or was it hop'd by this contemned Crew,
That you could Fortune, and not them ſubdue?

But

But whilſt theſe Wretches at this impious rate,
Will buy the knowledge of your mighty fate;
You ſhall preſerve your Kings entruſted Crown,
Aſſiſted by his fortune and your own.
And whilſt his Sword Kingdoms abroad beſtows,
You with the next Renown ſhall this diſpoſe.

To the Counteſs of Roſcomon, *with a Copy of* Pompey.

GReat *Pompey*'s Fame from *Egypt* made eſcape,
And flies to you for ſuccour in this ſhape:
A ſhape, which, I aſſur'd him, would appear,
Nor fit for you to ſee, nor him to wear.
Yet he ſays, Madam, he's reſolv'd to come,
And run a hazard of a ſecond doom:
But ſtill he hopes to bribe you, by that truſt
You may be kind, but cannot be unjuſt;
Each of whoſe favours will delight him more,
Than all the Lawrels that his Temples wore:
Yet if his Name and his Misfortunes fail,
He thinks my Interceſſion will prevail;
And whilſt my Numbers would relate his end,
Not like a Judge you'll liſten, but a Friend;
For how can either of us fear your frown,
Since he and I are both ſo much your own.
But when you wonder at my bold deſign,
Remember who did that high Task enjoin;
Th' Illuſtrious *Orrery*, whoſe leaſt Command,
You would more wonder if I could withſtand:
Of him I cannot which is hardeſt tell,
Or not to praiſe him, or to praiſe him well;
Who, on that height from whence true Glory came,
Does there poſſeſs and thence diſtribute fame;
Where all their Lyres the willing Muſes bring,
To learn of him whatever they ſhall ſing;

Since

Since all must yield, whilſt there are Books or Men,
The Univerſal Empire to his Pen;
Oh! had that powerful Genius but inſpir'd
The feeble hand, whoſe ſervice he requir'd,
It had your Juſtice then, not Mercy pray'd,
Had pleas'd you more, and better him obey'd.

On the Death of the truly Honourable Sir Walter Lloid *Knight.*

AT Obſequies where ſo much Grief is due,
The Muſes are in ſolemn mourning too,
And by their dead aſtoniſhment confeſs,
They can lament this loſs, though not expreſs:
Nay, if thoſe antient Bards had ſeen this Herſe,
Who once in *Britiſh* ſhades ſpoke living Verſe,
Their high concern for him had made them be
Apter to weep, than write his Elogy:
When on our Land that Flood of Woes was ſent,
Which ſwallow'd all things ſacred as it went,
The injur'd Arts and Virtues made his Breaſt
The Ark wherein they did ſecurely reſt:
For as that old one was toſs'd up and down,
And yet the angry Billows could not drown;
So Heav'n did him in this worſe deluge ſave,
And made him triumph o'er th' unquiet wave:
Who while he did with that wild ſtorm conteſt,
Such real Magnanimity expreſt,
That he dar'd to be Loyal, in a time
When 'twas a danger made, and thought a crime:
Duty, and not Ambition, was his aim,
Who ſtudy'd Conſcience ever more than Fame;
And thought it ſo deſirable a thing,
To be prefer'd to ſuffer for his King,
That he all Fortunes ſpight had pardon'd her,
Had ſhe not made his Prince a Sufferer;
For whoſe lov'd cauſe he did both act and grieve,
And for it only did endure to live,

To

To teach the World what Man can be and do,
Arm'd by Allegiance and Religion too.
His Head and Heart mutual assistance gave,
That being still so wise, and this so brave,
That 'twas acknowledg'd all he said and did,
From Judgment, and from Honour did proceed!
Such was the useful mixture of his mind,
'Twas at once meek and knowing, stout and kind;
For he was civil, bountiful, and learn'd,
And for his Friends so generously concern'd,
That both his Heart and House, his Hand and Tongue,
To them, more than himself, seem'd to belong;
As if to his wrong'd party he would be
Both an Example and Apology:
For when both Swords and Pens ceas'd the dispute,
His Life alone Rebellion did confute.
But when his Vows propitious Heaven had heard,
And our unequall'd King at length appear'd,
As aged *Simeon* did his Spirits yield,
When he had seen his dearest Hopes fulfill'd;
He gladly saw the Morning of that Day,
Which *Charles* his growing Splendor did display;
Then to Eternal Joys made greater haste,
Because his present ones flow'd in so fast;
From which he fled, out of a pious fear,
Lest he by them should be rewarded here;
While his sad Country by his death have lost
Their noblest Pattern, and their greatest boast.

Orinda to Lucasia.

OBserve the weary Birds ere night be done,
How they would fain call up the tardy Sun,
With Feathers hung with dew,
And trembling Voices too.

They court their glorious Planet to appear,
That they may find recruits of Spirits there.
The drooping Flowers hang their heads,
And languish down into their Beds:
While Brooks more bold and fierce than they,
Wanting those Beams, from whence
All things drink influence,
Openly murmur and demand the day.

2.

Thou, my *Lucasia*, art far more to me,
Than he to all the under-world can be;
From thee I've heat and light,
Thy absence makes my night.
But ah! my Friend, it now grows very long,
The sadness weighty, and the darkness strong:
My Tears (its due) dwell on my Cheeks,
And still my Heart thy dawning seeks,
And to thee mournfully it cries,
That if too long I wait,
Ev'n thou mayst come too late,
And not restore my life, but close my eyes.

To Celimena.

FOrbear, Fond Heart, (say I) torment no more
That *Celimena* whom thou dost adore;
For since so many of her Chains are proud,
How canst thou be distinguish'd in the crowd?
But say, bold Trifler, what dost thou pretend?
Wouldst thou depose thy Saint into thy Friend?
Equality of friendship is requir'd,
Which here were criminal to be desir'd.

O

An

An Answer to another perswading a Lady to Marriage.

1.

FOrbear, bold Youth, all's Heaven here,
And what you do aver,
To others Courtship may appear,
'Tis Sacriledge to her.

2.

She is a publick Deity,
And were't not very odd
She should depose her self to be
A petty Houshold God?

3.

First make the Sun in private shine,
And bid the World adieu,
That so he may his Beams confine
In complement to you.

4.

But if of that you do despair,
Think how you did amiss,
To strive to fix her Beams which are
More bright and large than this.

Lucasia *and* Orinda *parting with* Pastora *and* Phillis *at* Ipswich.

1.

IN your converse we best can read,
How constant we should be;
But, 'tis in losing that, we need
All your Philosophy.

2.

How perish'd is the joy that's past,
The present how unsteady?
What comfort can be great, and last,
When this is gone already?

3.

Yet that it subtly may torment,
The memory does remain;
For what was, when enjoy'd, content,
Is, in its absence, pain.

4.

If you'll restore it, we'll not grieve
That Fate does now us sever;
'Tis better by your gift to live,
Than by our own endeavour.

Epitaph on my truly honoured Publius Scipio.

TO the officious Marble we commit
A Name, above the art of time or wit;

'Tis

'Tis righteous, Valiant *Scipio*, whoſe life we
Found the beſt Sermon, and beſt Hiſtory:
Whoſe Courage was no Aguiſh, bruitiſh heat,
But ſuch as ſpoke him good, as well as great;
Which firſt Engag'd his Arms to prop the State
Of the almoſt undone *Palatinate*,
And help the *Netherlands* to ſtem the tide
Of *Rome*'s Ambition, and the *Auſtrian* Pride;
Which ſhall in every Hiſtory be fam'd,
Wherein *Breda* or *Frankendale* are nam'd.
And when forc'd by his Countries angry Stars
To be a Party in her Civil Wars,
He ſo much Conduct by his Valour taught,
So wiſely govern'd, and ſo bravely faught,
That th' Engliſh Annals ſhall this Record bear,
None better could direct or further dare.
Form'd both for War and Peace, was brave in fight,
And in Debate judicious and upright:
Religion was his firſt and higheſt care,
Which rul'd his Heart in Peace, his hand in War:
Which at the leaſt Sin made him tremble ſtill,
And rather ſtand a Breach, than act an Ill;
For his great Heart did ſuch a temper ſhow,
Stout as a Rock, yet ſoft as melting Snow.
In him ſo prudent, and yet ſo ſincere,
The Serpent much, the Dove did more appear:
He was above the little Arts of State,
And ſcorn'd to ſell his Peace to mend his Fate;
Anxious of nothing, but an inward ſpot,
His Hand was open, but his Conſcience not;
Juſt to his Word, to all Religions kind,
In Duty ſtrict, in Bounty unconfin'd;
And yet ſo modeſt, 'twas to him leſs pain
To do great things, than hear them told again.
Perform, ſad Stone, thy honourable Truſt
Unto his Memory, and thy ſelf be juſt;
For his Immortal Name ſhall thee befriend,
And pay thee back more Fame than thou canſt lend.

To

To Mr. Sam. Cooper, *having taken* Lucasia's *Picture given* December 14. 1660.

1.

IF noble things can noble thoughts infuse,
Your Art might ev'n in me create a Muse,
And what you did inspire, you would excuse.

2.

But if it such a Miracle could do,
That Muse would not return you half your due,
Since 'twould my thanks, but not the praise pursue.

3.

To praise your Art is then it self more hard,
Nor would it the Endeavour much regard,
Since it and Virtue, are their own reward.

4.

A Pencil from an Angel newly caught,
And Colours in the Morning's bosom sought,
Would make no Picture, if by you not wrought.

5.

But done by you it does no more admit
Of an *Encomium* from the highest Wit,
Than that another hand should equal it.

Yet

6.

Yet whilſt you with creating power vye,
Command the very ſpirit of the Eye,
And then reward it with Eternity.

7.

Whilſt your each touch does Life and Air convey,
Fetch the Soul out, like overcoming Day,
And I my Friend repeated here Survey.

8.

I by a paſſive way may do you right,
Wearing in that what none could e'er endite,
Your Penegyrick, and my own delight.

Parting with a Friend.

1.

WHoever thinks that Joys below
Can laſting be and great,
Let him behold this parting blow,
And cure his own deceit.

2.

Alas! how ſoon are Pleaſures done
Where Fortune has a Power?
How like to the declining Sun,
Or to the wither'd Flower?

3.

A thouſand unconcerned Eyes
She'll ſuffer us to ſee,

But

But of thoſe we chiefly prize,
We muſt deprived be.

4.

But we may conquer if we will,
The wanton Tyrant teach,
That we have ſomething left us ſtill
Which grows not in her reach.

5.

That unſeen ſtring which faſtens Hearts,
Nor time, nor chance can hide,
Nor can it be in either's Arts
Their Unions to divide.

6.

Where ſympathy does Love convey,
It braves all other Powers;
Lucaſia, and *Roſania*, ſay,
Has it not formed ours?

If Forty Weeks converſe has not
Been able yet to tie
Your Souls in that Myſterious Knot,
How wretched then am I!

But if I read in eithers Mind,
As ſure I hope to do,
That each to other is combind,
Abſence will make it true.

9.

No accident will e'er ſurprize,
Or make your kindneſs ſtart;
Although you loſe each others Eyes,
You'll faſter keep the Heart.

10.

Letters as kind as Turtle-Doves,
And undiſguis'd as thought,
Will entertain thoſe fervent Loves
Which have each other bought.

11.

Till Fortune vexed with the ſight
Of Faith ſo free from ſtain,
Shall then grow weary of her ſpight,
And let you meet again.

12.

Wherein may you that Rapture find,
That Siſter *Cherals* have,
When I am in my Rocks confin'd,
Or ſeal'd up in my Grave.

To my deareſt Friend, upon her ſhunning Grandeur.

SHine out, Rich Soul! to Greatneſs be,
What it can never be to thee,
An Ornament; Thou canſt reſtore
The Luſtre which it had before
Theſe Ruines; own it, and 'twill live;
Thy Favour's more than Kings can give

Haſt more above all titles then
The bearers are 'bove common men;
And ſo heroick art within,
Thou muſt deſcend to be a Queen.
Yet honour may convenient prove,
By giving thy Soul room to move:
Affording ſcene unto that mind,
Which is too great to be confin'd.
Wert thou with ſingle vertue ſtor'd,
To be approv'd but not ador'd;
Thou might'ſt retire; but who e'er meant
A Palace for a Tenement?
Heaven has ſo built thee, that we find
Thee buried when thou art confin'd:
If thou in privacy wouldſt live,
Yet luſtre to thy vertues give;
To ſtifle them for want of air,
Injurious is to Heavens care.
If thou wilt be immur'd, where
Shall thy obliging ſoul appear?
Where ſhall thy generous prudence be,
And where thy magnanimity?
Nay thy own Darling thou doſt hide,
Thy ſelf-denial is deny'd;
For he that never greatneſs tries,
Can never ſafely it deſpiſe.
That *Antoninus* writ well, when
He held a Scepter and a Pen:
Leſs credit *Solomon* does bring
As a Philoſopher than King;
So much advantage flows from hence,
To write by our Experience.
Diogenes I muſt ſuſpect
Of envy more than wiſe neglect,
When he his Prince ſo ill did treat,
And ſo much ſpurned at the great:
A cenſure is not clear from thoſe
Whom Fate ſubjects, or does depoſe;

Nor

Nor can we Greatneſs underſtand
From an oppreſt or fallen hand:
But 'tis ſome Prince muſt that define,
Or one that freely did reſign
A great *Almanzor* teaches thus,
Or elſe a *Dionyſius*.
For to know Grandeur we muſt live
In that, and not in perſpective;
Vouchſafe the tryal then, that thou
Mayſt ſafely wield, yet diſallow
The Worlds temptations, and be ſtill
Above whatever would thee fill.
Convince Mankind, there's ſomewhat more
Great than the Titles they adore:
Stand near them, and 'twill ſoon be known
Thou haſt more ſplendor of thy own;
Yield to the wanting Age, and be
Channel of true Nobility:
For from thy Womb ſuch Hero's need muſt riſe,
Who Honours will deſerve, and can deſpiſe.

To Paſtora *being with her Friend.*

1.

WHile you the double joy obtain
Of what you give, and what you gain:
Friendſhip who owes you ſo much Fame,
Commands my Tribute to your Name.

2.

Friendſhip that was almoſt forlorn,
Sunk under every Critick's ſcorn;
But that your Genius her protects,
Had fled the World, at leaſt the Sex.

3.

You have reſtored them and us,
Whence both are happy; *Cæſar* thus

Ow'd *Rome* the glories of his Reign,
And *Rome* ow'd him as much again.

4.

You in your friend thoſe Joys have found
Which all Relations can propound;
What Nature does 'mong them diſperſe,
You multiply in her Converſe.

5.

You her Enjoyment have purſu'd
In Company, and Solitude;
And whereſoever ſhe'll retire,
There's the Diverſion you deſire.

6.

Your Joys by this are more immenſe,
And heat contracted grows intenſe;
And friendſhip to be ſuch to you,
Will make theſe Pleaſures, Honours too.

7.

Be to each other that Content,
As to your Sex y'are Ornament;
And may your hearts by mixture loſt,
Be ſtill each others Bliſs and Boaſt.

8.

Impoſſible your Parting be
As that you e'er ſhould diſagree;
And then even Death your friend will prove,
And both at once (though late) remove.

9.

But that you may ſeverely live,
You muſt th' offending World forgive,
And to employ your Charity,
You have an Object now in me.

10.

My Pen ſo much for you unfit,
Preſents my Heart, though not my Wit;
Which Heart admires what you expreſs,
More than what Monarchs do poſſeſs.

11.

Fear not infection from my Fate,
Though I muſt be unfortunate,
For having paid my Vows due, I
Shall ſoon withdraw, wither and die.

To my Lord and Lady Dungannon, *on their Marriage,*
11 May, 1662.

TO you, who, in your ſelves, do comprehend
All you can wiſh, and all we can commend;
Whom worth does guide, and deſtiny obey,
What Offerings can the uſeleſs Muſes pay?
Each muſt at once ſuſpend her charming Lyre,
Till ſhe hath learnt from you what to inſpire:
Well may they wonder to obſerve a Knot,
So curiouſly by Love and Fortune wrought,
To which propitious Heaven did decree,
All things on earth ſhould tributary be;
By gentle, ſure, but unperceiv'd degrees,
As the Sun's motion, or the growth of Trees,
Does Providence our wills to hers incline,
And makes all accidents ſerve her deſign:
Her Pencil (Sir) within your breaſt did draw
The Picture of a Face you never ſaw.
With touches, which ſo ſweet were and ſo true,
By them alone th' original you knew;
And at that ſight with ſatisfaction yield
Your freedom which till then maintain'd the field.
'Twas by the ſame myſterious power too,
That ſhe has been ſo long reſerv'd for you;
Whoſe noble paſſion, with ſubmiſſive art,
Diſarm'd her ſcruples and ſubdu'd her heart.
And now that at the laſt your Souls are ty'd,
Whom floods nor difficulties could divide,
Ev'n you that beauteous Union may admire,
Which was at once Heaven's care, and your deſire.

You

You are ſo happy in each others love,
And in aſſur'd protection from above,
That we no wiſh can add unto your bliſs.
But that it ſhould continue as it is.
O! may it ſo, and may the Wheel of Fate,
In you no more change than ſhe feels, create;
And may you ſtill your happineſſes find,
Not on your Fortune growing, but your Mind,
Whereby the Shafts of Chance as vain will prove,
As all things elſe did that oppos'd your Love.
Be kind and happy to that great degree,
As may inſtruct lateſt Poſterity,
From ſo rever'd a Preſident to frame
Rules to their duty, to their wiſhes aim.
May the vaſt Sea for your ſake quit his pride,
And grow ſo ſmooth, while on his breaſt you ride,
As may not only bring you to your Port,
But ſhew how all things do your vertues court.
May every object give you new delight,
May Time forget his Sythe, and Fate his Spight;
And may you never other ſorrow know,
But what your pity feels for others woe;
May your compaſſion be like that Divine,
Which relieves all on whom it does but ſhine,
Whilſt you produce a Race that may inherit
All your great ſtock of Beauty, Fame, and Merit.

To his Grace Gilbert Lord Arch-Biſhop of Canterbury, July 10. 1664.

THat private ſhade, wherein my Muſe was bred,
She alwaies hop'd might hide her humble head;
Believing the retirement ſhe had choſe
Might yield her, if not pardon, yet repoſe;
Nor other repetitions did expect,
Than what our Ecchoes from the Rocks reflect.

But

But hurry'd from her Cave with wild affright,
And dragg'd maliciouſly into the Light,
(Which makes her like Hebrew Virgin mourn
When from her face her vail was rudely torn)
To you (my Lord) ſhe now for ſuccour calls,
And at your feet, with Juſt Confuſion falls.
But ſhe will thank the wrong deſerv'd her Hate,
If it procure her that auſpicious Fate,
That the ſame wing may over her be caſt,
Where the beſt Church of all the World is plac'd,
And under which when ſhe is once retir'd,
She really may come to be inſpir'd;
And by the Wonders which ſhe there ſhall view,
May raiſe her ſelf to ſuch a Theme as you,
Who were preſerv'd to Govern and Reſtore
That Church whoſe Confeſſour you were before;
And ſhew by your unweary'd preſent Care,
Your ſuff'rings are not ended, though hers are:
For whilſt your Croſier her defence ſecures,
You purchaſe her Reſt with the loſs of yours,
And Heav'n who firſt refin'd your worth, and then,
Gave it ſo large and eminent a Scene,
Hath paid you what was many ways your due,
And done it ſelf a greater Right then you.

For after ſuch a rough and tedious Storm
Had torn the Church, and done her ſo much harm;
And (though at length rebuk'd, yet) left behind
Such angry reliques, in the Wave and Wind;
No Pilot could, whoſe skill and Faith were leſs,
Manage the ſhatter'd Veſſel with Succeſs.
The Piety of the Apoſtles Times
And Courage to reſiſt this Ages Crimes;
Majeſtick ſweetneſs, temper'd and refin'd,
In a Polite, and Comprehenſive Mind,
Were all requir'd her Ruines to repair,
And all united in her Primate are.
In your aſpect ſo Candid and Serene,
The Conſcience of ſuch Vertue may be ſeen,

As

As makes the ſullen Schiſmatick conſent,
A Church-Man may be Great and Innocent.
This ſhall thoſe Men reproach, if not reduce,
And take away their fault, or their excuſe,
Whilſt in your Life and Government appear
All that the Pious wiſh, and Factious fear.
Since the prevailing Croſs her Enſigns ſpread,
And Pagan Gods from Chriſtian Biſhops fled,
Times curious Eye till now hath never ſpy'd
The Churches Helm ſo happily ſupply'd.
Merit and Providence ſo fitly met,
The Worthieſt Prelate in the higheſt Seat.

If Noble Things can Noble Thoughts infuſe,
Your Life (my Lord) may, ev'n in me, produce
Such Raptures, that of their rich Fury proud,
I may, perhaps, dare to proclaim aloud;
Aſſur'd, the World that ardour will excuſe;
Applaud the ſubject, and forgive the Muſe.

Tranſla-

Translations.

BY *K. PHILIPS.*

La Solitude de St. Amant.

1.

O! Que j' aime la Solitude,
Que ces lieux ſacrez à la nuict,
Eloignez du monde & du bruit,
Plaiſent à mon inquietude!
Mon Dieu! que mes yeux ſont contens,
De voir ces Bois, qui ſe trouverent
A la nativité du Temps,
Et que tous les Siecles reverent,
Eſtre encore auſſi beaux & vers,
Qu' aux premiers jours de l' Univers.

2.

Un gay Zephire les careſſe,
D' un movement doux & flatteur,
Rien que leur extreme hauteur,
Ne fait remarquer leur vieilleſſe.
Jadi Pan, & ſes demi-dieux
Y vindrent chercher du refuge,
Quand Jupiter ouvrit les Cieux
Pour nous envoyer le deluge,
Et ſe ſauvans ſur leurs Rameaux,
A peine virent ils les Eaux.

3.

Que ſur cette Eſpine fleurie,
Dont le printemps eſt amoureux,
Philomele au chant langoureux,
Entretient bien ma reſverie.
Que je prens plaiſir a voir
Ces Monts pendans en precipices,

Qui

O! Solitude my ſweeteſt choice,
Places devoted to the night,
Remote from tumult, and from noiſe,
How you my reſtleſs thoughts delight!
O Heavens! what content is mine,
To ſee thoſe Trees which have appear'd
From the Nativity of Time,
And which all Ages have reverd,
To look to day as freſh and green,
As when their beauties firſt were ſeen!

2.

A chearful Wind does court them ſo,
And with ſuch amorous breath enfold,
That we by nothing elſe can know,
But by their heighth that they are old.
Hither the Demi-gods did flie
To ſeek a Sanctuary, when
Diſpleaſed *Jove* once pierc'd the Skie,
To pour a Deluge upon Men,
And on theſe Boughs themſelves did ſave,
Whence they could hardly ſee a Wave.

3.

Sad *Philomel* upon this Thorn,
So curiouſly by *Flora* dreſt,
In melting Notes, her eaſe forlorn,
To entertain me, hath confeſs'd.
O! how agreeable a ſight,
Theſe hanging Mountains do appear,

Qui pour les coups de desespoir
Sont aux Malheureux se propices,
Quand la cruauté de leur sort
Les force a rechercher le Mort.

4.

Que je trouve doux la ravage
De ces fiers torrens vagabonds,
Qui se precipitent par bonds,
Dans ce valon vert & sauvage;
Puis glissans sous les Arbrisseaux
Ainsi que des Serpens sur l'herbe,
Se changeant en plaisans ruisseaux,
Ou quelque Nayade superbe
Regne comme en son lict natal,
Dessus un Throsne de Christal.

5.

Que j' aime ces Marests paisibles,
Il est tout bordé déliviers,
D' Aulnes, de Saules, & d'Osiers,
A qui le fer n'est point nuisible.
Les Nimphes y cherchent le frais,
S'y viennent fournir de quenouvilles,
De pipeaux, de Ionce, & de glais,
Ou l'on voit sauter les grenouilles,
Qui de frayeur s'y vont cacher,
Si tost qu'on veut s'en approcher.

6.

Là cent mille oyseaux aquatiques,
Vivent sans craindre en leur repos,
Le Giboyeur fin & dispos,
Avec ses mortelles pratiques.

Which the unhappy would invite
To finish all their sorrows here,
When their hard fate makes them endure
Such woes, as only death can cure.

What pretty desolations make
These torrents vagabond and fierce,
Who in vast leaps their springs forsake,
This solitary Vale to pierce,
Then sliding just as Serpents do
Under the foot of every Tree,
Themselves are chang'd to Rivers too,
Wherein some stately *Nayade*,
As in her Native Bed, is grown
A Queen upon a Chrystal Throne.

This Fen beset with River-Plants,
O! how it does my senses charm!
Nor Elders, Reeds, nor Willows want,
Which the sharp Steel did never harm.
Here Nymphs which come to take the Air,
May with such Distaffs furnish'd be,
As Flags and Rushes can prepare,
Where we the nimble Froge may see,
Who frighted to retreat do flie,
If an approaching man they spie.

Here Water-Fowl repose enjoy,
Without the interrupting care,
Lest Fortune should their bliss destroy,
By the malicious Fowlers snare.

Some

L' un tout joyeux, d'un ſi beau jour,
S' amuſe à becqueter ſa Plume,
L' autre allentit le feu d'amour
Qui dans l' eau même & confonde,
Et prennent tous innocemment
Leur plaiſir en cet Element.

Jamais l' Eſté, ny la froidure,
N' ont veu paſſer deſſus cette Eau,
Nulle charette, ny batteau
Depuis qui l' on, & l' autre dure;
Jamais voyageur alteré,
N'y fit ſervir ſa main de taſſe
Jamais cheureüil deſeſperé
N'y finit ſa vie à la chaſſe.
Et jamais le Traiſore hamecon
N' en fit ſortir aucun poiſſon.

Que j' aime avoir la decadence
De ces vieux chaſteaux ruinez,
Contre qui les ans Mutinez,
Ont deployez leur inſolence,
Les Sorciers y font leur Sabat,
Les Demons follets s'y retirent,
Qui d' un malicieux eſtat,
Trompent nos ſens, & nos murtrent;
La ſe nichent en mille troux
Les Couleuvres & les Hyboux.

L' Orfrage avec ſes cris funeſtres,
Mortelles augures des deſtins.

Fait

Some raviſh'd with ſo bright a day,
Their Feathers finely prune and deck;
Others their amorous heats allay,
Which yet the Waters could not check;
All take their innocent content
In this their lovely Element.

7.

Summer's, nor Winter's bold approach,
This Stream did never entertain;
Nor ever felt a Boat or Coach,
Whilſt either ſeaſon did remain.
No thirſty Traveller came neer,
And rudely made his Hand his Cup;
Nor any hunted Hind hath here
Her hopeleſs life reſigned up;
Nor ever did the treacherous Hook
Intrude to empty any Brook.

8.

What beauty is there in the ſight
Of theſe old ruin'd Caſtle-Walls,
On which the utmoſt rage and ſpight
Of Times worſt Inſurrection falls?
The Witches keep their Sabbath here,
And wanton Devils make retreat,
Who in malicious ſport appear,
Our ſenſe both to afflict and cheat;
And here within a thouſand holes
Are Neſts of Adders and of Owles.

9.

The Raven with his diſmal cries,
That mortal Augury of Fate,

Thoſe

Fait rire & dancer les lutins,
Dans ces lieux remplis de benetres,
Sous un cheuron de bois maudit
Y braule le ſquelette horrible,
D' un pauvre amant qui ſe pendit,
Pour une Bergere inſencible,
Qui d' un ſeul regard de pitie,
Ne daigna voir ſon amitié.

10.

Auſſi le Ciel juge equitable,
Qui maintient les loix en vigueur,
Prononca contre ſa rigueur
Une ſentence epouventable.
Autour de ces vieux oſſemens
Son ombre aux peines condamnée,
Lamente en long gemiſſemens
Sa malheureuſe deſtinée,
Ayant pour croiſtre ſon affroy,
Tous joure ſon crime devant ſoy.

11.

Là ſe trouvent ſur quelques maſtres,
Des deviſes du temps paſſée,
Icy l' age a preſque effacé
Des chiffres taillez ſur les aſtres.
La plancher du lieu le plus haut,
Eſt tombe juſque dans la Care,
Que la limace, & la crapout
Souillent de venin & de bare,
La lierre y croiſt au foyer,
A l' ombrage d'un grand Noyer.

La

Thoſe ghaſtly Goblins gratifies,
  Which in theſe gloomy places wait.
On a curs'd Tree the wind does move
  A Carcaſe which did once belong
To one that hang'd himſelf for love
  Of a fair Nymph that did him wrong,
Who though ſhe ſaw his love and truth,
With one look would not ſave the Youth.

10.

But Heaven which judges equally,
  And its own Laws will ſtill maintain,
Rewarded ſoon her cruelty
  With a deſerv'd and mighty pain:
About this ſqualid heap of bones,
  Her wandring and condemned ſhade,
Laments in long and piercing grones
  The deſtiny her rigour made,
And the more to augment her fright,
Her crime is ever in her ſight.

11.

There upon Antique Marbles trac'd,
  Devices of paſt times we ſee,
Here Age hath almoſt quite defac'd
  What Lovers carv'd on every Tree.
The Cellar, here, the higheſt Room,
  Receives when its old rafters fail,
Soil'd with the venom and the foam
  Of the Spider and the Snail:
And th' Ivy in the Chimney we
Find ſhaded by a Wall-nut Tree.

12.

La deſſus s'eſtend une voute,
Si ſombre en une certain endroit,
Que quand Phœbus y deſcendroit,
Je penſe qu'il n'y verroit goute.
Le ſommeil aux peſans ſourcis,
Enchante d'un morne ſilence,
Y doit bien loin de tous ſoucis,
Dans les bras de la nonchalance,
Laſchement couché ſur le dos,
Deſſus des gertes de pavots.

13.

Au creux de cette grotte freſche
Où l'amour ſe pourroit geler,
Eccho ne ceſſe de braſſer
Pour ſon Amant, froid, & reveſche.
Je m'y coule ſans faire bruit,
Et par la celeſte harmonie
D'un doux Lut, aux charmes inſtruit,
Je flatte ſa triſte manie,
Faiſant repeter mes accords,
A la voix qui luy ſert de corps.

14.

Tantoſt ſortant de ces ruines
Je monte au haut de ce rocher,
Dont le ſommet ſemble chercher
En quel lieu ſe font les bruines:
Païs je deſcends tout a loiſir
Sous une falaize eſcarpée,
D'ou je regarde avec plaiſir
L'onde qui l'a preſque ſappée
Jusqu'aux ſeige de Palemon,
Fait d'eſponges & de Limon.

Que

12.

Below there does a Cave extend,
Wherein there is ſo dark a Grot,
That ſhould the Sun himſelf deſcend,
I think he could not ſee a jot.
Here ſleep within a heavy lid
In quiet ſadneſs locks up ſenſe,
And every care he does forbid,
Whilſt in the arms of negligence,
Lazily on his back he's ſpread,
And ſheaves of Poppy are his Bed.

13.

Within this cool and hollow Cave,
Where Love it ſelf might turn to Ice,
Poor *Eccho* ceaſes not to rave
On her *Narciſſus* wild and nice:
Hither I ſoftly ſteal a thought,
And by the ſofter Muſick made
With a Sweet Lute in charms well taught,
Sometimes I flatter her ſad ſhade,
Whilſt of my Chords I make ſuch choice,
They ſerve as body to her voice.

14.

When from theſe ruines I retire,
This horrid Rock I do invade,
Whoſe lofty brow ſeems to enquire
Of what materials miſts are made:
From thence deſcending leiſurely
Under the brow of this ſteep hill,
It with great pleaſure I deſcry
By Waters undermin'd, until
They to *Palæmon*'s ſeat did climb,
Compos'd of Spunges and of Slime.

15.

Que c'eſt une choſe agreable
D' eſtre ſur le bord de la Mer,
Quand elle vient a ſe calmer,
Apres quelque orage affroyable;
Et que les chevelas Tritons,
Haut ſur les vagues ſecoüez,
Trapent les airs d' eſtranges ſons,
Avec leurs trompées enroüées,
D' ont l'eclat rend reſpectueux
Le vents les plus impetueux.

16.

Tantoſt brouillant l' arene
Murmure & fremit de courroux,
Se roullant deſſous les Cailloux,
Qu'elle apporte & qu'elle r'entraine:
Tantoſt elle eſtale en ſes bords
Que l'ire de Neptune outrage,
Des gens noyez, des monſtres morts,
Des vaiſſeaux briſez du naufrage,
Des Diamans, de l' ambre Gris,
Et mille autres choſes de prix.

17.

Tantoſt la plus clarre du Monde,
Elle ſemble un mivoir flottant,
Et nous repreſente a l' inſtant
Encore d' autres Cieux ſous l'onde,
Le ſoleil s'y fait ſi bien voir,
Y contemplant ſon beau viſage,
Qu'on eſt quelques a ſcavoir
Si c'eſt luy meſme ou ſon image,
Et d' abord il ſemble a nos yeux,
Qu'il ſe laiſſe tomber des cieux.

Ber-

15.

How highly is the fancy pleas'd
To be upon the Oceans ſhore,
When ſhe begins to be appeas'd,
And her fierce billows ceaſe to roar!
And when the hairy *Tritons* are
Riding upon the ſhaken wave,
With what ſtrange ſounds they ſtrike the air,
Of their Trumpets hoarſe and brave,
Whoſe ſhrill report, does every wind
Unto his due ſubmiſſion bind!

16.

Sometimes the Sea diſpels the Sand,
Trembling and murmuring in the Bay,
And rowles it ſelf upon the ſhells
Which it both brings and takes away.
Sometimes expoſes on the ſtrand,
Th' effects of *Neptune*'s rage and ſcorn,
Drown'd Men, dead Monſters caſt on Land,
And Ships that were in Tempeſt torn,
With Diamonds and Ambergreece,
And many more ſuch things as theſe.

17.

Sometimes ſo ſweetly ſhe does ſmile,
A floating mirour ſhe might be,
And you would fancy all that while
New Heavens in her face to ſee:
The Sun himſelf is drawn ſo well,
When there he would his Picture view,
That our eye can hardly tell
Which is the falſe Sun, which the true;
And leſt we give our ſenſe the lye,
We think he's fallen from the skye.

Ber-

18.

Bernieres pour qui je me vante,
De ne rien faire que de beau,
Recoive ce fantaſque tableau
Fait d'une peinture vivante:
Je ne cherche que les deſers,
Où reſvant tout ſeul je m'amuſe,
A des diſcours aſſez diſers,
De mon Genie avec la Muſe,
Mais mon plus aimable entretien,
C'eſt le reſſouvenir du tien.

19.

Tu vois dans cette Poeſie,
Pleine de licence & d'ardeur,
Les beaux rayons de la ſplendeur
Qui m'eſclaire la Fantaſie.
Tantoſt chagrin, tantoſt joyeux,
Selon que la fureur m'enflame,
Et que l'object s'offre a mes yeux,
Les propos me naiſſent en l'ame,
Sans contraindre la liberté
Du Demon, qui m'a tranſporté.

20.

O! que j'aime la Solitude,
C'eſt l'Element des bons eſprits,
C'eſt par elle que j'ay compris,
L'art d'Apollon ſans nulle eſtude:
Je l'aime pour l'amour de toy
Connoiſſant que ton humeur l'aime,
Mais quand je penſe bien a moy,
Je la hay pour la raiſon meſme,
Car elle pourroit me ravir
L'heur de te voir, & de te ſervir.

Ten-

18.

Bernieres! for whoſe beloved ſake
My thoughts are at a noble ſtrife,
This my fantaſtick Landskip take,
Which I have copied from the Life.
I only ſeek the Deſarts rough,
Where all alone I love to walk,
And with diſcourſe refin'd enough,
My Genius and the Muſes talk;
But the converſe moſt truly mine,
Is the dear memory of thine.

19.

Thou mayſt in this Poem find,
So full of liberty and heat,
What illuſtrious rays have ſhin'd
To enlighten my conceit:
Sometimes penſive, ſometimes gay,
Juſt as that fury does controul,
And as the object I ſurvey,
The notions grow up in my Soul,
And are as unconcern'd and free
As the flame which tranſported me.

20.

O! how I Solitude adore,
That Element of nobleſt wit,
Where I have learnt *Apollo*'s lore,
Without the pains to ſtudy it:
For thy ſake I in love am grown
With what thy fancy does purſue;
But when I think upon my own,
I hate it for that reaſon too,
Becauſe it needs muſt hinder me
From ſeeing, and from ſerving thee.

Tendres

Tendres defers *out of a French Proſe.*

GO ſoft deſires, Love's gentle Progeny,
And on the Heart of charming *Sylvia* ſieze,
Then quickly back again return to me,
Since that's the only cure for my diſeaſe;
But if you miſs her breaſt whom I adore,
Then take your flight, and viſit mine no more.

Amanti ch' in pianti, &c.

LOvers who in complaints your ſelves conſume,
And to be happy once perhaps preſume;
Your Love and hopes, alike are vain,
Nor will they ever cure your pain.
They that in Love would joy attain,
Their paſſion to their power muſt frame;
Let them enjoy what they can gain,
And never higher aim.

Complaints and Sorrows, from me now depart,
You think to ſoften an ungentle Heart,
When it not onely wards ſuch blows,
But from your ſufferance prouder grows.
They that in Love would joy, *&c.*

A Paſtoral of Monſ. de Scudery's *in the firſt volume of Almahide, Engliſhed.*

SLothful deceiver, come away,
With me again the fields ſurvey;
And ſleep no more, unleſs it be
My Fortune thou ſhouldſt dream of me.

The

The Sky, from which the Night is fled,
Is painted with a matchleſs Red,
'Tis day; the morning greets my Eyes:
Thou art my Sun, wilt thou not riſe?

Now the black Shadows of the Night
From Heav'n and Earth, are put to Flight:
Come and diſpel each ling'ring ſhade,
With that Light which thy Eyes have made.

That Planet, which ſo like thee ſeems,
In his long and piercing beams,
At once illuminates and Guilds
All theſe valleys, and theſe Fields.

The Winds do rather ſigh than blow,
And Rivers murmure as they go,
And all things ſeem to thee to ſay,
Riſe Fair one, 'tis a Lovely Day.

Come and the liquid Pearls deſcry,
Which glittering 'mong the flowers lye;
Day finds them wet, when it appears,
And 'tis too often with my Tears.

Hearken, and thou wilt much approve
The Warbling Conſort of this Grove;
Compleat the pleaſure of our Ears,
Mixing thy harmony with theirs.

Feather'd Muſicain ſtep aſide,
Thy ſelf within theſe buſhes hide,
While my *Aminta's* Voice affords
Her charming Notes to cloath my words.

Haſten to ſing them, then my fair,
And put this proud one to deſpair,

Whose Voice, the Base and Trebles part,
With so marvellous an Art.

Come *Philomel*, and now make use
Of all, thy practice can produce,
All the harmonious Secrets, thou
Canst try; will do no service now.

Thou must to her this Glory give,
For nothing can thy Fame relieve.
Then e're thou dost the Conquest try,
Chuse to be silent here or dye.

Come my Shepherdess, survey
(While a hundred pipes do play,)
From every Fold, from every Shed,
How the Herds and Flocks are fed.

Hear the pleasing, harmless voice,
Of thy Lambs, now they rejoyce,
While with their bleating notes are mix'd,
Their pretty bounds, and leaps betwixt.

See, see, how from the Thatched Rooms
Of these our artless Cabins, comes
A Rustick troop of Jolly Swains,
From every side, unto the Plains.

Their Sheep-hooks steel, so bright and clear,
How it shines, both far and near;
A Bag-pipe here, and there a Flute,
With merrier whilstles do dispute.

Hear thy flocks, which for thee bleat
In Language Innocent, and sweet;
See here thy Shepherd who attends 'em,
And from the Ravenous Wolf defends 'em.

Thy

Thy *Melampus*, him endears,
And leaps, and ſports, when he appears,
He complains that thy ſloth is ſuch;
And my poor heart does that as much.

Among the reſt here's a Ram, we
So white, ſo blith, ſo merry ſee,
In all our Flocks, there is not one,
Deſerves ſuch praiſe, as he alone.

On the graſs he butts and leaps,
Flatters, and then away he skips;
So gentle, and yet proud is he,
That ſurely he hath learn'd of thee.

The faireſt Garlands we can find,
Unworthy are, his horns to bind;
But Flowers that death can never know,
Are fitteſt to adorn his Brow.

He is full of modeſt ſhame,
And as full of amorous flame;
Aſtrologers in heaven ſee,
A Beaſt leſs beautiful than he.

I have for thee a Sheep-hook brought,
On which thy Shepherd hard hath wrought,
Here he thy character hath trac'd;
Is it not neatly interlac'd?

To that a Scrip is ty'd for thee,
Which woven is ſo curiouſly,
That the Art does the ſtuff excell,
And Gold it ſelf looks not ſo well.

Here's in a Cage that he did make,
All the Birds that he could take,
How glorious is their ſlavery,
If they be not deſpis'd by thee!

A Garland too for thee hath fram'd,
And 'tis of Fairest Flowers made:
Aurora had this offering kept,
And for its loss hath newly wept.

A lovely Fawn he brings along,
Nimble, as thy self, and young,
And greater presents he would bring,
But that a Shepherd is no King.

Come away my Lovely bliss,
To such divertisement as this,
And bring none to these Lovely places,
But only *Venus*, and the Graces.

Whatever company were nigh,
Would tedious be, when thou art by;
Venus and Fortune would to me
Be troublesome, if I had thee.

She comes! from far, the Lovely Maid
Is by her shining charms betray'd:
See how the Flowers sprout up, to meet
A Noble ruine from her feet.

How Sprightly, and how Fair is she!
How much undone then must I be?
My torment is, I know, severe,
But who can think on't when she's near?

My heart leaps up within my breast,
And sinks again with Joy oppress;
But in her sight to yield my breath,
Would be an acceptable Death.

Come then, and, in this shade, be sure,
That thy fair Skin shall be secure;
For else the Sun would wrong, I fear,
The Colours which do flourish there.

His Flaming ſteeds do climb ſo faſt,
While they to our Horizon haſte,
That by this time his Radiant Coach,
Does to his higheſt houſe approach.

His fiercer rays in heat, and length,
Begin to rob us of our ſtrength;
Directly on the Earth they dart,
And all the ſhadows are grown ſhort.

This Valley hath a private ſeat,
Which is a cool and moiſt retreat,
Where th' angry Planet which we ſpy,
Can ne'er invade us with his Eye.

Behold this freſh and florid Graſs,
Where never yet a foot did paſs,
A Carpet ſpreads for us to ſit,
And to thy Beauty offers it.

This delicate appartment is
Roof'd o'er with aged ſtooping Trees,
Whoſe verdant ſhadow does ſecure
This Place a native furniture.

The Courts of *Naiades* are ſuch,
In ſhades like theſe, ador'd ſo much,
Where thouſand Fountains round about
Perpetually guſh water out.

How finely this thick moſs doth look,
Which limits this tranſparent brook;
Whoſe ſportful wave does ſwell and ſpread,
And is on flags and ruſhes ſhed!

Within this liquid Chryſtal, ſee
The cauſe of all my Miſery;
And judge by that, (fair Muntheresa)
If I could love thy beauty leſs.

Thy

Thy either Eye does Rays dispence
Of Modesty and Innocence;
And with thy serenes, we find
The gladness of an Infant joyn'd.

Thy frowns delight though they torment,
From thy looks life and death are sent;
And thy whole air does on us throw
Arrows, which cureless wounds bestow.

The stature of a Mountain Pine,
Is crooked when compar'd to thine:
Which does thy sex to envy move,
As much as it does ours to love.

From thy dividing lips do flye,
Those pointed shafts that make us dye:
Nor have our Gardens e'er a Rose,
That to thy cheeks we dare oppose.

When by a happy liberty,
We may thy lovely bosom see,
The whitest Curds, nor falling Snow,
Can any such complexion show.

Thyme and *Majoram*, whose scent,
Of all perfumes, most Innocent,
Less Fragrancy than thy breath have,
Which all our senses does enslave.

Even when thou scornest, thou canst please,
And make us love our own disease.
The blushes that our Cherries wear,
Do hardly to thy Lips come near.

When upon the smoother Plains,
Thou to dance wilt take the pains,
No Hind, when she imploys her feet,
Is half so graceful, or so fleet.

Thy Of

Of thy garments fair and white,
The neatneſs gives us moſt delight,
And I had rather them behold,
Than Clothes embroidered with Gold.

I nothing in the World can ſee
So rare as unadorned thee,
Who art (as it muſt be confeſs'd)
Not by thy clothes, but Beauty dreſs'd.

Thy Lovely hair thou up haſt ty'd,
And in an unwrought Veil doſt hide;
In the mean time thy ſingle Face,
All other beauties does diſgrace.

Yes, yes, thy negligence alone,
Does more than all their care hath done:
The Nymphs, in all their pompous dreſs,
Do entertain my fancy leſs.

A Noſegay all thy Jewel is,
And all thy Art conſiſts in this;
And what from this pure Spring does paſs,
Is all thy paint, and all thy Glaſs.

Adored beauty, here may we
Our ſelves in lovely glaſſes ſee:
Come then I pray thee, let us look,
I in thy Eyes, thou in the Brook.

Within this faithful Mirrour ſee
The object which hath conquer'd me,
Which though the ſtream does well impart,
'Tis better form'd here in my heart.

In th' entertainment of thy Mind,
When 'tis to penſiveneſs inclin'd,
Count if thou canſt theſe Flowers, and thou
The ſum of my deſires wilt know.

Obſerve theſe Turtles, kind and true,
Hearken how frequently they woo:
They faithful Lovers are, and who
That ſees thee, would not be ſo too?

Of them my fair *Aminta* learn,
At length to grant me thy concern;
Follow what thou in them doſt ſee,
And thou wilt ſoon be kind to me.

Thoſe mighty Bulls are worth thy ſight,
Who on the plains ſo ſtoutly fight;
Fiercely each others brow they hit,
Where Beauty does with anger meet.

Love is the quarrel they maintain,
As 'twas the reaſon of their pain.
So would thy faithful Shepherd do,
If he ſhould meet his Rival too.

Thy Shepherd, fair and cruel one,
In all theſe Villages is known:
Such is his Fathers herd and flock,
The plain is cover'd with the ſtock.

He the convenient'ſt paſtures knows,
And where the wholeſom water flows;
Knows where the cooleſt ſhadows are,
And well hath learn'd a Shepherds care.

Aſtrology he ſtudies too,
As much as Shepherds ought to do;
Nay Magick nothing hath ſo dim,
That can be long conceal'd from him.

When any do theſe Secrets dread,
He for himſelf hath this to plead;
That he by them ſuch herbs can pick,
As cure his ſheep when they are ſick.

He can foreſee the coming ſtorm,
Nor Hail, nor Clouds, can do him harm,
And from their injuries can keep,
Safely enough his Lambs and Sheep.

He knows the ſeaſon of the year,
When Shepherds think it fit to ſhear
Such inoffenſive ſheep as theſe,
And ſtrip them of their Silver fleece.

He knows the ſcorching time of day,
When he muſt lead his flock away
To Valleys which are cool and near,
To chew the Cud, and reſt them there.

He dares the Fierceſt Wolves engage,
When 'tis their hunger makes them rage;
The frighted dogs, when they retire,
He with new courage can inſpire.

He ſings and dances paſſing well,
And does in wreſtling too excell;
Yes fair Maid, and few that know him,
But theſe advantages allow him.

At our Feaſt, he gets the Praiſe,
For his enchanting Roundelays,
And on his head have oftenеſt been
The Garlands, and the Prizes ſeen.

When the Scrip, and Crook he quits,
And free from all diſturbance ſits,
He can maks the Bag-pipes ſwell,
And Oaten Reeds his paſſion tell.

When his flame does him excite,
In amorous ſongs to do the right,
He makes the Verſes which he uſes,
And borrows none of other Muſes.

He neglects his own affairs,
To serve thee with greater cares,
And many Shepherdesses would
Deprive thee of him if they could.

Of *Alceste* he could tell,
And *Silvia*'s Eye, thou know'st it well:
But as his modesty is great,
He blushes if he them repeat.

When in the Chrystal stream he looks,
If there be any truth in Brooks,
He finds, thy scorn can never be
Excus'd by his deformity.

His Passion is so high for thee,
As 'twill admit no new degree.
Why wilt not thou his love requite,
Since Kindness gives so much delight?

Aminta heark'ned all this while,
Then with a dext'rous, charming smile,
Against her will, she let him see,
That she would change his destiny.

I promise nothing, then said she,
With an obliging air, and free;
But I think, if you will try,
The Wolves are cruellier than I.

When my Sheep unhealthy are,
I have compassion, I have care;
Nor pains, nor journeys then I grudge,
By which you may my Nature judge.

When any of them goes astray
All the hamlets near us may
Perceive me, all in grief and fear,
Run and search it every where.

And when I happen once to find
The object of my troubled mind,
As ſoon as ever it I ſpy,
O! how over-joy'd am I!

I flatter her, and I careſs,
And let her ruffle all my dreſs;
The vagabond I kindly treat,
And *Mint* and *Thyme* I make her eat.

When my Sparrow does me quit,
My throbbing heart makes after it;
And nothing can relief afford,
For my fair inconſtant bird.

When my Dog hath me diſpleas'd,
I am preſently appeas'd;
And a tear is in my Eye,
If I have but made him cry.

I never could a hatred keep,
But to the Wolf that kills my ſheep:
Gentle and kind, and ſoft I am,
And juſt as harmleſs as a Lamb.

Diſpel thy fear, ceaſe thy complaint,
O Shepherd timorous and faint!
For I'm a Miſtreſs very good,
If you'll but ſerve me as you ſhou'd.

Words of a favourable ſtrain,
(Cry'd out that now tranſported Swain)
Which do in thy *Leontius* fate,
So glad and ſwift a change create.

But look about, for now I mark
The Fields already growing dark,
And with thoſe ſhadows cover'd all,
Which from the Neighbouring Mountains fall.

The winged Quire on every tree
By Caroling melodiously,
Do the declining Sun purſue,
With their laſt homage, and adieu.

From the next Cottages I hear
Voices well known unto my Ear;
They are of our Domeſticks who
Do pipe, and hollow for us too.

The Flocks and Herds do homewards go,
I hear them hither bleat and low,
Thy Eyes which mine ſo much admire,
Tell me 'tis time we ſhould retire.

Go then deſtroying ſhining Light,
Since I perceive it muſt be ſo,
Sleep ſweetly all the night, but be
At leaſt, ſo kind to dream of me.

Tranſlation of Thomas a Kempis *into Verſe, out of* Monſ. Corneille's *lib.* 3. *cap.* 2. *Engliſhed.*

SPeak, Gracious Lord, thy ſervant hears,
For I both am and will be ſo,
And in thy pleaſant paths will go
When the Sun ſhines, or diſappears.

Give me thy Spirit, that I may perceive,
What by my Soul thou would'ſt have done:
Let me have no deſire but one,
Thy will to practiſe and believe.

But yet thy Eloquence diſarm,
And as a whiſper to my heart,
Let it, like dew, plenty impart,
And like that let it freely charm.

The Jews fear'd Thunder-bolts would fall,
And that thy words would Death procure,
Nor in the Desart could endure
To hear their Maker speak at all.

They court *Moses* to declare thy will,
And begg'd to hear no more thy voice,
They could not stand the dreadful noise,
Lest it should both surprize and kill.

Without those terrours, I implore,
And other favours I entreat,
With confident, though humble heart,
I beg what *Samuel* did of yore.

Though thou art all that I can dread,
Thy voice is musick to my ears;
Speak Lord then, for thy Servant hears,
And will obey what thou hast said.

I ask no *Moses* that for thee should speak,
Nor Prophet to enlighten me;
They all are taught and sent by thee,
And 'tis thy voice I only seek.

Those beams proceed from thee alone,
Which through their words on us do flow;
Thou without them canst all bestow,
But they without thee can give none.

They may repeat the sound of words,
But not confer their hidden force,
And without thee, their best discourse,
Nothing but scorn to men affords.

Let them thy Miracles impart,
And vigorously thy will declare;
Their voice, prehaps, may strike the Ear,
But it can never move the heart.

Th'

Th' obſcure and naked Word they ſow,
But thou doſt open our dim Eye,
And the dead letter to ſupply,
The Living Spirit doſt beſtow.

Myſterious Truths to us they brought,
But thou expound'ſt the Riddle too,
And thou alone canſt make us do
All the great things that they have taught.

They may indeed the way direct,
But thou inableſt us to walk;
I'th' ear alone ſticks all they talk,
But thou doſt even the Heart dilect.

They waſh the ſurface of the mind,
But all her fruit thy Goodneſs claims,
All that e'er enlightens, or enflames,
Muſt be to that alone aſſign'd.

POMPEY.

A

Tragedy.

LONDON:

Printed for *H. Herringman*, and are to be sold at his Shop, at the *Blew-Anchor* in the Lower Walk of the *New Exchange*. 1678.

POMPEY.

A

Tragedy.

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Printed for H. Herringman, and are to be sold at his Shop, at the Blew-Anchor in the Lower Walk of the New Exchange. 1676.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

THE

Countess of Cork.

Madam,

AS some untimely Flower, whose bashful head
(Ready to drop into her humble Bed)
Is rescu'd by the Suns prevailing Ray,
To share that Light with which he guilds the Day;
So this Translation of strict Eyes afraid,
With conscious blushes, would have sought a shade,
When your resistless Power did Orders give,
Thus to ~~recal the timorous~~ Fugitive,
Which, to your breath, must all her Being own,
Thrive when you smile, and wither if you frown.
Yet from submission this assurance grows,
That you'll protect the Person you expose,
Who more delight from such a shelter draws,
Than to obtain, or to desire applause,
And your indulgence, would, much rather, chuse,
Than to be Favorite to every Muse.
For even they request to wait on you,
Who can best judge, and best reward them too;
You, who are more than Poets can invent,
Of most illustrious and most innocent,
Under your beams their faint Ideas sink,
And you more nobly live than they could think.
In you, the humble, and the brave, are met,
To shew what's truly, and what's only great;
And all the *Cliffords* Fame in you does shine,
The greatest Honour of the Noblest Line:

To whom your debt of ſplendor you have paid,
And that (and more) to after-times convey'd,
In ſuch a Race, as muſt thoſe wonders do,
That none could act but they, inſpire but you.
But as your Merit does all Praiſe excel,
So does your Mercy all injurious Zeal;
And you in that ador'd advantage live,
That nothing elſe is left you to forgive:
But ev'n your goodneſs will its ſelf outſhine,
If it can pardon this Addreſs of mine.
So Altars once did Fire from Heaven enjoy,
Sent but to kindle what it might deſtroy.

The

The Printer to the Reader.

I Hope you expect no Eloquence from a Printer, nor Regularity in a Preface, which hath nothing to say to you, but that Pompey *being a Translation out of the French of Monsieur* Corneille, *the Hand that did it is responsible for nothing but the English, and the Songs between the Acts, which were added only to lengthen the Play, and make it fitter for the Stage, when those that could not be resisted were resolved to have it Acted; and that no Abuses of Transcribers (though they were numerous) could have prevailed to send it to the Press, if the Person most concern'd had not fear'd to disobey an excellent Lady, who commanded this Publication, more than the severity of the Censorious World.*

The Persons of the Play.

Julius Cæsar.
Marcus Antonius.
Lepidus.
Ptolomy, King of *Egypt.*
Cleopatra, His Sister.
Photinus, His Governour.
Achillas, His Lieutenant General.
Septimius, A Roman Tribune in the *Egyptian* Kings Army.
Arbonus, *Cleopatra*'s Gentleman Usher.
Charmion, *Cleopatra*'s Maid of Honour.
Cornelia, *Pompey*'s Widow.
Philip, *Pompey*'s Freedman.
Romans and Egyptians.

The Scene *Ptolomy*'s Palace in *Alexandria.*

Prologue

For the Theatre at *Dublin*, Written by the Earl of *Roscomon*.

THe mighty Rivals, whose destructive Rage
Did the whole World in Civil Arms engage,
Are now agreed, and make it both their Choice,
To have their Fates determin'd by your Voice
Cæsar *from none but You, will hear his Doom,*
He hates th' obsequious Flatteries of Rome:
He scorns, where once he Rul'd, now to be try'd,
And he hath Rul'd in all the World beside.
When he the Thames, *the* Danube, *and the* Nile
Had stain'd with Blood, Peace flouriſh'd in this Iſle;
And you alone may Boaſt, you never ſaw
Cæsar *till now, and now can give him Law.*

Great Pompey *too, comes as a Suppliant here,*
But ſays, He cannot now begin to fear.
He knows your equal Juſtice, and (to tell
A Roman Truth) He knows himſelf too well.
Succeſs, 'tis true, waited on Cæsar's *ſide,*
But Pompey *thinks he conquer'd when he dy'd.*
His Fortune when ſhe prov'd the moſt unkind,
Chang'd his Condition, but not Cato's *Mind.*
Then of what Doubt can Pompey's *Cauſe admit,*
Since here ſo many Cato's *Judging ſit?*

But you, bright Nymphs, give Cæsar *leave to woo* To the Ladies.
The greateſt Wonder of the World but you,
And hear a Muſe, who has that Hero taught
To ſpeak as gen'rouſly, as e'er he fought.

Whoſe

Whoſe Eloquence from ſuch a Theme deters
All Tongues but Engliſh, and all Pens but Hers.
By the juſt Fates your Sex is doubly bleſt,
You Conquer'd Cæſar, *and you praiſe him beſt.*

To the Lord Lieutenant.

And You (Illuſtrious SIR) receive as due
A preſent Deſtiny reſerv'd for You.
Rome, France, *and* England, *join their Forces here,*
To make a Poem worthy of your Ear.

Accept it then, and on that Pompey's *Brow,*
Who gave ſo many Crowns, beſtow one now.

POMPEY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Ptolomy, Achillas, Photinus, Septimius.

PTOLOMY.

FAte hath declar'd her ſelf, and we may ſee
Th' Intrigue of the great Rivals Deſtiny:
That quarrel which did all the Gods divide,
Pharſalia hath the Honour to decide.
Whoſe Rivers ſwelling with new bloody Tides,
(Sent thither from ſo many Parricides)
The Horrour of torn Enſigns, Chariots, Shields,
Spread in Confuſion o'er th' infected Fields;
Thoſe ſlaughter'd heaps whoſe ſhades no reſt obtain'd,
By Nature to their own revenge conſtrain'd,
(Their Putrefactions ſeeming to revive
The War, with thoſe that do remain alive)
Are dreadful Rules by which the Sword thinks fit,
Pompey to caſt, and *Cæſar* to acquit.
That diſtreſs'd Leader of the Juſter Side,
Whoſe wearied Fortune hath all Help deny'd,
A terrible Example will create
To future times, of the Extreams of Fate:
He flies, whoſe happy Courage had, till now,
Confin'd the Bay to his Victorious Brow:
He in our Ports chuſes his laſt Retreat;
And wanting Refuge from a Foe ſo great,
His bold Misfortune ſeeks it in abodes,
Which from the *Titans* once preſerv'd the Gods;
And from ſo fam'd a Climate, doth expect
That it ſhould Earth as well as Heav'n protect;

And

And lending his Deſpair a kind Effort,
It ſhould the ſtaggering Univerſe ſupport:
Yes, the Worlds Fortune *Pompey* with him brings,
And hopes a Land whoſe Fame ſuch Wonder ſings,
A Prop or Tomb might to her Freedom give,
And *Pompey*'s Fall attend, if not relieve.
This, Friends, the Subject is of our debate;
Our Triumphs he, or Ruine will create:
He hazards me, who did my Father ſave,
And does expoſe that *Memphis* which he gave:
We muſt now haſten, or prevent his Fate,
His Ruine hinder, or precipitate:
That is unſafe, and this ignoble is;
I dread Injuſtice, or Unhappineſs;
And angry Fortune each way offers me
Either much Danger, or much Infamy.
It is my part to chuſe, yours to adviſe
What you believe to be moſt ſafe and wiſe:
Pompey's concern'd; nay, we the fame ſhall get,
Cæſar's ſucceſs to trouble or compleat;
And never Monarchs Fortune did afford
So great a Subject for a Council-Board.

PHOTINUS.

When things, Sir, are determin'd by the Sword,
Juſtice is nothing but an empty word;
And he who then Affairs would rightly weigh,
Muſt not his Reaſons, but his Power obey:
View your own ſtrength, let *Pompey* be ſurvey'd,
Whoſe Fortune droops, and Valour is betray'd;
Who not from *Cæſar* only takes his flight,
But from the Senates juſt reproach and ſight,
(Whoſe greater part were cheaply left a Prey
To the keen Vultures of *Pharſalia*)
He flies loſt *Rome*, and every Roman now;
Who muſt to his defeat their Fetters owe.
He flies thoſe Kings who would chaſtiſe his Guilt,
Of all the Blood that in this cauſe was ſpilt.

Their Kingdoms now of Men and Mony void,
Their broken Scepters, and their Thrones deſtroid:
As Author of all Woes, abhor'd by all,
He flies the whole World ſhatter'd by his Fall.
Can you alone reſiſt ſo many Foes?
His ſafety he did in himſelf Repoſe:
He falls, and you may yield without a Bluſh
To ſuch a weight as *Rome* her ſelf does Cruſh;
A weight which hath the Univerſe preſt down,
And the yet greater *Pompey* overthrown.
He that will ſave, whom Heaven will have wrackt,
By too much Juſtice may a Guilt contract;
And a fidelity ſo indiſcreet
May a ſhort Fame, but long Repentance meet:
He but a more illuſtrious wound will have,
Which will not ſmart the leſs for being brave.
Do not for *Egypt* Thunderbolts provide,
But chuſe with Fortune and the gods to ſide.
Believe not they can an injuſtice do,
But where they favour, pay your Homage too.
Whatever they decree, for them declare,
And think it impious where they frown to ſpare.
With Divine Anger *Pompey* now beſet,
Comes to involve you too in his defeat.
His Head for which both Gods and Men do call,
Already ſhakes, and ſeeks but where to fall:
His coming hither an Offence does ſeem,
And ſhews his hatred rather than eſteem.
He would his ſafety with your ruine buy,
And can you doubt if he deſerve to die?
Had he fulfill'd what we both wiſht and thought,
And a victorious Navy hither brought,
We then ſhould him a joyful welcom ſhew,
Who muſt the gods blame for his uſage now.
I of his Fortune, not of him complain,
But with regret Act what the gods Ordain,
And the ſame Ponyard, once for *Cæſar* meant:
Shall with a ſigh to *Pompey*'s Heart be ſent.

Nor can you at a leſs rate than his Head
Secure your own, and ſhun the ſtorm you dread.
Let this be thought a Crime, if ſo it muſt,
'Tis not a States-man's Virtue to be Juſt.
When Right and Wrong are in the Ballance laid,
The Intereſt of Kingdoms is betray'd.
Extreameſt Rigour is the right of Kings,
When Timerous Equity their Ruine brings.
Who fears a Crime ſhall ever be afraid,
But he'll rule all, who all things dares invade.
Who dangerous virtue, as diſgrace, does ſhun,
And to an uſeful Crime as ſwiftly run.
This is my Thought, Sir, but *Achillas* may,
Or elſe *Septimius*, chuſe ſome other way.
But this I know, whatever others like,
They fear no Conqueror, who the conquer'd ſtrike.

ACHILLAS.

Photin ſays true Sir, but though *Pompey* we
Diveſted of his former Grandeur ſee,
Yet that Blood Precious does to me appear
Which the gods did in *Theſſaly* revere.
Not that a crime of State ſhould be reſtrain'd,
But 'tis not lawful, till it be conſtrain'd:
And what need is there of ſuch Rigour here?
Who quits the conquer'd, need no Conqueror fear;
You may be Neuter, as you were before:
And *Cæſar* may, if him you muſt, adore;
But though you treat him as a Power Divine,
This is too great an Off'ring for his Shrine.
To *Mars* himſelf ſhould this head offer'd be,
'Twould fix on yours too black an infamy:
Let him not be aſſiſted nor diſtroy'd,
And ſuch a Conduct will all blame avoid.
You owe him much Sir, for *Rome*, mov'd by him,
Help'd our laſt King his Scepter to redeem:
But Gratitude and Hoſpitality,
In Monarchs Breaſts muſt regulated be;

Nor

Nor can a King contract ſo great a debt,
But that his Subjects claim a greater yet.
And all Engagements are to Princes void,
To cancel which, their blood muſt be imploy'd:
Conſider too, what *Pompey* did expoſe,
When he your Father help'd againſt his Foes:
By that he made his Power the greater ſeem,
And rais'd his own Fame, by reſtoring him:
He did in ſerving him but language ſpend;
But *Cæſar*'s Purſe appear'd the better Friend:
Had we not *Cæſar*'s thouſand Talents ſeen,
Pompey's Orations had ſmall ſuccours been.
Let him not then his verbal merits boaſt,
For *Cæſar*'s Actions have oblig'd you moſt.
But if a benefit to him be due,
Speak now for him, as he did once for you:
His kindneſs ſafely thus requite you may;
But here receiv'd, he will your Scepter ſway:
This conquer'd Roman yet a King will brave,
And in your own Dominions you enſlave.
Refuſe him welcome then, but ſpare his Head;
But if't muſt fall, this arm ſhall ſtrike him dead:
I can obey (Sir) and ſhould Jealous grow,
If any Hand but mine ſhould ſtrike the blow.

SEPTIMIUS.

Sir, I'm a Roman, and theſe Hero's know
Pompey needs aid, and from you ſeeks it now;
You are his fate, may his loſt hopes revive,
Baniſh, or kill, or give him up alive:
The firſt would coſt you much too dear a rate,
I'll only then the other three debate.
His exile draws on you enraged Pow'r,
And does but half oblige the Conquerour;
Since to a long ſuſpenſe you will him leave,
What fate his future battels ſhall receive;
And both on you Revenge, when weary grown,
The Ills, which but for you they had not known.

To render him to *Cæsar* were the same,
Who must forgive him to augment his Fame:
He will a bravery on himself impose,
And swell in that false mercy he bestows;
Glad if that way, he *Pompey* can o'ercome,
And in the same Act please subjected *Rome*:
But whilst you him to this necessitate,
You'll purchase his, as well as *Pompey*'s hate.
His danger and dishonour then prevent,
Both make him great, and keep him innocent;
Whilst *Pompey*'s Faction you in him destroy,
Let *Cæsar*, at your cost, the fruit enjoy:
By this advice, which you'll, I hope, allow,
You'll gain a Friend, and need not fear a Foe;
But if *Achillas* unsafe course you choose,
You neither gain, but both their Friendships lose.

PTOLOMY.

Let us no more debate what's Just and fit,
But to the World's Vicissitude submit.
Your Major Votes do with my thoughts agree,
Who in so great a change would active be,
Rome hath too long made an injurious Claim,
That all men should adore the Roman Name:
Her lofty Freedom let us now throw down,
And all her scorn in *Pompey*'s Blood lets drown.
Cutting the Root by which that Pride does live,
To the Worlds Tyrants, let's a Tyrant give;
Now Fate would chain an Arrogance, so fierce,
Let's help her to revenge the Universe,
Rome, thou shalt serve, and Kings which always yet,
Th' hast dar'd with so much insolence to treat,
Will *Cæsar* now, with less Regret obey,
Since thou shalt be enslav'd as well as they.
Achillas and *Septimius* lose no time,
But make us Deathless by this glorious Crime:
Of Heaven's Resentment I'll the hazard run,
Who sent him hither sure to be undone.

ACHILLAS.

A King's Command muſt no diſpute endure.

PTOLOMY.

Go then, the Scepter which I bear, ſecure;
For you by this Commiſſion are become
The Deſtinies of *Egypt* and of *Rome*.

SCENE II.

Ptolomy, Photinus.

PTOLOMY.

I am miſtaken, *Photin*, or by this
My Siſter will her expectation miſs,
Pompey my Father's Will having ſecur'd,
Her Coronation ſhe believe's aſſur'd.
And ſhe her ſelf the Miſtreſs does eſteem,
Of that divided Scepter left by him.
Their Antient Friendſhip ſhe depends upon,
And inwardly already ſhares my Throne;
Whence her Ambition is become ſo vain,
That from its Aſhes it revives again.

PHOTINUS.

Sir, 'Twas a motive I did not debate,
And yet which ought to haſten *Pompey*'s Fate.
He your Pretenſions doubtleſs will decide,
And by your Father's Will your Claims divide.
To which great Truſt of Friendſhip being true,
You know how much he diſobliges you.
Nor that by this Diſcourſe, I would remove
The ſacred Cement of a Brothers Love,
I baniſh her not from your Heart, but Throne;
For he Reigns not, that does not Reign alone.

Divided

Divided Empire all wise Kings avoid,
For Power Communicated is destroy'd;
And Policy —— But, she does appear.

SCENE III.

Ptolomy, Cleopatra, Photinus.

CLEOPATRA.

Pompey is come, (ir) and can you be here?

PTOLOMY.

That mighty Warriour I at home attend,
And him *Achillas* and *Septimius* send.

CLEOPATRA.

What? such Embassadors as those to him?

PTOLOMY.

You may go too, if they too little seem.

CLEOPATRA.

Is your own meeting him, too great a thing?

PTOLOMY.

I must remember, that I am a King.

CLEOPATRA.

Can you reflect on that, and yet be slow
To kiss the hand of him that made you so?
And pay you Homage to a Man so great?

PTOLOMY.

Did he that Title in *Pharsalia* get?

CLEOPATRA.

Though none did his Misfortunes help afford,
He's still that *Pompey* who your Crown restor'd.

PTOLOMY.

Rather his Shade, and but my Father Crown'd,
By whose Ghost, not by me, it should be own'd.
Let him attend his Dust; and be content
To receive Thanks from his cold Monument.

CLEOPATRA.

Hath ſuch a Benefit ſuch uſage met?

PTOLOMY.

I both remember it and his Defeat.

CLEOPATRA.

You do indeed, but with a ſcornful Pride.

PTOLOMY.

Time is the Standard by which things are Try'd;
You that ſo prize him, may his greatneſs Court,
But know, He yet may periſh in the Port.

CLEOPATRA.

What, may his Shipwrack in the Port arrive?
And have you dar'd his Ruine to contrive?

PTOLOMY.

I have done onely what the Gods inſpir'd,
And what the ſafety of my State requir'd.

CLEOPATRA.

I know but too much *Photin*, and his Crew
Have, with their wicked Counſels, Poyſon'd you;
Souls that are but of Natures Rubbiſh fram'd.

PHOTINUS.

The Counſel, Madam, will not be diſclaim'd.

CLEOPATRA.

'Tis the King, *Photin*, I diſcourſe with now;
Stay then, till I deſcend to talk to you.

PTOLOMY.

You muſt a little with her ſcorn diſpenſe,
I know her hatred, and your innocence;
But ſhe's my Siſter, give her humour vent.

CLEOPATRA.

Sir, if too late it be not to repent,
Shake off at length, a Yoke that is ſo vile,
And call her Virtue back from her exile:
That magnanimity ſo great, and good,
Which is convey'd to Princes, with their Blood.

PTOLOMY.

Swell'd with a hope in vain by you foreſeen,
You ſpeak to me of *Pompey*, like a Queen:

Through

Through your falſe zeal, flaſhes of Pride eſcape;
And Intereſt does act in Virtues ſhape:
Confeſs it then, you had been ſilent ſtill,
Were it not for the King our Fathers Will;
You know who keep's it;

CLEOPATRA.

And you ſhall know too,
Virtue alone prompts me to what I do.
For if I did my own advantage ſeek,
I ſhould for *Cæſar*, not for *Pompey* ſpeak:
Receive a ſecret I conceal'd before,
And after that, never reproach me more.
When none that bold Rebellion could withſtand,
Which rob'd our Father of his Crown and Land;
The injur'd King forſook his Native ſhore,
And *Romes* great Senate did for Aid Implore.
With him we went, their pity to engage,
You very Young; but I was in an Age,
When Nature had ſupply'd my Eyes with Darts,
Already Active in ſubduing hearts.
Cæſar receiv'd, or elſe pretended love,
And by his Actions, would his Paſſion prove.
But ſince the Senate's Pique to him he knew,
He their lov'd *Pompey*, to our party drew;
Whoſe high concern for us, on *Cæſar*'s ſcore,
Was the laſt fruit their Friendſhip ever bore.
Of this you do inherit the event,
But ſuch a Lover not with it content:
When by th' aſſiſtance of ſo great a Man,
In our behalf the Roman ſuffrage ran;
Reſolving further Kindneſs to impart,
He gave his Treaſure to attend his Heart:
And from the bounty of his growing flame,
Thoſe ſinews both of War and Power came:
Thoſe thouſand Talents which we owe him yet,
Forc'd our revolted *Egypt* to ſubmit.
On this the King reflecting, when he dy'd
Betwixt us did his Dignity divide;

And by his Sovereign Right, on me beſtow'd
A part of what he to my Beauty ow'd:
Whilſt you, who this great reaſon never knew,
Thought that his Favour, which was but my due;
And Your dread Father partial dar'd to call,
Who gave me half, when yet he ow'd me all.

PTOLOMY.

This Story, you with Art enough contrive.

CLEOPATRA.

I am aſſur'd, *Cæſar* will ſoon arrive.
And a few hours will ſuch a change effect,
As your Dark Policy did leaſt expect.
And ſhew you why I ſpoke ſo like a Queen,
Who the loath'd Object of your ſcorn have been.
You in the Throne, uſurp'd my equal ſeat,
And as a Slave you did your Siſter Treat;
Till I was forc'd to ſhun a ruder Fate,
To ſtoop and Court your Miniſters of State.
Whoſe ſteel or poyſon, I ſtill fear'd: but Know,
Pompey or *Cæſar* will ſecure me now;
And whatſoe're your Sycophants Ordain,
I now am ſure my Scepter to obtain:
Till when my Pride ſhall leave you, to divine
In this Conteſt, what could be my deſign.

Ptolomy, Photin,

PTOLOMY.

What think you *Photin*, of this lofty Mind?

PHOTIN.

My ſpirit, Sir, to wonder is reſign'd,
And nothing but amazement can expreſs;
At ſuch a ſecret as I ne're could gueſs,
My thoughts are ſo unquiet and confus'd,
I ſcarce know what expedient ſhould be us'd.

PTOLOMY.

Shall we ſave *Pompey*?

PHOTIN.

Had you that decreed,
Yet it were now convenient he ſhould bleed.
Your Siſter hates you, ſhe is fair and fierce,
And if ſhe ſuch Victorious Charms diſperſe;
The head of *Pompey* only can ſuffice
To win the heart of *Cæſar* from her Eyes.

PTOLOMY.

This dangerous Woman hath a buſie wit.

PHOTIN.

But ſuch a ſervice will out-ballance it.

PTOLOMY.

But what if *Cæſar* ſtill her Pow'r obey?

PHOTIN.

Then flatter her, and mind not what I ſay,
Till firſt you ask, in an affair ſo Nice,
Achillas and *Septimius* beſt advice.

PTOLOMY.

Let's from the Tow'r ſee them act *Pompey's* doom,
And this Debate at their return, reſume.

After the firſt Act of *Pompey*, the King and *Photin* ſhould be diſcovered, ſitting and hearkning to this *SONG*.

SInce affairs of the State, are already decreed,
Make room for Affairs of the Court;
Employment and Pleaſure each other ſucceed,
Becauſe they each other ſupport.
Were Princes confin'd
From ſlackening their Mind,
When by Care it is ruſled and curl'd,
A Crown would appear
Too heavy to wear,
And no Man would govern the World.

If the Gods themſelves who have power enough,
In diverſions are various, and oft;

Since

Since the buſineſs of Kings is angry and rough,
Their Intervals ought to be ſoft.
Were Princes confin'd, &c.
To our Monarch we owe, whatſoe'er we enjoy:
And no grateful Subjects were thoſe,
Who would not the ſafety, he gives them, employ
To contribute to his repoſe.
Were Princes confin'd, &c.

After which an Antick dance of Gypſies is preſented.

Act. II. SCEN. I.

Cleopatra, Charmion.

CLEOPATRA.

I Love him, but a Flame ſo much refin'd,
How bright ſoever, dazles not my mind:
For Virtue makes my inclination know,
What *Cæſar's* Miſtreſs does to *Pompey* owe:
And none dares owe a paſſion ſo ſublime,
But ſhe that ſcorns the ſhadow of a crime.
I ſhould but ſmall Reſpect to *Cæſar* pay,
To ſeek his love in an unhandſome way.

CHARMION.

Can you love *Cæſar*, Madam, and adviſe
That *Egypt* ſhould in Armes againſt him riſe?
That they ſhould *Pompey* againſt him protect,
And his *Pharſalian* Triumphs ſhould be checkt,
Sure Love in you does little Empire ſhew.

CLEOPATRA.

This to their high extraction Princes owe,
That by th'Aſſiſtance of their Royal blood,
Their Paſſions are more eaſily ſubdu'd.
Their honour ſtill the Victory will have,
And whilſt they truſt themſelves, they ſtill are brave.

All the Diſorders, which in Kings we ſee,
To others Counſels muſt imputed be.
This I the cauſe of *Pompey*s ruine deem;
The King would help, but *Photin* murthers him.
Whoſe Counſel hath his Maſters faith o'erthrown,
Which ſtill had ſway'd, had he obſerv'd his own.

CHARMION.

You then who *Cæſar* love, and yet oppoſe

CLEOPATRA.

The Love I cheriſh no diſhoner knows,
But worthy him.

CHARMION.

Are you of his ſecur'd?

CLEOPATRA.

I think I am.

CHARMION.

But are you well aſſur'd?

CLEOPATRA.

Know that a Princeſs by her glory mov'd,
No Love confeſſes till ſhe be belov'd.
Nor the moſt noble paſſion ever ſhowes,
When it ſhall her to a Contempt expoſe.
At *Rome*, I firſt did *Cæſars* Heart invade,
Where he the firſt expreſſion of it made;
And ever ſince, he did to me renew
The Tribute of his Vows and Laurels too.
He march'd through *Italy*, through *Gaule* and *Spain*,
With Love in's Breſt, and Fortune in his Train:
Nor did he ever make ſo brave a Prize,
But he pay'd Homage for it to theſe Eyes.
With the ſame hand, which did that weapon quit
With' Blood of *Pompey*'s party reeking yet,
He writ complaints, and put my fetters on,
Ev'n in the Field, which he had newly won.
Yes from *Pharſalia* his ſubmiſſions came,
And if his ſpeed be equal to his flame.
Or rather, if the Sea befriend his Fleet,
Egypt ſhall ſee him ſhortly at my feet.

He comes my *Charmion*, and from me alone
Seeks the reward of all that he hath done,
And all his glory to my Shrine he brings,
With the ſame hand that gives the Law to Kings:
So that even in his Triumphs, my diſdain
Can make the Man, that rules the World Complain.

CHARMION.

Yet I dear ſwear, your charms a pow'r enjoy,
Which though they boaſt of, they will ne're employ.
And the great *Cæſar* ſhall no trouble know,
If it can only from your rigour grow.
But what can you expect from *Cæſar*'s flames?
Wherein ſuch right another Woman claims,
His freedom he by marriage hath reſign'd,
And only to *Calphurnia* is confin'd.

CLEOPATRA.

But a Divorce, at *Rome* ſo common now,
May remove her, and my deſires allow:
Cæſar's Experience him to that may lead,
Since 'twas *Calphurnia*'s paſſage to his bed.

CHARMION.

But the ſame way may you at length remove.

CLEOPATRA.

Perhaps I better ſhall ſecure his love,
Perhaps my paſſion may find out an Art
Better to manage that Illuſtrious Heart.
But let's to Heaven leave what may arrive,
And this Alliance (if we can) contrive.
Were it but one day, 'twere enough for me,
One day the Miſtreſs of the World to be.
I have Ambition, and be't good or ill,
It is the only Sovereign of my Will.
And 'tis this noble paſſion ſure, or none,
A princeſs may without a blemiſh own.
But yet with Glory I would it inflame,
Nor would buy Greatneſs with the loſs of Fame,
For I the brighteſt Crown can ſcorn to touch,
When 'tis attended with the leaſt Reproach,

Wonder

Wonder not then, that I ſo much purſue
Pompey's defence, and would my Duty do.
His injur'd virtue, ſince I cannot right,
My ſecret wiſhes muſt invoke his flight:
That ſome kind ſtorm may ſo his Ships diſperſe,
As may preſerve him from his Murtherers.
But faithful *Achoreus* comes, and he
Will quickly tell us *Pompey*'s Deſtiny.

SCEN. II.

Cleopatra, Charmion, Achoreus.

CLEOPATRA.

What, is it done, and hath ſome Treacherous hand
With that Rich bloud ſtain'd our unhappy ſtrand?

ACHOREUS.

By your commands, I to the ſhore did run.
And ſaw this Treaſon in its horrour done:
I ſaw the greateſt Mortal loſe his breath,
And though a ſad, I ſaw a glorious death.
And ſince a ſtory you require from me,
So much his Honour, and our Infamy:
Hear now his Fate, and wonder and bewail.
His three Ships in the Harbour ſtriking ſail,
When to our ready Gallies he approach'd,
He thought the King, with his misfortunes touch'd,
By noble ſenſe of Honour, did intend
With all his Court to meet ſo brave a friend.
But when he only ſaw a Squiff prepar'd,
And that too fill'd with Ruffians of his guard:
Th' ingrateful Treachery did then appear,
And gave him ſome approaches of a fear:
But ſeeing arm'd Men on our Ships and Shore,
He bluſh'd his apprehenſions were ſo Poor;
And when the Danger was ſo near him brought,
He only on *Cornelia*'s ſafety thought.

"Let's

"Let's but expoſe, ſays he, this ſingle head
"To a Reception we may ſo much dread.
"But whilſt I only do the ſhock ſuſtain,
"Haſten thy flight, and my revenge obtain.
"King *Juba* is more generouſly enclin'd,
"Where thou thy Father, and my Sons ſhall find:
"But if their Death ſhould thee of them deprive,
"Never deſpair while *Cato* is alive.
While their conteſt on this was ſad and kind,
Achilla's fatal boat their Veſſel join'd:
Septimius then, to get him in his Pow'r,
I'th Roman Language call'd him Emperour;
And as deputed from th' Egyptian Prince,
Let, Sir, ſays he, this Barque convey you hence;
The Shelvs and Sands which under water lye,
To greater Veſſels an acceſs deny.
The Hero ſaw, and ſmil'd at this abuſe;
He then receiv'd his Wifes and Friends adieus,
Their ſtay commanded, and to death did go
With the ſame look as he did Crowns beſtow;
With the ſame Majeſty writ in his brow,
He ſat unmov'd among his Murtherers now:
His ſtedfaſt Courage did his Conduct ſeem,
Philip his Free'd-man only follow'd him,
Of whom, what I have told you, I did learn,
But ſaw the reſt my ſelf with ſad concern:
And think (ſo mournful it to me appears)
Cæſar himſelf could not refuſe it Tears.

CLEOPATRA.

But ſpare not mine, nor let them intercept
A ſtory, which I have already wept.

ACHOREUS.

Whilſt toward Land they brought him, not a word
To the unhappy *Pompey* they afford:
In which contempt, he did foreſee his end.
At length arriv'd, they ask him to deſcend.

He

He riſing, as *Achillas* ſtood behind
Drawing his Sword for what they had deſign'd,
Septimius, and three Romans more embru'd
Their guilty hands in that heroick blood:
Till ev'n *Achillas* was with horrour ſtrook,
Upon a Rage ſo barbarous to look.

CLEOPATRA.

You gods who Nations do chaſtiſe with War,
When you revenge this death, our Cities ſpare!
And not the place but Actors look upon,
The crime of *Egypt* was by Romans done.
But tell me what this Worthy ſaid, and did.

ACHOREUS,

With his Robes border he his viſage hid,
Blindly his cruel deſtiny obey'd;
And would not ſee that Heav'n which him betray'd?
I eſt any look of his, in ſuch a ſtroke,
Should its aſſiſtance, or revenge invoke.
Not the leaſt poor complaint fell from his Tongue,
Or ought that ſpoke him worthy of his wrong:
But that deſpiſing, made his laſt retreat
To all that in his life was good or great:
And held the treaſon, which the King had wrought,
Too much below him to employ his thought,
His Virtue, by their crime more brightly ſhone,
And his laſt gaſp, was an illuſtrious one.
This great Soul fled, his body did expoſe
To th' greedy Eyes of his inhumane Foes:
His head, which tumbled on the bluſhing Deck,
(By vile *Septimius* ſever'd from his neck)
Upon *Achillas* I ance we fixed ſee,
As after Battels Trophies uſe to be:
And to conclude a Deſtiny ſo ſad,
The Sea was all the Sepulchre he had.
To fortune now, his ſlaughter'd Corps reſign'd,
Floats at the pleaſure of the Wave and Wind.
The Poor *Cornelia* at the dreadful view.

CLEOPATRA.

O Gods! What could ſhe either ſay or do!

ACHOREUS,

By woful ſhrieks, ſhe try'd his life to ſhield,
Then hopeleſs up to Heav'n her hands ſhe held:
And by her mighty ſorrow overthrown,
Fell either dead, or in a deadly ſwoon.
In this diſtreſs her Ships employ their Oars
To gain the Sea, and quit thoſe horrid ſhores.
But infamous *Septimius* having thought
Cornelia's flight, rob'd him of half his fault:
Has, with ſix Ships, haſten'd to her purſuit,
And the dead *Pompey* ſtill does perſecute.
But whil'ſt to th' King *Achillas* brings the Prize,
The trembling People turn'd away their eyes.
One does with horror on the guilt reflect,
And a revenging Earthquake does expect:
This hears it thunder, and that does believe
Nature a Revolution muſt receive.
Their Reaſon, troubled by the Crimes extent,
Cannot but dread as vaſt a puniſhment.
Philip mean while ſhews on the River ſide,
That his mean fortune a brave ſoul did hide:
He curiouſly examines every wave,
For that rich Pledge, which Treaſon to them gave:
That thoſe lov'd bones he piouſly might burn,
And give him one, though an inglorious Urn.
And with a little Duſt a Tomb erect
To him who did the Univerſe ſubject.
But whilſt *Cornelia* they one way purſue,
Another we might *Cæſar*'s coming view,
A Navy which can hardly reckon'd be.

CLEOPATRA.

Ne'er doubt it, *Achoreus*, it is he;
Tremble bad men, at your approaching Doom,
My Breath is now your Deſtiny become.
Cæſar's come, I'm a Queen, *Pompey*'s reveng'd,
Tyranny ruin'd, and the times are chang'd.

"But let's with wonder on the Great reflect;
"Pity their Fortune, and our own ſuſpect:
He who we thought ev'n Fate her ſelf had ſway'd,
Who rul'd a Senate which the World obey'd:
Whom his own *Rome* ſaw (almoſt Deifi'd)
Over the Worlds three Parts in Triumph ride;
And who, in the laſt hazards of his Fate,
Saw both the Conſuls on his Standards wait:
As ſoon as Fortune one unkindneſs ſhows,
Egyptian Monſters of his life diſpoſe:
And a *Photinus*, or *Septimius*, can
Govern the Deſtiny of ſuch a Man.
A King who owes him, ev'n the Crown he wears,
Expoſing him to thoſe baſe Flatterers.
So fell the mighty *Pompey*, and ſo may
Cæſar himſelf perhaps another day.
O may the Gods the Augury diſprove!
And make his Fortune conſtant as my Love.

CHARMION.

The King comes Madam, who may overhear.

SCEN. III.

Ptolomy, Cleopatra.

PTOLOMY.

Know you what happineſs is drawing near?

CLEOPATRA.

Yes I have heard it, the great *Cæſar*'s come:
And *Photin* ſhall no more pronounce my Doom.

PTOLOMY.

That faithful Subject you could ne'er endure.

CLEOPATRA.

No, but am from his Projects now ſecure.

PTOLOMY.

Which of his Plots could you ſo much offend?

CLEOPATRA.

I've much endur'd, and more may apprehend:
For ſuch a Politician is not Nice,
And you are always ſteer'd by his advice.

PTOLOMY.

If I believe him, I his prudence ſee.

CLEOPATRA.

And I who fear him, know his cruelty.

PTOLOMY.

For a Crown's ſafety all things juſt appear.

CLEOPATRA.

That kind of equity creates my fear:
My ſhare of Power hath been by it loſt,
And now it has the head of *Pompey* coſt.

PTOLOMY.

Never a game of State was more adviſ'd,
For elſe by *Cæſar* we had been ſurpris'd:
You ſee his ſpeed, and we had been ſubdu'd.
Before we could in our defence have ſtood.
But now I to a Conquerour ſo great,
Your Heart may offer, and my Royal ſeat.

CLEOPATRA.

Make your own Preſents, I'll diſpoſe of mine,
Nor others Intereſts with yours combine.

PTOLOMY.

Our Blood's the ſame, uniting me and you.

CLEOPATRA.

You might have ſaid, our Rank unites us too.
We both are Sovereigns, yet 'twill be confeſt,
There is ſome difference in our intereſt.

PTOLOMY.

Yes, Siſter, for my Heart is well content,
Only with *Egypts* narrow Continent.
But now your Beauty, *Cæſar*'s heart does wound,
Tagus and *Ganges* muſt your Empire bound.

CLEOPATRA.

I have ambition, but it is confin'd,
It may ſurprize my Soul, but never blind.

T' upbraid me with thoſe bounds there is no need.
I know my reach, and ſhall not that exceed.

PTOLOMY.

Your Fortune ſmiles, and you th' advantage uſe.

CLEOPATRA.

You may revile me, if I that abuſe.

PTOLOMY.

I hope the beſt, I ove no ill Fruit can bear.

CLEOPATRA.

You ſeem to hope, what really you fear
But though the gods my juſt pretenſions Crown,
You need not doubt, I'll ask but what's my own.
You ne'er ſhall anger from your *Siſter* find,
Though you're a cruel Brother, I'll be kind.

PTOLOMY.

But yet methinks you do diſcover pride.

CLEOPATRA.

Time is the Standard whereby things are try'd.

PTOLOMY.

Your preſent carriage that doth plainly ſhew.

CLEOPATRA.

Cæſar is come, and you've a Maſter now.

PTOLOMY.

I made him mine who the Worlds Maſter is.

CLEOPATRA.

Pay him your homage, while I look for his.
In this Addreſs you may your ſelf be ſeen,
But I'll remember that I am a Queen.
Photin will help you to receive him now,
Adviſe with him, he'll tell you what's to do.

ACT-

ACT II. SCENE IV.

Ptolomy, Photinus.

PTOLOMY.

I have obſerv'd thy Counſel, but find ſince
To flatter her, but ſwells her inſolence.
For with her Pride ſhe did affront me ſo,
That I at laſt fell into Paſſion too.
This Arm enrag'd by her, could ſcarce forbear
(Without a Thought that *Cæſar* was ſo near)
Diſpatching her (as ſafe as ſhe does ſeem)
To have complain'd to *Pompey*, not to him.
She talks already at that haughty rate,
That if great *Cæſar* pleaſe her Pride and Hate,
And ſhe o er him her boaſted Empire have,
Her Brother and her King muſt be her Slave.
No, no, we needs muſt fruſtrate that intent,
Nor poorly wait the Ills we may prevent.
Let's ſpoil her of her Power to diſdain,
And break thoſe Charmes whereby ſhe hopes to reign;
Nor after ſuch indignities let's brook,
That ſhe ſhould buy my Scepter with a look.

PHOTINUS.

Do not for *Ceſar*, Sir, pretence provide
That *Egypt* ſhould be to his Triumphs ty'd:
For this Ambitious Man which through the world,
Hath War and Slavery together hurl'd;
Swell'd with his Conqueſt, and a Rage ſo ſmart,
As ſuch a loſs writes in a Lovers Heart:
Though you but act, what Equity approves,
Will thence ground his revenge for what he loves:
As for a crime, He'll you to Bondage bring,
Though you did only what became a King.

PTOLOMY.

If *Cleopatra* ſees him ſhe's a Queen.

PHO-

PHOTINUS.

But if ſhe dye your Ruine is foreſeen.

PTOLOMY.

Who ruines me ſhould on my fall attend.

PHOTINUS.

To ruine her you muſt your ſelf befriend.

PTOLOMY.

What? muſt my Crown upon her Temples ſhine?
No, if my Scepter I muſt needs reſign,
The Conquerour ſhall rather it command.

PHOTINUS.

You'l ſooner force it from a Siſters hand.
How great ſoever now his flames appear,
He muſt be gone, and leave You Maſter here.
Love in ſuch Men, ſeldom that room can find,
Which to their Intereſt will not be reſign'd,
With *Juba*, *Scipio*, and with *Pompey*'s Sons,
Spain, to Revenge, he knows, with *Africk* runs:
And while that Party are not yet o'rethrown,
He cannot ſafely call the World his own.
Cæſar's too great a Captain, to o'erſee
The Purſuit of *Pharſalia*'s Victory:
And leave ſuch fierce Hearts on revenge intent,
To riſe from their ſo late Aſtoniſhment.
If he his end Obtain, and them o'ercome,
He his gain'd Empire muſt ſecure at *Rome*:
And there the fruit of his ſucceſs enjoy,
Whilſt he at pleaſure does her Laws deſtroy.
Judge in that time, what great things you may do,
See *Cæſar* then, and ſtrive to pleaſe him too.
Reſign him all, but yet this Rule intend,
That future things on accidents depend.
Your Throne and Scepter give into his hand,
And without murmur yield to his Command:
He will believe that Juſtice he ſhall do
If he your Father's Teſtament purſue.
Beſides, this ſignal ſervice you have done,
Will give you ſtill ſome Title to your Throne.

Entire

Entire ſubmiſſion to his Orders ſhew,
Applaud his Judgment, but then let him go.
That time for our Revenge will be moſt fit
When we can Act, as well as think of it.
With temper let theſe Paſſions then be born,
Which were excited by your Siſters ſcorn.
Boaſts are but Air, and he revenges beſt,
Who Acts his braver Thoughts, yet talks the leaſt.

PTOLOMY.

O thy Advice my greateſt Comfort brings,
A Prudent Counſellor's the bliſs of Kings.
Come dear Supporter of my Throne, let's go,
And to ſave all, on *Cæſar* all beſtow.
His Pride let's flatter with an empty State,
And with our whole Fleet on him hither wait.

After the ſecond Act, this Song is to be ſung by two Egyptian Prieſts on the Stage,

1.

SEE how Victorious Cæſar's *Pride*
Does Neptune's *Boſom ſweep!*
And with Theſſalian *Fortune ride*
In Triumph o'er the Deep.

2.

What Rival of the Gods is this
Who dares do more than they?
Whoſe Feet the Fates themſelves do kiſs,
And Sea and Land obey.

1.

What can the Fortunate withſtand?
For this reſiſtleſs He,
Rivers of Blood brings on the Land,
And Bulwarks on the Sea.

2.

Since Gods as well as Men ſubmit,
And Cæſar's *favour woo,*

Virtue

Virtue her ſelf may think it fit
That Egypt *court him too.*

1.

But Pompey's *Head's a rate too dear,*
For by that impious price
The God leſs Noble will appear
Than does the Sacrifice.

2.

If Juſtice be a thing divine,
The Gods ſhould it maintain,
For us t' attempt what they decline,
Would be as raſh as vain.

Chorus.

How deſperate is our Prince's Fate?
What hazard does he run?
He muſt be wicked to be great,
Or to be juſt, undone.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Charmion, Achoreus.

CHARMION.

YEs, whilſt the King himſelf is gone to meet
Cæſar, and lay his Scepter at his Feet,
To her Appartment *Cleopatra* went,
And there unmov'd expects his Complement.
What words have you to cloath this Humour in?

ACHOREUS.

'Tis Noble Pride and worthy of a Queen;
Who with Heroick Courage does make good
The Honour of her Rank, and of her Blood.
May I ſpeak to Her?

CHAR-

CHARMION.

No, but ſhe hath ſent
Me to enquire this meetings great event;
How *Cæſar*, on this Gift, himſelf explain'd,
Whether it were acknowledg'd or diſdain'd:
If he the fierce takes, or the gentler way,
And what he to our Murtherers could ſay.

ACHOREUS,

The head of *Pompey* hath already coſt,
More than they will have any cauſe to boaſt:
For whether *Cæſar* be or ſeem ſevere,
Yet I for them have ground enough to fear.
If they lov'd *Ptolomy*, they ſerv'd him ill,
You ſaw him part, and I purſu'd him ſtill.
When from the City his well order'd Fleet,
Advanc'd a League, that they might *Cæſar* meet;
He, with ſpread Sails arriv'd, and as in Wars
He, ſtill had been the Favorite of *Mars*:
So *Neptune* to his Navy was ſo kind,
His Fortune was not fairer than his Wind.
Our Prince was ſo aſtoniſh'd when the met,
As if he did his Crowned head forget.
Through his falſe joy his terror he confeſs'd,
And all his Actions his low Thoughts expreſs'd.
I my ſelf bluſh'd as at a ſhameful thing,
There to ſee *Ptolomy*, but not the King;
Cæſar who ſaw his Courage thus expire,
In pity flatter'd him to raiſe it higher.
He, with low voice, offering his fatal gift,
"Now Sir, ſays he, you have no Rival left.
"What in *Theſſalia*, not the gods could do,
"I give you *Pompey* and *Cornelia* too.
"Here's one, and though the other flight did take,
"Six Ships of mine will quickly bring her back.
Achillas then the great Head did expoſe,
Which ſtill to ſpeak it ſelf ſeem'd to diſpoſe:
At this new injury ſome warm remain
Did, in imperfect groans, ſeem to complain.

I thought his open mouth and ghaſtly look,
Recall'd the Soul which ſcarce her leave had took;
And his laſt anger ſeem'd, with dying breath,
To charge the gods with his Defeat and Death.
Cæſar ſeem'd Thunder-ſtricken at this view,
As not reſolv'd what to believe or do.
Immoveably on that ſad Object ty'd,
He long from us his inward thought did hide,
And I would ſay, if I durſt make a gueſs,
By what our Nature uſes to expreſs:
Some ſuch malignant pleaſure he enjoy'd,
As his offended honour ſcarce deſtroy'd.
That the whole World now in his power lies,
Could not but bring ſome flattering ſurprize.
But though a while this conflict he endur'd,
Yet his great Soul it ſelf ſoon re-aſſur'd.
Though he loves Power, yet he Treaſon hates,
Himſelf he judges, on himſelf debates.
Each joy and grief at Reaſon's Bar appears,
At length reſolv'd he firſt let fall ſome Tears.
His Virtues Empire he by force regains,
And nobleſt thoughts by that weak ſign explains:
The horrid preſent from his ſight expell'd,
His Eyes and Hands he up to Heaven held.
In a few words their inſolence repreſs'd,
And after did in penſive ſilence reſt.
Nor even to his Romans could reply,
But with a heavy ſigh and furious eye.
At laſt with thirty Cohorts come to Land,
To ſeize the Gates and Ports he does command.
The Guards he ſet, and ſecret Orders ſent,
Shew his diſtruſt as well as diſcontent.
Egypt he ſpeaks of as a Province won,
And now calls *Pompey* not a Foe, but Son.
This I obſerv'd.

CHARMION.

By which the Queen may find
The juſt *Oſiris* to her Vows inclin'd:

Whilſt

Whilſt with this happy News to her I fly,
Do you preſerve her your Fidelity.

ACHOREUS.

Ne'er doubt it; but here *Cæſar* comes, go then
Deſcribe the Conſternation of our Men:
And whatſoever proves to be their Fate.
I'll firſt obſerve, and then to her relate.

SCEN. II.

Cæſar, *Ptolomy*, *Lepidus*, *Photinus*, *Achoreus*, Roman *and* Egyptian Souldiers.

PTOLOMY.

Great Sir, aſcend the Throne, and govern Us.

CÆSAR.

Do you know *Cæſar*, and ſpeak to him thus?
What worſe could envious Fortune offer me?
Who alike hate a Crown and Infamy.
This to accept, would all my boaſt confute,
That *Rome* did me unjuſtly perſecute:
Rome who both ſcorns, and gives Crowns every where,
And nothing ſees in Kings to love or fear;
Nay, at our Birth does all our Souls enflame,
To ſlight the Rank, and to abhorr the Name.
This truth you might have learn'd from *Pompey*, who
If he ſuch Offers lik'd, could ſhun them too.
Both Throne and King had honour'd been, t' afford
Service to him who had them both reſtor'd:
So glorious had been even ill ſucceſs,
In ſuch a Cauſe, that Triumphs had been leſs:
And if your Fortune ſafety had deny'd,
To have beſtow'd it, had been *Cæſar*'s pride:
But though you would not own ſo brave a ſtrife,
What right had you to that illuſtrious Life?
Who that rich blood to waſh your hands allow'd,
That to the meaneſt Roman ſhould have bow'd?

Was it for you *Pharſalia*'s Field I won,
Wherein ſo many Nations were undone?
And did I purchaſe at ſo high a rate,
That you ſhould be the Arbiters of Fate?
If I in *Pompey* that could ne'er admit,
Shall you eſcape o'er him aſſuming it?
How much is my ſucceſs abus'd by you,
Who attempt more than ever I durſt do?
What name, think you, will ſuch a blow become,
Which has uſurp'd the Sovereignty of *Rome*?
And in one Perſon did affront her more,
Than could the *Aſian* Maſſacre before.
Do you imagine I ſhall e'er agree
You would have been more ſcrupulous for me;
No, had you *Pompey* here Victorious ſeen,
My Head to him had ſuch a Preſent been:
I to my Conqueſt your Submiſſions owe,
When all wrongs had purſu'd my Overthrow.
You do adore the Conqueror, not me;
I but enjoy it by Felicity.
Dangerous Friendſhip! Kindneſs to be fear'd!
Which turns with Fortune, and by her is ſteer'd.
But ſpeak; this ſilence does encreaſe your ſin.

PTOLOMY.

Never hath my Confuſion greater been;
And I believe, Sir you'l allow it me,
Since I, a King born, now a Maſter ſee:
Where at my frown, each man did trembling ſtand,
And every word of mine was a Command;
I ſee a new Court, and another ſway,
And I have nothing left, but to obey:
Your very look abates my ſpirits force,
And can it be regain'd by your Diſcourſe?
Judge how I can from ſuch a Trouble ceaſe,
Which my Reſpects create, and Fears encreaſe:
And what can an aſtoniſht Prince expreſs,
Who anger ſees in that Majeſtick Dreſs?
And whoſe Amazements do his Soul ſubdue,

That

That *Pompey*'s Death ſhould be reveng'd by You.
Yet I muſt ſay, whatever he beſtow'd,
We owe you more, than ever him we ow'd:
Your Favour was the firſt to us expreſt,
And all he did, was done at your Requeſt;
He did the Senate move for injur'd Kings,
And them that Prayer to our Aſſiſtance brings:
But all that He for *Egypt* could obtain,
Without your Mony, *Sir*, had been in vain:
By that his Rebels our late King ſubdu'd,
And you have Right to all our Gratitude:
We *Pompey* as your Friend and Son rever'd,
But when he your Competitour appear'd,
When of your Fortune he ſuſpicious grew,
Tyranny ſought and dar'd to fight with you----

CÆSAR.

Forbear, your hatreds Thirſt his Blood ſupplies,
Touch not his Glory, let his Life ſuffice;
Say nothing here that *Rome* ſtill dares deny,
But plead your Cauſe without a Calumny.

PTOLOMY.

Then let the Gods be Judges of his Thought;
I only ſay, that in the Wars laſt fought,
To which ſo many wrongs did you perſuade
Our Vows for your ſucceſs were only made:
And ſince he ever ſought your Blood to ſpill,
I thought his Death a neceſſary Ill.
For as his groundleſs Hatred daily grew,
He would, by all ways, the Diſpute renew;
Or if at length, he fell into your Hand,
We fear'd your Mercy would your Right withſtand:
For to that Pitch your ſenſe of Honour flies,
As would to Fame your Safety ſacrifice;
Which made me judge in ſo extream an Ill,
We ought to ſerve you, Sir, againſt your will;
My forward Zeal th' occaſion did embrace,
Without your leave, and to my own diſgrace:
And this you as a Crime in me diſclaim,

But nothing done for you deſerves that Name:
I ſtain'd my Hands, your Danger to remove,
Which Act you may enjoy, and diſapprove;
Nay by my Guilt, my Merit higher grows;
Since I my Glory gave for your Repoſe,
And by that greateſt Victim have procur'd
Your Glory and your Power to be aſſur'd.

CÆSAR.

You employ, *Ptolomy*, ſuch Crafty Words,
And weak Excuſes as your Cauſe affords;
Your Zeal was falſe, if 'twere afraid to ſee
What all Mankind beg'd of the Gods ſhould be:
And did to you ſuch ſubtleties convey,
As ſtole the fruit of all my Wars away;
Where Honour me engag'd, and where the end
Was of a Foe ſubdu'd, to make a Friend;
Where the worſt Enemies that I have met,
When they are conquer'd I as Brothers treat:
And my Ambition only this Deſign'd,
To Kill their Hate, and force them to be kind.
How bleſt a Period of the War 't had been,
If the glad World had in one Chariot ſeen
Pompey and *Cæſar* at once to have ſate
Triumphant over all their former Hate!
Theſe were the Dangers you fear'd ſhould befal;
O fear Ridiculous, and Criminal!
You fear'd my Mercy, but that trouble quit,
And wiſh it rather; you have need of it.
For I am ſure ſtrict Juſtice would conſent
I ſhould appeaſe *Rome* with your puniſhment.
Not your reſpects, nor your Repentance now,
No nor your Rank, preſerves you from that Blow:
Ev'n on your Throne I would revenge your Guilt,
But *Cleopatra*'s Blood muſt not be ſpilt:
Wherefore your Flatterers only I condemn;
And muſt expect you'l do me Right on them:
For what in this I ſhall obſerve you do,
Muſt be the Rule of my Eſteem for you:

To

To the great *Pompey* Altars now erect,
And to him pay, as to the gods, Reſpect.
By Sacrifices your Offence expell,
But have a Care you chuſe your Victims well.
Go then, and whilſt you do for this prepare,
I muſt ſtay here about another Care.

SCEN. III.

Cæſar, Antonius, Lepidus.

CÆSAR.

Antonius, have you this bright Princeſs ſeen?

ANTONIUS.

Yes, Sir, I have, and ſhe's a matchleſs Queen;
With ſuch proportion Heaven never yet
All Beauties both of Mind and Body knit;
So ſweet a Greatneſs in her Face does ſhine,
The Nobleſt Courage muſt to it reſign;
Her Looks and Language with ſuch eaſe ſubdue,
If I were *Cæſar*, I ſhould love her too.

CÆSAR.

How was the Offer of my Love receiv'd?

ANTONIUS.

As doubted, and yet inwardly believ'd:
She modeſtly declin'd her higheſt aims,
And thinks ſhe merits, what ſhe moſt diſclaims.

CÆSAR.

But can I hope her love?

ANTONIUS.

Can ſhe have yours?
As that your Joys, ſo this her Crown ſecures.
To gain that Heart can you believe it hard,
Whoſe kindneſs you with Empire can reward?
Then let your Paſſion all its Doubts disband,
For what can *Pompey*'s Conquerour withſtand?
But yet her Fear to her remembrance brings,

How

How little, *Rome* hath ever valu'd Kings;
And more than that, ſhe dreads *Calphurnia*'s Love;
But both theſe Rubs your preſence will remove,
And your ſucceſsful Hope all Miſts will break,
If you vouchſafe but for your Self to ſpeak.

CÆSAR.

Let's go then, and theſe needleſs ſcruples quit,
Shewing my Heart to Her that wounded it:
Come let us ſtay no longer.

ANTONIUS

But firſt know,
Cornelia is within your Power now:
Septimius brings her, boaſting of his Fault,
And thinks by that he hath your Favour bought.
But once aſhore, your Guards (by Orders taught)
No notice took, but hither both have brought.

CÆSAR.

Then let her enter: Ah unwelcome News!
Which my Impatience does ſo roughly uſe!
O Heaven! and am I not allow'd to pay
My Love this ſmall remainder of one day?

SCEN. IV.

Cæſar, *Cornelia*, *Antonius*, *Lepidus*, *Septimius*.

SEPTIMIUS.

Sir.------

CÆSAR

Go *Septimius*, for your Maſter look,
Cæſar a Traytors preſence cannot brook;
A Roman, who to ſerve a King could be
Content, when he had *Pompey* ſerv'd, and me.

[*Exit Septimius.*

CORNELIA.

Cæſar, that envious Fate which I can brave,
Makes me thy Priſoner, but not thy Slave:

Expect

Expect not then my Heart ſhould e'er afford
To pay thee Homage, or to call thee Lord:
How rude ſoever Fortune makes her blow,
I, *Craſſus* Widow once, and *Pompey*'s now;
Great *Scipio*'s Daughter, (and what's higher yet)
A Roman, have a Courage ſtill more great;
And of all ſtrokes her cruelty can give,
Nothing can make me bluſh, but that I live,
And have not follow'd *Pompey* when he dy'd;
For though the means to do it were deny'd,
And cruel Pity would not let me have
The quick aſſiſtance of a Steel or Wave,
Yet I'm aſham'd, that after ſuch a woe,
Grief had not done as much as they could do:
Death had been glorious, and had ſet me free,
As from my Sorrow then, ſo now from thee.
Yet I muſt thank the gods, though ſo ſevere,
That ſince I muſt come hither, thou art here:
That *Cæſar* reigns here, and not *Ptolomy*;
And yet, O Heaven! what Stars do govern me?
That ſome faint kind of ſatisfaction 'tis,
To meet here with my greateſt Enemies;
And into their hands that I rather fall,
Than into his that ow'd my Husband all.
But of thy Conqueſt, *Cæſar*, make no boaſt,
Which to my ſingle Deſtiny thou ow'ſt;
I both my Husbands Fortunes have defac'd,
And twice have caus'd th' whole World to be diſgrac'd;
My Nuptial Knot twice ominouſly ty'd,
Baniſh'd the Gods from the uprighter ſide;
Happy in miſery I had been, if it,
For *Romes* advantage, had with thee been knit;
And on thy Houſe that I could ſo diſpenſe
All my own Stars malignant influence:
For never think my hatred can grow leſs,
Since I the Roman Conſtancy profeſs;
And though thy Captive, yet a heart like mine,
Can never ſtoop to hope for ought from thine:

Command, but think not to ſubject my will.
Remember this, I am *Cornelia* ſtill.

CÆSAR.

O Worthy Widow of a Man ſo brave!
Whoſe Courage, Wonder, Fate does pity crave;
Your generous Thoughts do quickly make us know
To whom your Birth, to whom your Love you owe;
And we may find by your hearts glorious Frame.
Both to, and from what Families you came;
Young *Craſſus* Soul, and noble *Pompey*'s too,
Whoſe Virtues Fortune cheated of their due:
The *Scipio*'s Blood, who ſav'd our Deities,
Speak in your Tongue, and ſparkle in your Eyes;
And *Rome* her ſelf hath not an ancient Stem,
Whoſe Wife or Daughter hath more honour'd them;
Would to thoſe Gods your Anceſtors once ſav'd,
When *Hannibal* them at their Altars brav'd,
That your dear Hero had declin'd this Port,
And better known a falſe Barbarians Court;
And had not his uncertain Honour try'd,
But rather on our ancient love rely'd;
That he had ſuffer'd my ſucceſsful Arms,
Only to vanquiſh his unjuſt Alarms;
Then he without diſtruſting me, had ſtaid
Till he had heard what *Cæſar* could have ſaid;
And I, in ſpight of all our former ſtrife,
Would then have beg'd him to accept of life;
Forget my Conqueſt, and that Rival love,
Who fought, but that I might his Equal prove:
Then I, with a content entirely great,
Had pray'd the gods to pardon his Defeat;
And giving me his Friendſhip to poſſeſs,
He had pray'd *Rome* to pardon my ſucceſs.
But ſince Fate, ſo ambitious to deſtroy,
Hath rob'd the World and Us, of ſo much Joy,
Cæſar muſt ſtrive t'acquit himſelf to you,
Of what was your illuſtrious Husbands due:
Enjoy your ſelf then with all freedom here,

Only

Only two days my Priſoner appear;
And witneſs be, how, after our debate,
I ſhall revere his Name, revenge his Fate;
You this account to *Italy* may yield,
What Pride I borrow from *Theſſalia*'s Field.
I leave you to your ſelf, and ſhall retire;
Lepidus, furniſh her to her deſire;
As Roman Ladies have reſpected been,
So honour her, (that is) above a Queen.
Madam, command; all ſhall your Orders wait.

CORNELIA.

O Gods! how many Virtues muſt I hate!

After the third Act, to *Cornelia* aſleep on a Couch, *Pompey*'s Ghoſt ſings this in Recitative Air.

From laſting and unclouded Day,
From joys refin'd above allay,
And from a ſpring without decay.

I come, by Cynthia's *borrow'd beams*
To viſit my Cornelia's *Dreams,*
And give them yet ſublimer Theams.

Behold the Man thou lov'dſt before,
Pure ſtreams have waſh'd away his Gore;
And Pompey *now ſhall bleed no more.*

By Death my Glory I reſume;
For 'twould have been a harſher doom
T' outlive the Liberty of Rome.

By me her doubtful fortune try'd,
Falling, bequeaths my Fame this Pride,
I for it liv'd, and with it Dy'd.

Nor ſhall my vengeance be withſtood
Or unattended with a Flood
Of Roman and Egyptian Blood.

Cæſar *himſelf it ſhall purſue,*
His days ſhall troubled be and few,
And he ſhall fall by Treaſon too.

He, by ſeverity Divine
Shall be an offering at my Shrine;
As I was his, he muſt be mine.

Thy ſtormy Life regret no more,
For Fate ſhall waft thee ſoon aſhore,
And to thy Pompey *thee reſtore.*

Where paſt the fears of ſad removes
We'll entertain our ſpotleſs Loves,
In beauteous and immortal Groves.

There none a guilty Crown ſhall wear,
Nor Cæſar *be Dictator there,*
Nor ſhall Cornelia *ſhed a Tear.*

After this a Military Dance, as the continuance of her Dream, and then *Cornelia* ſtarts up, as waken'd in amazement, ſaying,

What have I ſeen? and whither is it gone?
How great the Viſion! and how quickly done!
Yet if in Dreams we future things can ſee,
There's ſtill ſome joy laid up in Fate for me.

Exit.

Act. IV. SCENE I.

Ptolomy, Achillas, Photinus.

PTOLOMY.

WHat? with that Hand, and with that Sword (which had
A Victim of th' unhappy *Pompey* made,
Saw you *Septimius*, fled from *Cæſar*'s hate,
Give ſuch a bloody period to his Fate?

ACHILLAS.

He's dead, Sir, and by that you may collect,
What ſhame (foreſeen by him) you muſt expect:
Cæſar you may by this ſlow anger know,
The violent does quickly come and go:
But the conſider'd indignation grows
Stronger by age, and gives the fiercer blows;
In vain you hope his fury to aſſwage,
Who now ſecure, does politickly rage;
He ſafely for his Fame concern'd appears,
Pompey alive abhor'd, he dead reveres:
And of his Slaughter by this Art doth chuſe,
To act the vengeance, and yet make the uſe.

PTOLOMY.

Had I believ'd thee, I had never known
A Maſter here, nor been without a Throne:
"But ſtill with this imprudence Kings are curſt,
"To hear too much Advice and chuſe the worſt;
"At the Pits brink Fate does their Reaſon blind;
"Or if ſome hint they of their danger find,
"Yet that falſe light amiſs their Judgment ſteers,
"Plunges them in, and then it diſappears.

PHOTINUS.

I muſt confeſs I *Cæſar* did miſtake,
Since ſuch a Service he a Crime does make:
But yet his ſide hath ſtreams, and thoſe alone
Can expiate your fault, and fix your Throne.

I no more ſay, you ſilently ſhould bear,
And your Revenge, till he be gone, defer:
No, I a better Remedy eſteem,
To juſtifie his Rivals death on him.
When you the firſt Act by the laſt make good,
And *Cæſar*'s ſhed, as well as *Pompey*'s Blood,
Rome will no difference in her Tyrants know,
But will to you, from both, her Freedom owe.

PTOLOMY.

Yes, yes, to this all Reaſons do perſwade;
Let's fear no more the greatneſs we have made:
Cæſar ſhall ſtill from Us receive his doom,
And twice in one day we'll diſpoſe of *Rome*;
As Bondage firſt, let's Freedom next beſtow;
Let not thy Actions, *Cæſar*, ſwell thee ſo;
But call to mind what thou haſt ſeen me do,
Pompey was mortal, and ſo thou art too;
Thou envy'dſt him, for his exceeding thee,
And I think thou haſt no more lives than he;
Thy own compaſſion for his Fate, does ſhew
That thy heart may be penetrable too:
Then let thy Juſtice threaten as it pleaſe,
'Tis I, muſt, with thy Ruine, *Rome* appeaſe;
And of that cruel mercy vengeance take,
Which ſpares a King, but for his Siſters ſake.
My Life and Power ſhall not expoſed be
To her Reſentment, or thy Levity;
Leſt thou, to morrow, ſhouldſt at ſuch a rate
Reward her Love, or elſe revenge her Hate.
More noble Maximes ſhall my fears expell;
Thou bad'ſt me once to chuſe my Victims well,
And my Obedience thou in this ſhalt ſee,
Who know no Victim worthier than thee;
Nor th' Immolation of whoſe Blood will draw,
Better acceptance from thy Son-in-Law.
But vainly, Friends, we thus foment our Rage,
Unleſs we knew, what ſtrength we could engage;
All this may be unprofitable heat,

The Tyrants Forces being here ſo great;
But of our Power let us be firſt agreed,
And in what time and method to proceed.

ACHILLAS.

We may do much, Sir, in our preſent ſtate,
Two miles from hence, ſix thouſand Soldiers wait;
Which I, foreſeeing ſome new Diſcontents,
Have kept in readineſs for all Events;
Cæſar with all his Arts, could not foreſee
That underneath this Town a Vault ſhould be,
By which this night we to the Palace may
Our Men with Eaſe, and without noiſe convey;
T' aſſault his life by open force alone,
Would be the only way to loſe your own:
We muſt ſurprize him, and act our deſign,
When he is drunk with Pleaſure, Love, and Wine.
The People are all ours, for when he made
His entry, horror did their Souls invade;
When, with a Pomp ſo arrogantly grave,
His Faſces did our Royal Enſigns brave;
I mark'd what Rage at that injurious view,
From their in cenſed Eyes, like ſparkles, flew;
And they ſo much did with their fury ſtrive,
That your leaſt Countenance may it revive.
Septimius Soldiers fill'd with greater hate,
Struck with the terror of their Leader's Fate,
Seek nothing but revenge on him, who them
Did, in their Captains Perſon, ſo contemn.

PTOLOMY.

But what way to approach him can be found,
If at the Feaſt his Guards do him ſurround?

PHOTINUS.

Cornelia's Men, who have already known
Among your Romans Kindred of their own,
Seem to perſuade us they would help afford
To ſacrifice their Tyrant to their Lord
Nay have aſſur'd it, and much better may,
Than we, to *Cæſar* the firſt ſtabs convey;

His

His Clemency (not only falſe but vain)
Which courts *Cornelia*, that he *Rome* may gain,
Will to his Perſon, give them ſuch acceſs,
As may aſſure our Plot of a ſucceſs.
But *Cleopatra* comes; to her appear
Only poſſeſs'd with weakneſs, and with fear:
Let us withdraw, Sir, for you know that we
Are Objects ſhe will much abhorr to ſee.

PTOLOMY.

Go wait me.----

SCEN. II.

Ptolomy, Cleopatra.

CLEOPATRA.

Bother, I have *Cæſar* ſeen,
And have to him your interceſſor been.

PTOLOMY.

I never could expect an act leſs kind
From you who bear ſo generous a Mind.
But your great Lover quickly from you went.

CLEOPATRA.

'Twas to the Town, t' appeaſe ſome diſcontent,
Which he was told had newly raiſed been
Betwixt the Soldier and the Citizen:
Whilſt I, with joyful haſte, come to aſſure
You, that your Life and Kingdom were ſecure;
Th' illuſtrious *Cæſar* on the courſe you took,
Does with leſs anger than compaſſion look,
He pities you, who ſuch vile States-men heard,
As make their Kings not to be lov'd, but fear'd;
Whoſe Souls the baſeneſs of their birth confeſs,
And who in vain great Dignities poſſeſs:
For Slaviſh Spirits cannot guide the Helm,
Thoſe too much Power would quickly overwhelm.

That

That hand, whoſe Crimes alone do purchaſe Fear,
Will ſoon let fall a Weight it cannot bear.

PTOLOMY.

Thoſe Truths, and my ill Fate do me perſwade
How bad a choice of Counſellours I made:
For had I acted Honourable things,
I had as Glorious been, as other Kings;
And better merited the Love you bear
A Brother, ſo unworthy of your Care;
Cæſar and *Pompey* had been here agreed,
And the Worlds Peace in *Egypt* been decreed;
Who her own Prince a friend to both had ſeen;
Nay, he perhaps, an Arbiter had been.
But ſince to call this back is paſt our Art,
Let me diſcharge to you my troubled heart;
You, that for all the Wrongs that I have done,
Could yet preſerve me both my Life and Crown;
Be truely great and vanquiſh all your Hate,
By changing *Photin*'s and *Achilla*'s Fate.
For their offending you, their Death is due,
But that my Glory ſuffers in it too;
If for their Kings Crimes they ſhould puniſh'd be,
The Infamy would wholly light on me;
Cæſar through them wounds me, theirs is my Pain,
For my ſake, therefore, your Juſt Hate conſtrain:
Your heart is Noble, and what pleaſure then
Is th' abject Blood of two unhappy Men?
Let me owe all to you, who *Cæſar* charm,
And, with a Look, his Anger can diſarm.

CLEOPATRA.

Were but their Life and Death in me to give,
My ſcorn is great enough to let them live:
But I with *Cæſar* little can prevail,
When *Pompey*'s Blood lyes in the other ſcale;
I boaſt no Power to diſpoſe his will,
For I have ſpoke, and he hath ſhun'd it ſtill,
And turning quickly to ſome new Affair,
He neither does refuſe, nor grant my Prayer:

Yet I'll once more on that harſh Theme proceed,
In hope a new attempt may better ſpeed;
And I'll believe.--------

PTOLOMY.

He comes, let me be gone,
Leſt I ſhould chance to draw his anger on;
My preſence may inflame what 'twould make leſs,
And you alone, may act with more ſucceſs.

SCEN. III.

Cæſar, Cleopatra. Antonius, Lepidus, Charmion, Achoreus, and Romans.

CÆSAR.

The City now is quiet, Beauteous Queen,
Which had alarm'd with little reaſon been;
Nor need they fear the troubleſom event
Of Soldiers Pride, or Peoples Diſcontent:
But O great Gods! when abſent from your Eyes,
A greater Tumult did within me riſe;
When theſe unwelcom Cares ſnatcht me from you,
My heart, ev n with my Graudeur, angry grew;
And I my own Renown began to hate,
Since it my parting did neceſſitate:
But I forgave all to the ſingle Thought
How much advantage to my Love it brought:
For 'tis to that, I owe the noble Hope
Which to my Flame does give ſo fair a ſcope,
And perſuades *Cæſar* that his Heart may prove
Not utterly unworthy of your Love,
And that he may pretend to that, ſince he
Nothing above him, but the gods, can ſee.
Yes Queen; if in the World a Man there were
That with more glory could your fetters bear;
Or if there were a Throne, wherein you might
By Conquering its King, appear more bright,

Leſs

Leſs for his Throne would I the Man purſue,
Than to diſpute the Right of ſerving you.
'Twas to acquire that valuable Right,
That my ambitious Arm did always fight;
And in *Pharſalia* rather my Sword drew
To preſerve that, than *Pompey* to ſubdue.
I Conquer'd, and the God of Battels, leſs
Than your bright Eyes, afforded me ſucceſs.
They rais'd my Courage, and my hand did ſway,
And I owe them that memorable day,
As the effect of heat by them inſpir'd:
For when your beauties had my paſſion fir'd,
That a return might your great Soul become,
They made me Maſter of the World and *Rome*.
I would ennoble that high ſtile I wear,
By the addition of your Priſoner,
And ſhall moſt happy be, if you think fit
That Title to eſteem, and this permit.

CLEOPATRA.

I know how much I to my fortune owe,
Which this exceſs of Honor does beſtow.
Nor will from you my inward thoughts conceal;
Since I know both, you, and my ſelf ſo well.
Your Love did in my earlieſt Youth appear,
And I my Scepter as your Preſent wear,
I twice receiv'd my Kingdom from your Hand,
And after that, can I your Love withſtand?
No, Sir, my Heart cannot reſiſt your ſiege,
Who ſo much merit, and ſo much oblige.
But yet my Birth, my Rank, and the Command
Which I have now regain'd in *Egypts* Land,
The Scepter, by your Hand reſtor'd to mine,
Do all againſt my innocent Hopes combine;
To my deſires injurious they have been,
And leſſen me, by making me a Queen:
For if *Rome* ſtill be as ſhe was before,
T' aſcend a Throne, will but debaſe me more;
Theſe Marks of Honor will be but my Shame

And ruine my Pretences to your Flame:
But yet, methinks, the Power you enjoy,
Might all my Fears with eaſe enough deſtroy;
And I would hope, that ſuch a Man as you,
May juſtly *Romes* Capriciouſneſs ſubdue:
And her unjuſt averſion for a Throne
She might ſee cauſe, for your ſake, to diſown.
I know that you can harder things effect,
And from your Promiſe Wonders I expect;
You in *Pharſalia* did much greater do,
And I invoke no other gods but You.

CÆSAR.

There's nothing humane can my Love withſtand;
'Tis but the over-running *Africks* Land,
To ſhew my Standards to the reſt of thoſe,
Who did me with ſo ill a Fate oppoſe:
And when *Rome* can no more of them advance,
She will be forc'd to ſtudy Complaiſance:
And you ſhall ſee her with a ſolemn State,
At your Feet ſacrifice her Pride and Hate:
Nay I muſt have her, at your Royal Seat,
In my behalf, your Favor to entreat;
And with ſo much Reſpect theſe Beauties view,
That ſhe young *Cæſars* ſhall requeſt from you.
This is the only Fortune I deſire,
And all to which my Laurels do aſpire:
How bleſt were my Condition, if I might
Obtain thoſe Wreaths, and ſtill enjoy your ſight!
But yet my Paſſion its own harm procures,
For I muſt quit you, if I will be yours;
While there are flying Foes, I muſt purſue,
That I may them defeat, and merit you.
To bear that abſence therefore, ſuffer me
To take ſuch Courage from the Charms I ſee,
That frighted Nations may, at *Cæſar*'s name,
Say, He but came, and ſaw, and overcame.

CLEOPATRA.

This is too much; but if I this abuſe,

The fault which you create you muſt excuſe:
You did my Crown, and perhaps life reſtore,
And yet your love (I truſt) will grant me more;
And I conjure you, by its ſtrongeſt Charms,
By that great Fortune which attends your Arms,
By all my hopes, and all your high deſert,
Dip not in Blood the bounties you impart.
Great Sir, forgive thoſe that have guilty been,
Or elſe by that let me appear a Queen;
Achillas and *Photinus* blood diſdain,
For they endure enough to ſee me reign;
And their Offence------

CÆSAR.

Ah! by ſome other way
Aſſure your ſelf how much my Will you ſway:
As you rule me, if I might you requeſt,
You better ſhould employ your intereſt;
Govern your *Cæſar*, as a lawful Queen,
And make him not partaker of their Sin:
For your ſake only, I the King durſt ſpare;
'Twas Love alone that------

SCEN. IV.

To them *Cornelia*.

CORNELIA.

Cæſar, have a care,
For Traytors have againſt thy life combin'd,
And ſworn thy Head ſhall be to *Pompey*'s join'd.
If to prevent them thou ſhouldſt be remiſs,
Thy blood will ſpeedily be mixt with his.
If thou my Slaves examine, thou mayſt know,
The Author, Order, and the Actors too.
I yield them thee.

CÆSAR.

O truely Roman heart!

And worthy him of whom you were a part!
His Soul, which ſees from its exalted State,
How I endeavour to revenge his fate,
Forgets his hate, and is become ſo kind,
To ſave my life, by what he left behind.
Whatever Treaſon could to *Pompey* do,
Yet he does ſtill ſubſiſt, and act in you:
And prompts you to a thing ſo brave, that he
May vanquiſh me in generoſity.

CORNELIA.

Cæſar, thou art deceiv'd in my intent,
If thou think'ſt Hate yields to acknowledgment:
No, *Pompey*'s blood muſt all commerce deny,
Betwixt his Widow and his Enemy.
And I thy offer'd Freedom would enjoy,
That to thy ruine I might it employ.
Nay, I ſhall make new buſineſs for thy Sword,
If thou dar'ſt be ſo juſt to keep thy Word.
But though ſo much on thy deſtruction bent,
Yet I thy Murther would as much prevent.
I have thy death with too much juſtice ſought,
That it ſhould now be with a Treaſon bought.
Who knows and ſuffers does partake the guilt,
Nor ſhould thy blood be infamouſly ſpilt.
But when my Husband's Sons, and Kindred do
Attempt thy death, then I ſhall wiſh it too:
And that ſome brave Arm, which I ſhall excite,
May in the Field, and in thy Armies fight,
Offer thee nobly to that Hero's Ghoſt,
In whoſe revenge thou ſo much zeal beſtow'ſt.
My reſtleſs thirſt for ſuch a day as this,
By thy untimely fall its end would miſs.
But whatſoe'er hopes from abroad I may
Receive, yet I am rack'd by their delay.
"For diſtant ſatisfaction is half loſt:
"And long expected joys too dearly coſt.
I ſhall not wander on the *Africk* Strands,
To ſeek the vengeance ready in thy hands,

Which

Which does the head it threatens beſt befit:
For I could thine have had inſtead of it;
But that my hatred ſaw the difference great,
Betwixt my Husbands murther and defeat:
And I an earlier Puniſhment would ſee
On their preſumption, than thy Victory.
This is *Romes* wiſh, whoſe venerable brow
To this affront, too juſt a bluſh would owe:
If her two Nobleſt heads ſhould (after all
Her Triumphs) with ſo much diſhonor fall.
She, upon whom thou never couldſt impoſe,
Would ſooner puniſh Criminals than Foes:
Her Liberty would a misfortune grow,
If upon *Tiber Nile* ſhould it beſtow.
None but a Roman could her Maſter be,
And but a Roman none ſhould ſet her free.
Here thou wouldſt fall to her unſacrific'd,
And wouldſt be murther'd ſo, but not chaſtis'd.
Nor would ſucceeding Tyrants frighted be,
For the Example too would die with thee.
Revenge her thou, on *Egypts* wrong, and I
Will her revenge upon *Pharſalia* try.
Adieu, no time in this ſhould waſted be,
Go then, and boaſt I once made vows for thee.

SCEN. V.

Cæſar, Cleopatra, Antonius, Lepidus, Achoreus, Charmion.

CÆSAR.

Her Virtue, and their Crime alike amaze.
Queen, you perceive for whom your goodneſs prays.

CLEOPATRA.

That, now, no more againſt your juſtice fights,
Go (Sir) revenge all violated rights:
My ruine, they much more than yours deſire:

The Traytors do againſt my Right conſpire.
As my ſupport, againſt you they deſign,
And by your death, would make their way to mine:
But though all this be to my anger known,
Yet 'tis my Brother ſtill that leads them on.
Do you know that Sir, and may I obtain,
If your deſerved fury may reſtrain?

CÆSAR.

Yes, I'll remember, your heart is ſo great,
That for his Births ſake, you his Crime forget.
Adieu, fear nothing, for theſe are not foes,
That can the fortune of my Arms oppoſe.
Them, and their Party, I ſhall quickly rout,
When I to them But Whips and Racks bring out:
They ſhall not Soldiers, but Tormentors ſee,
And now my Axes ſhall my Enſigns be. *Exit Cæſar.*

CLEOPATRA.

Dear *Achoreus*, after *Cæſar* go,
With him prevent my threatned overthrow:
And when he puniſhes our worthleſs Foes,
Make him remember what his promiſe owes.
Obſerve the King, when he in fight appears,
And ſpare his blood, that you may ſpare my tears.

ACHOREUS.

Madam, his fortune ſhall no ſorrow need,
If all my care and ſervice can ſucceed.

After the fourth Act, *Cleopatra* ſits hearkening to this *SONG.*

PRoud Monuments of Royal Duſt!
Do not your old Foundations ſhake,
And labour to reſign their truſt?
For ſure your mighty Gueſts ſhould wake,
Now their own Memphis *lies at ſtake.*

Alas! in vain our dangers call;
They care not for our Deſtiny,

Nor

Nor will they be concern'd at all
If Egypt *now enslav'd, or free,*
A Kingdom or a Province be.

What's become of all they did?
And what of all they had design'd,
Now Death the busie Scene hath hid?
Where but in story shall we find
Those great disturbers of Mankind?

When Men their quiet Minutes spent
Where Mirtles grew and Fountains purl'd,
As safe as they were innocent:
What angry God among them hurl'd
Ambition to undo the World?

What is the charm of being Great?
Which oft is gain'd and lost with Sin,
Or if w' attain a Royal seat,
With guiltless steps what do we win,
If Love and Honor fight within?

Honor the Brightness of the Mind!
And Love her noblest extasie:
That does our selves, this others bind.
When you great Pair shall disagree
What Casuist c n the Umpire be?

Though Love does all the heart subdue,
With gentle, but resistless sway;
Yet Honor must that govern too:
And when thus Honor wins the Day,
Love overcomes the bravest way.

Act V. SCEN. I.

Cornelia with a little Urne in her hand, and *Philip*.

CORNELIA.

MAy I believe my Eyes? or does this ſight
Delude me with Chimeras of the Night?
Do I behold Thee *Philip*? and didſt Thou
Funeral rites to my lov'd Lord allow?
His Aſhes does this Urne contain? O view!
At once ſo terrible and tender too!
Eternal Food of Sorrow and of Hate,
All of great *Pompey* that is ſpar'd by Fate.
Expect not I a Tear to you ſhould pay,
For Great Souls eaſe their Greifs another way.
Shallow Afflictions, by complaints are fed:
And who laments, would fain be comforted.
But I have ſworn by all that we adore,
And by your ſelf (ſad Object) which is more:
(For my griev'd Heart does more to you ſubmit,
Than to thoſe gods who ſo ill-guarded it.)
By you I ſwear it then (Mournful remain,
My only Deity, now he is ſlain)
That no extinction or decay ſhall be
In that revenge which muſt enoble me.
To *Cæſar*, *Ptolomy*, by baſe ſurprize,
Rome, of thy *Pompey*, made a Sacrifice.
And I thy mur'd walls will never ſee,
Till Prieſt, and god, to him ſhall offer'd be.
Put me in mind, and my juſt hate ſuſtain,
O Aſhes! now my hope as well as Pain.
And to aſſiſt me in that great deſign,
Shed in all Hearts, what now is felt by mine.
But Thou, who on ſo infamous a ſhore,
Gav'ſt him a flame, ſo Pious, though ſo Poor:
Tell me, what god thy Fortune made ſo great,
To pay to ſuch a Hero ſuch a Debt?

PHI-

PHILIP.

Cover'd with Blood, and much more dead than he;
When I had curs'd the Royal Treachery,
My wandring Feet were by my grief convey'd,
Where yet the wind upon the water plaid:
After long ſearch, I on a Rock did ſtand,
And ſaw the Headleſs Trunk approach the Sand:
Where th' angry Wave, a pleaſure ſeem'd to take
To caſt it off, and then to ſnatch it back:
I to it leap'd, and thruſt it to the banks;
Then gathering a heap of Shipwrack'd Planks,
An haſty, artleſs Pile, I to him rais'd,
Such as I could, and ſuch as Fortune pleas'd.
'Twas hardly kindled, when Heaven grew ſo kind
To ſend me help, in what I had deſign'd.
Codrus, an Ancient Roman, who lives here,
Returning from the City, ſpy'd me there.
And when he did a headleſs Carcaſs view,
By that ſad mark alone he *Pompey* knew:
Then weeping ſaid, O thou, who e'er thou art,
To whom the gods ſuch honors do impart,
Thy fortune's greater than thou doſt believe,
Thou ſhalt Rewards not Puniſhments receive.
Cæſar's in *Egypt* and Revenge declares,
For him to whom thou pay'ſt theſe Pious Cares:
Theſe Aſhes to his Widow thou mayſt bear
In *Alexandria*, for now ſhe is there.
By *Pompey*'s Conqueror ſo entertain'd,
As by a god it would not be diſdain'd.
Go on till I return: this ſaid, he went,
And quickly brought me this ſmall Monument.
Then we, betwixt us, into it convey'd
That *Hero*'s Aſhes which the fire had made.

CORNELIA.

With what great Praiſes ſhould this act be crown'd!

PHILIP.

Entring the Town I great diſorders found.
A numerous People to the Port did flye,

Which they believ'd the King would fortifie.
The eager Romans fiercely theſe purſu'd,
Rage in their eyes, their hands with bloud imbru'd.
When *Cæſar* with brave Juſtice did Command,
Photin to periſh by a Hangmans hand;
On me appearing, he vouchſaf'd to look,
And with theſe words my Maſters Aſhes took:
Remainders of a Demi-God! whoſe Name
I ſcarce can equal Conqueror as I am;
Behold guilt puniſh'd, and till Altars call
For other Victims, let theſe Traytors fall.
Greater ſhall follow. To the Court go thou,
On *Pompeys* Widow this from me beſtow.
And whilſt with it ſhe makes with grief ſome truce,
Tell her how *Cæſar* her Revenge purſues.
That great Man, ſighing, then from me did turn,
And humbly kiſſing did reſtore the Urn.

CORNELIA.

O Formal Grief! how eaſie is that Tear,
That's ſhed for Foes whom we no longer fear!
How ſoon revenge for others fills that breſt,
Which to it, is, by its own danger preſt!
And when the Care we take to right the dead,
Secures our Life and does our glory ſpread!
Cæſar is generous, 'tis true, but he,
By the King wrong'd, and from his Rival free,
Might in an envious mind a doubt revive,
What he would do were *Pompey* yet alive.
His courage, his own ſafety does provide,
Which does the Beauty of his actions hide.
Love is concern'd in't too, and he does fight
In *Pompey*'s cauſe for *Cleopatra*'s Right.
So many Int'reſts with my Husband's met,
Might to his Virtue take away my debt.
But as Great Hearts judge by themſelves alone,
I chuſe to gueſs his honour by my own;
And think we only make his fury ſuch,
Since in his Fortune I ſhould do as much.

SCEN.

SCEN. II.

Cleopatra, Charmion, Cornelia, Philip.

CLEOPATRA.

I come not to diſturb a grief ſo due
To that affliction which hath wounded you:
But thoſe remains t' adore, which from the wave,
A faithful freed-man did ſo lately ſave:
To mourn your fortune, Madam, and to ſwear
You'd ſtill enjoy'd a man ſo juſtly dear,
If Heaven which did perſecute you ſtill,
Had made my power equal to my will.
Yet if to what that Heaven ſends you now,
Your grief can any room for joy allow:
If any ſweetneſs in revenge there be,
Receive the certainty of yours from me.
The falſe *Photinus*——But you may have heard.

CORNELIA.

Yes, Princeſs, that he hath his juſt reward.

CLEOPATRA.

Have you no comfort in that news diſcern'd?

CORNELIA.

If there be any, you are moſt concern'd.

CLEOPATRA.

All hearts with joy receive a wiſh'd event.

CORNELIA.

Our thoughts are, as our int'reſts, different.
Though *Cæſar* and *Achillas* death, 'twill be
To you a ſatisfaction, not to me:
For nobler Rites to *Pompey*'s Ghoſt belong,
Theſe are too mean to expiate his wrong.
No reparation by ſuch blood is made,
Either to my grief, or his injur'd ſhade;
And the revenge which does my Soul enflame,
Till it hath *Cæſar*, *Ptolomy* doth claim;

Who

Who though ſo much unfit to reign or live,
Cæſar I know will for his ſafety ſtrive.
But though his love hath dar'd to promiſe it,
Yet juſter Heaven dares it not permit.
And if the Gods an Ear to me afford,
They ſhall both periſh by each others Sword:
Such an event would my hearts grief deſtroy,
Which now is ſuch a Stranger grown to joy.
But if ye Gods think this too great a thing,
And but one fall, O let it be the King!

CLEOPATRA.

Heaven does not govern as our Wills direct.

CORNELIA.

But gods, what cauſes promiſe, will effect,
And do the guilty with revenge purſue.

CLEOPATRA.

As they have juſtice, they have mercy too.

CORNELIA.

But we may judge as here events have paſt,
They now the firſt will act, and not the laſt.

CLEOPATRA.

Their Mercy oft does through their Juſtice break.

CORNELIA.

Queen, you as Siſter, I as Widow ſpeak.
Each hath her cauſe of kindneſs and of hate,
And both concern'd are in this Princes Fate:
But by the blood which hath to day been ſhed,
We ſhall perceive whoſe vows have better ſped.
Behold your *Achoreus*.

SCEN.

SCEN. III.

To them *Achoreus*.

CLEOPATRA.

But alas!
I read no good preſages in his Face;
Speak *Achoreus*, ſet us freely hear
What yet deſerves my ſorrow, or my fear.

ACHOREUS.

Aſſoon as *Cæſar* did the Treaſon know:—

CLEOPATRA.

'Tis not his Conduct I enquire of now,
I know he cut and ſtopt that ſecret vault
Which to him ſhould the Murtherers have brought;
That to ſecure the Streets his men he ſent,
Where *Photin* did receive his Puniſhment:
Whoſe ſudden fall *Achillas* ſo amaz'd,
That on th' abandon'd Port he quickly ſeiz'd:
Whom the King follow'd: and that, to the Land
Antonius all his Soldiers did command.
Where *Cæſar* join'd him, and I thence do gueſs
Achillas puniſhment, and his ſucceſs.

ACHOREUS.

His uſual Fortune her aſſiſtance gave.

CLEOPATRA.

But tell me if he did my Brother ſave.
And kept his promiſe.

ACHOREUS.

Yes with all his might.

CLEOPATRA.

That's all the News I wiſh'd you to recite.
Madam, you ſee the gods my prayers heard.

CORNELIA.

They only have his puniſhment defer'd.

CLEOPATRA.

You wiſh'd it now; but they have him ſecur'd.

ACHOREUS.

Or *Cæsar* had, if he had life endur'd.

CLEOPATRA,

What said you last? Or did I rightly hear?
Oh! quickly your obscure Discourses clear.

ACHOREUS.

Neither your cares nor ours could save him, who
Would die in spight of *Cæsar*, and of You:
But Madam, in the noblest way he dy'd,
That ever falling Monarch dignifi'd:
His restor'd Virtue did his Birth make good,
And to the Romans dearly sold his blood.
He fought *Antonius* with such noble heat,
That on him he did some advantage get:
But *Cæsar*'s coming alter'd the event;
Achillas there after *Photinus* went:
But so as him did too much honor bring;
With Sword in hand he perish'd for his King.
O spare the King, in vain the Conqueror cry'd;
To him no hope but terror it imply'd.
For frighted, he thought *Cæsar* did intend
But to reserve him to a shameful end.
He charg'd, and broke our Ranks, bravely to shew
What Virtue armed by Despair can do.
By this mistake his vexed soul abus'd,
Still sought the death which still was him refus'd.
Breathless at last, with having fought and bled,
Encompass'd round, and his best Soldiers dead,
Into a Vessel which was near he leaps,
And follow'd was by such tumultuous heaps,
As by their number, overprest, the Ship
With all its fraight was swallow'd in the Deep.
Thus death recovers all his lost Renown,
Gives *Cæsar* Fame, and you th' *Egyptian* Crown:
You were proclaim'd, and though no Roman Sword
Had touch'd the Life so much by you deplor'd,
Cæsar extreamly did concern'd appear;
He sighs, and he complains: but see him here,

Who better can than I his Griefs relate,
For the unhappy Kings reſiſtleſs Fate?

SCEN. IV.

To them *Cæſar*, *Antonius*, *Lepidus*.

CORNELIA.

Cæſar be juſt, and me my Gallies yield,
Achillas and *Photinus* both are kill'd;
Nor could thy ſoftned heart their Maſter ſave,
And *Pompey* here, no more revenge can have.
This fatal ſhore nothing does me preſent,
But th' Image of their horrible Attempt,
And thy new Conqueſt, with the giddy noiſe
Of People who in change of Kings rejoyce:
But what afflicts me moſt, is ſtill to ſee
Such an obliging Enemy in Thee.
Releaſe me then from this inglorious pain,
And ſet my Hate at liberty again.
But yet before I go I muſt requeſt
The Head of *Pompey* with his Bones may reſt.
Give it me then, as that alone, which yet
I can with Honor at thy hands entreat.

CÆSAR.

You may ſo juſtly that Remainder claim,
That to deny it would be *Cæſar*'s ſhame:
But it is fit, after ſo many Woes,
That we ſhould give his wandring Shade repoſe;
And that a Pile which You and I inflame,
From the firſt mean one reſcue *Pompey*'s name.
That he ſhould be appeas'd our grief to view;
And that an Urn more worthy him and you
May (the Pomp done, and fire extinct again)
His re-united Aſhes entertain.
This Arm, which did ſo long with him debate,
Shall Altars to his Virtue dedicate,

Offer him Vows, Incenſe and Victims too,
And yet ſhall give him nothing but his Due.
I but to morrow for theſe Rites require,
Refuſe me not the Favour I deſire;
But ſtay till theſe ſolemnities be paſt,
And then you may reſume your eager haſte.
Bring to our *Rome* a Treaſury ſo great,
That Relique bear--------

CORNELIA.

Not thither *Cæſar* yet.
Till firſt thy ruine, granted me by Fate,
To theſe lov'd Aſhes ſhall unlock the Gate;
And thither (though as Dear to *Rome* as me)
They come not till Triumphant over thee.
To *Africk* I muſt this rich burthen bear,
Where *Pompey*'s Sons, *Cato* and *Scipio* are.
Who'll find, I hope, (with a brave King ally'd)
Fortune as well as Juſtice on their ſide:
And thou ſhalt ſee, there with new fury hurl'd,
Pharſalia's Ruines arm another World.
From Rank to Rank theſe Aſhes I'll expoſe
Mixt with my Tears, t' exaſperate thy Foes.
My Hate ſhall guide them too, and they ſhall fight
With Urns, inſtead of Eagles in their ſight;
That ſcuh ſad Objects may make them intent
On his Revenge, and on thy Puniſhment.
Thou to this Hero now devout art grown,
But, raiſing his Name, doſt exalt thy own.
I muſt be Witneſs too! and I ſubmit;
But thou canſt never move my Heart with it.
My Loſs can never be repair'd by Fate,
Nor is it poſſible t' exhauſt my Hate.
This Hate ſhall be my *Pompey* now, and I
In his Revenge will live, and with it die.
But as a Roman, though my Hate be ſuch,
I muſt confeſs, I thee eſteem as much.
Both theſe extreams Juſtice can well allow:
This does my Virtue, that my Duty ſhow.

My

My ſenſe of Honor does the firſt command;
Concern, the laſt, and they are both conſtrain'd.
And as thy Virtue, whom none can betray,
Where I ſhould hate, makes me ſuch value pay:
My Duty ſo my Anger does create,
And *Pompey*'s Widow makes *Cornelia* hate.
But I from hence ſhall haſten, and know then,
I'll raiſe againſt thee gods, as well as Men.
Thoſe gods that flatter'd thee, and me abus'd,
And in *Pharſalia Pompey*'s Cauſe refus'd;
Who at his Death could Thunder-bolts refrain,
To expiate that, will his Revenge maintain:
If not, his Soul will give my Zeal ſuch heat,
As I, without their help, ſhall thee defeat.
But ſhould all my Endeavors proſper ill,
What I can not do, *Cleopatra* will.
I know thy flame, and that t' obey its force
Thou from *Calphurnia* ſtudy'ſt a Divorce:
Now blinded, thou wouldſt this Alliance make,
And there's no Law of *Rome* thou dar'ſt not break.
But know, the *Roman* Youth think it no ſin
To fight againſt the Husband of a Queen.
And thy offended Friends will at the Price
Of the beſt Blood revenge their ſcorn'd Advice.
I check thy Ruine if I check thy Love;
Adieu; to morrow will thy Honour prove.

SCEN. V.

Cæſar, *Cleopatra*, *Charmion*, *Antonius*, *Lepidus*, *Acboreus*.

CLEOPATRA.

Rather then You to this expos'd ſhould be,
With my own Ruine I would ſet you free!
Sacrifice me, Sir, to your Happineſs;
For that's the greateſt that I can poſſeſs;

Though far unworthy to be *Cæsar*'s Bride,
Yet He'll remember one that for him Dy'd.

CÆSAR.

Thoſe empty projects, Queen, are all now left
To a great Heart of other Help bereft;
Whoſe keen deſires her want of Strength confeſs,
Could ſhe perform more, ſhe would wiſh it leſs.
The gods will theſe vain Auguries diſprove,
Nor can they my Felicity remove,
If your Love ſtronger than your Grief appears,
And will, for *Cæsar*'s ſake, dry up your Tears;
And that a Brother, who deſerv'd them not,
May, for a Faithful Lover, be forgot.
You may have heard, with what Regret of mine,
His Safety to Deſpair he did reſign;
How much I ſought his Reaſon to redeem
From thoſe vain Terrors that ſurrounded him,
Which he diſputed to his lateſt Breath,
And caſt away his Life for fear of Death.
O ſhame for *Cæsar*! Who ſo eminent
And ſo ſollicitous for your Content
Yet by the Cruel Fortune of this Day
Could not the Firſt of your Commands Obey:
But vainly we reſiſt the gods, who will
Their Juſt Decrees on guilty men fulfill.
And yet his Fall, your Happineſs procures,
Since by his Death *Egypt* is wholly Yours.

CLEOPATRA.

I know I gain another Diadem,
For which none can be blam'd but Heav'n and Him;
But as the Fate of humane things is ſuch,
That Joy and Trouble do each other touch,
Excuſe me, if the Crown conferr'd by You,
As it obliges, does affect me too;
And if to ſee a Brother juſtly kill'd,
To Nature has as well as Reaſon yield.
No ſooner on my Grandeur I reflect,
But my Ambition by my Blood is checkt.

I meet

I meet my Fortune with a ſecret Groan,
Nor dare, without Regret, aſcend the Throne.

ACHOREUS.

The Court is full, Sir, People crowding in,
Who, with great ſhouts, demand to ſee their Queen,
And many ſigns of their Impatience give,
That ſuch a Bleſſing they ſo late receive.

CÆSAR.

Let them ſo juſt an Happineſs obtain,
And by that Goodneſs, Queen, commence your reign.
O may the gods ſo favour my Deſire,
That in their Joy your Sorrow may expire;
That no Idea in your Soul may be,
But of the Wounds which you have given me:
Whilſt my Attendents and your Courtiers may
Prepare to morrow for a glorious day,
When all ſuch Noble Offices may owne,
Pompey t' appeaſe, and *Cleopatra* Crown.
To her a Throne, to him let's Altars build,
And to them both Immortal Honors yield.

Exeunt.

After the Fifth Act, by two Egyptian Prieſts, as after the Second.

Aſcend a Throne great Queen! to you
By Nature, and by Fortune due;
And let the World adore
One who Ambition could withſtand,
Subdue Revenge, and Love command,
On Honors ſingle ſcore.
Ye mighty Roman ſhades, permit
That Pompey *ſhould above you ſit,*
He muſt be Deifi'd.

For

For who like him, e'er fought or fell?
What Hero ever liv'd so well,
Or who so greatly dy'd?

1.

What cannot Glorious Cæsar *do?*
How nobly does he fight and woo!
On Crowns how does he tread!

What mercy to the weak he shews,
How fierce is he to living Foes,
How pious to the dead!

2.

Cornelia *yet would challenge Tears,*
But that the sorrow which she wears,
So charming is, and brave.

That it exalts her Honor more,
Than if she all the Scepters bore,
Her Generous Husband gave.

Chorus.

Then after all the Blood that's shed,
Let's right the living and the dead:
Temples to Pompey *raise;*
Set Cleopatra *on the Throne;*
Let's Cæsar *keep the World h' has won;*
And sing Cornelia's *praise.*

After which a Grand Masque is Danc'd before *Cæsar* and *Cleopatra*, made (as well as the other Dances and the Tunes to them) by Mr. *John Ogilby*.

EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE

Written by Sir *Edward Dering* Baronet.

PLeas'd or diſpleas'd, cenſure as you think fit,
The Action, Plot, the Language, or the Wit:
But we're ſecure, no Bolder thought can tax
Theſe Scenes of Blemiſh to the bluſhing Sex;
Nor Envy with her hundred Eyes eſpie
One line ſevereſt Virtue need to flye:
As chaſte the wotds, as harmleſs is the ſence,
As the firſt ſmiles of Infant Innocence.
Yet at your Feet, *Cæſar*'s Content to bow,
And *Pompey*, never truely Great till now:
Who does your Praiſe and kinder Votes prefer
Before th' applauſe of his own Theatre:
Where fifty thouſand Romans daily bleſt
The gods and him, for all that they poſſeſt.
The ſad *Cornelia* ſays, your gentler breath
Will force a ſmile, ev'n after *Pompey*'s Death.
She thought all Paſſions bury'd in his Urn,
But flattering hopes and trembling fears return:
Undone in *Egypt*, *Theſſaly*, and *Rome*;
She yet in *Ireland* hopes a milder Doom:
Nor from *Iberian* Shores, or *Lybian* Sands
Expects relief, but only from your hands.
Ev'n *Cleopatra*, not content to have
The Univerſe, and *Cæſar* too her Slave,
Forbears her Throne, till you her right allow:
'Tis leſs t' have rul'd the World, than pleaſed you.

HORACE.

HORACE.

A

Tragedy.

Translated from

MONSIEUR CORNEILLE.

The Fifth ACT Translated by
Sir *JOHN DENHAM.*

In the SAVOY:

Printed by *T. N.* for *Henry Herringman* at the Sign of the *Blew Anchor* in the *Lower Walk* of the *New Exchange.* 1678.

The Actors.

Tullus, King of *Rome*.
Old *Horace*, a Roman Knight.
Horace, his Son.
Curtius, a Gentleman of *Alba* in love with *Camilla*.
Valerius, a Roman Knight in love with *Camilla*.
Sabina, Wife of *Horace* and Sister of *Curtius*.
Camilla, Mistress of *Curtius* and Sister of *Horace*.
Julia, Roman Lady, confident of *Sabina* and *Camilla*.
Flavian, an Alban Souldier.
Proculus, a Roman Souldier.

The Scene in the House of *Horace* at *Rome*.

HORACE.

ACT I. SCEN. I.

Sabina and *Julia*.

SABINA.

EXcuſe my weakneſs, and my grief permit
In that diſtreſs, which ſo much merits it:
When ſuch a ſtorm does its approaches make,
It may become the ſtrongeſt heart to ſhake;
And Conſtancy will now admit diſpute,
Ev'n in the Breaſt that is moſt reſolute:
But yet how rude ſo e'er this ſhock appears,
Though not my ſighs, I can command my Tears;
Though ſo much ſorrow may my heart ſurprize,
Yet Virtue ſtill is regent in my Eyes:
If to my heart, I can confine my wo,
Though leſs than Man, I more than Woman do,
To ſtop my tears in an aſſault ſo rough,
For our weak Sex will ſure be brave enough.

JULIA.

It is for vulgar Souls I muſt confeſs,
Who create grief from every ſlight diſtreſs;
But a great Heart would bluſh at that defect,
And all things dares from doubtful Fate expect:
Under our Walls two Armies we ſurvay,
But *Rome* ne'er yet knew how to loſe the day;
Applauſe, not grief, we to her Fortune ow,
Who whilſt ſhe fights, muſt needs the mightier grow:
Then let vain terrors from your breaſt depart,
And find out Vows worthy a Roman heart.

SABINA.

My heart I gave to *Horace*, and 'tis true,
Since he's a Roman, I muſt be ſo too:
But yet that Knot a Fetter would be thought,
If my dear Country ſhould be quite forgot.
Alba where I began to ſee the light,
Aba my native place, and firſt delight,
When I behold a War 'twixt us and thee,
As much as loſs, I dread a Victory:
Rome if by this thy anger I create,
Find out a Foe whom I may juſtly hate;
When at thy Walls two Armies in thy ſight,
Shew me my Brothers with my Husband fight,
What Prayers can I make? how can I be
Without impiety concern'd for thee?
I know thy growing Empire, yet ſo young,
By War alone muſt make her ſinews ſtrong;
Thy future Grandeur is by Fate deſign'd,
Not to the *Latines* to be long confin'd:
The gods the ſuppliant World for thee intend,
And 'tis by Arms thou muſt attain that end:
Far from repining at that noble heat
Which ſerves thy Stars, and helps to make thee great;
I wiſh thy Troops may ſtill new Triumphs claim,
And over-run *Tyrenian* Hills to Fame.
Go, Eaſtern Conqueſts for thy Sword deſign,
And ſetle thy Pavillions in the *Rhine*;
Let all Lands tremble where thy Enſigns go,
But her to whom thou *Romulus* doſt owe;
Subdue the utmoſt Regions of the Earth,
But ſpare the Town where *Romulus* had birth;
Forget not her from whom thy City draws
Her Name, and all her ſtrength, but Walls and Laws:
Alba's thy Parent, let that thought arreſt
Thy greedy Sword, nor pierce thy Mothers breſt;
For thy triumphant Arms make other choice,
And in her Children's Fortune ſhe'll rejoice,
Nay, would with natural concern diſown

All

All Enemies of thine, were ſhe not one.

JULIA.

This I anguage much ſurprize to me affords,
For ſince theſe Cities firſt unſheath'd their Swords,
You have ſo unconcern'd for *Alba* ſtood,
As if your birth had been of Roman blood;
I wonder'd at a Virtue ſo refin'd,
Which to your Husband, *Alba* had reſign'd,
And therefore ſo proportion'd my relief,
As if our *Rome* alone had caus'd your grief.

SABINA.

Whilſt ſuch a ſhock my reaſon did aſſail,
As was too weak to weigh down either Scale;
Till all my flattering hopes of Peace were loſt,
To be entirely Roman was my boaſt.
If at *Rome's* Fortune I diſpleas'd have been,
I quickly chid that mutiny within:
And when her Deſtiny was not ſo kind,
If, for my Brothers, joy ſeduc'd my mind,
By Reaſon's help that motion I ſuppreſs'd,
And wept for all the glory they poſſeſs'd.
But now theſe Cities muſt be loſt or ſav'd
That *Rome* muſt ſink, or *Alba* be enſlav'd;
And after battel there no hope remains
To the ſubdu'd, nor ſtop to her that gains:
I ſhould too barbarouſly my Country treat,
If I could be a perfect Roman yet.
A little leſs to one man's love reſign'd
To neither City I will be confin'd;
I fear for both, and whilſt their Fate is try'd,
I ſtill will be on the afflicted ſide;
Equal to each, whilſt they unequal are,
And muſt their grief, but not their glory ſhare.
For I reſolve in ſuch a ſharp debate,
To mourn the Conquer'd, and the Victor hate.

JULIA.

How oft does Fortune, with an equal blow,
On different Souls different effects beſtow!

How

How diſtant is *Camilla*'s way from this?
Your Brother loves her, her's your Husband is,
Yet, in each Army with another eye,
She can a Lover and a Brother ſpie:
When in *Rome*'s Fortunes you were moſt involv'd,
She was as much confus'd and unreſolv'd:
She fear'd the ſtorm from every cloud would ſpread,
And the ſucceſs of either ſide did dread:
The moſt unfortunate ſhe did bemoan,
And whoſoe'er prevail'd ſhe was undone.
But when the day, ſhe knew, was drawing nigh,
And one great Battel ſhould the Quarrel try,
A ſudden gladneſs breaking from her brow------

SABINA.

Ah *Julia!* how that joy alarms me now!
Valerius yeſterday ſhe ſmil'd upon,
And for his ſake, ſhe *Curtius* will diſown;
A nearer Object ſnatches her eſteem,
And two years abſence hath deformed him!
But though my Brother be to me ſo dear,
By care of him, I muſt not injure her;
My groundleſs jealouſie concludes amiſs,
Who can change love at ſuch a time as this?
How can a heart receive a wound that's new,
When ſuch great ſhocks give it ſo much to do?
Yet from joy too, this fatal day deters,
And from contentments which reſemble hers.

JULIA.

In me it equal wonder does produce,
Nor do I know what can be her excuſe;
'Tis Conſtancy enough if we can wait,
Without impatience, ſo ſevere a Fate,
But 'tis too much, if we ſhall chearful grow.

SABINA.

See, ſome good Genius ſends her hither now,
Her thoughts on this, engage her to reveal,
From you her Friendſhip nothing can conceal;
I'll leave you---Siſter talke with *Julia* now,

For

For I'm aſham'd my weakneſs to avow;
And ſo much ſorrow does my heart invade,
That I muſt hide it in ſome ſecret ſhade. *Exit.*

SCEN. II.

Julia, Camilla.

CAMILLA.

Why does ſhe wiſh I ſhould with you converſe,
Does ſhe believe my trouble leſs than hers?
Or more inſenſible of this ſad day,
Does ſhe conclude I have no tears to pay?
With equal terror I am threaten'd too,
And I ſhall loſe as much as ſhe can do:
The Man to whom I did my heart reſign,
Muſt for his Country die, or ruine mine:
And all that I can love (ſuch is my fate!)
Muſt now deſerve my ſorrow or my hate.
Alas!------

JULIA.

Yet her affliction is more ſtrange,
We may a Lover, not a Husband change;
Receive *Valerius* love, *Curtius* forget,
And you'll no more the other ſide regret;
But wholly Ours, and recompos'd within,
You'll nothing have to loſe, when *Rome* does win.

CAMILLA.

Ah give me Counſel more legitimate,
Nor teach me with a Crime to ſhun my Fate;
For though my tide of Woes I ſcarce can ſtem,
I rather would endure than merit them.

JULIA.

Can you believe a prudent change a fault?

CAMILLA.

And can you think a Perjury is not?

JULIA.

What can engage us to our mortal foes?

CAMIL-

CAMILLA.

But what can diſ-engage what honor owes?

JULIA.

You would in vain diſguiſe a thing deſign'd,
And which *Valerius* yeſterday did find;
For the reception you to him did give,
Hath made his late repining hope revive.

CAMILLA.

If to *Valerius* I then paid reſpect,
You nothing thence muſt for his hope collect;
Another ſubject did my joys produce,
But I your error now will diſabuſe;
And for my *Curtius* keep a flame too ſure,
Such a ſuſpicion longer to endure.

You know his Siſter was no ſooner led,
By happy Marriage, to my Brother's Bed,
But that my Father (preſt by him) deſir'd,
I ſhould reward the love I had inſpir'd:
That time produc'd happy and fatal things;
At once our Marriage, and the War reſolv'd,
Our hopes created, and thoſe hopes diſſolv'd;
It promis'd all, and then ſnatch'd all away,
It makes us Foes, and Lovers in a day:
How violent our grief did then appear,
How many blaſphemies Heav'n then did hear,
And from my Eyes how many Rivers fell,
I tell you not, you ſaw our laſt farewell.
The trouble of my Soul, you ſince have ſeen,
And of my Vows for Peace have witneſs been;
At every news in my diſtracted breſt,
My Country and my Lover did conteſt;
Toſs'd with uncertain thoughts, I fled for eaſe
To the relief of ſacred Oracles;
Judge if what yeſterday I did obtain,
Might not aſſure my drooping heart again;
That famous Greek who at th *Aventine* dwells,
And Heav'ns dark purpoſes to men foretells,
He whom *Apollo* never yet betray'd,

By

By this reply my ſtormy thoughts allay'd.
"*Alba* and *Rome* to morrow changing face,
"Shall to thy wiſh'd for peace at laſt give place;
"And to thy *Curtius* thou ſhalt then be try'd,
"So as no Fortune ever ſhall divide.
I wholly on this anſwer did depend,
And finding it my utmoſt hopes tranſcend,
My Soul to raptures of Contentment flew,
Beyond what happieſt Lovers ever knew.
Judge of their height; *Valerius* then I met,
And could ev'n him behold without regret:
He ſpoke of Love too, and I that could hear,
And never thought *Valerius* had been there,
His Courtſhip could from me no anger draw,
For every thing ſeem'd *Curtius* that I ſaw.
I thought all ſounds told me how he did burn,
And all my anſwers Eccho'd my return.
The general Field which muſt to day be fought,
I yeſterday had heard but minded not;
My Soul thoſe fatal Objects did reject,
And ſtill on peace and marriage did reflect:
But night thoſe charming errors has expel'd,
And made my Soul to dreadful Viſions yield,
Wherein vaſt heaps of horror, Floods of Gore
Did rob my Joy, and all my fear reſtore:
I ſaw men dying, and then loſt the ſight,
A Ghoſt appear'd, and then it took it's flight;
The fatal ſhades, each others ſhape ſuppreſs,
And by confuſion terror did increaſe.

JULIA.

An oppoſite conſtruction dreams require.

CAMILLA.

I would believe what I ſo much deſire;
But I and all my hopes of good ſucceſs
Find this a day of Battel, not of Peace.

JULIA.

'Twill end the War, and then a peace is ſure.

CAMILLA.

The pain is leſs than ſuch a guilty cure.
If *Rome*, or *Alba* muſt defeated be,
Dear *Curtius* can have no pretence to me;
No, it *Camilla* never can become
To wed the Conqueror, or Slave of *Rome*.
But what new Object does my ſight ſurprize!
Is it thee *Curtius*? may I truſt my Eyes?

SCEN. III.

Curtius, Camilla, Julia.

CURTIUS.

Camilla doubt it not, that Man is come,
Neither the Conqueror, nor Slave of *Rome*;
Nor think he could before your face have ſtood
With Roman Fetters charg'd, or Roman blood.
Glory and *Rome*, you love at ſuch a rate,
You would deſpiſe my chain, and Conqueſt hate;
And ſince alike in an extream ſo great
I fear'd a Victory, and a defeat——

CAMILLA.

'Tis enough *Curtius*, I can gueſs thy aim,
Thou fly'ſt a Field ſo fatal to thy Flame;
Rather than me, thy amorous heart would loſe,
It to thy Country does thy Sword refuſe.
Let others make reflections on thy Fame,
And if they pleaſe, ſo great a paſſion blame;
I can no quarrel have to this deſign,
What moſt thy Love ſhews, moſt obliges mine:
And if to *Alba* ſuccor that denys,
'Tis to make me the greater Sacrifice.
But haſt thou ſeen my Father? and could he
Allow his houſe ſhould thy retirement be?
Does Policy or Nature him o'recome?
And which is deareſt to him? me, or *Rome*?

And to assure our Fortune let me know,
Did he appear a Father, or a Foe?

CURTIUS.

With as much Kindness my approach he saw
As could be challeng'd by a Son-in-Law:
But me, he hath not by a treason seen,
Which had unworthy his allyance been.
I quit not *Alba*, by adoring you,
But keep my passion, and my honor too;
And all the War your *Curtius* hath not been
A better Lover then a Citizen;
Nor to his Countries Cause could I ove prefer,
But whil'st he sigh'd for you, he Fought for her.
And if we must that sad contest renew,
I still must fight for her, and sigh for you.
Yes, and in spight of all my passions charms,
Did the War last, I should be now in Arms.
But a new Peace gives me this free access,
And 'tis to that, we owe this happiness.

CAMILLA

O! Who can faith to such a wonder give?

JULIA.

At least you may your Oracle believe,
And may discover by this good success,
This day of battel has produc'd a peace.

CURTIUS.

Who could have thought it? the two Armies met,
And Both to Fight resolv'd with equal heat,
When our Dictator 'twixt both Armies stands,
And a short audience from your Prince demands.
"Romans (said he then) whence comes all this rage?
"What fury makes us thus in arms engage?
"At least let Reason our instructor be,
"Our daughters are your Wives, your Neighbors we;
"*Hymen* so much our union did pursue,
"That our Sons challenge Grand-Fathers in you:
"We but one Kindred, and one People are,
"Why showld we tear our selves with Civil War?

"Where he that Conquers loſes too, and wears
"His nobleſt Laurel water'd with his Tears.
"Our common Foes expect this Bloody Day,
"That they that win it, may become their Prey;
"Nor can the Guilty Conqu'ror that avoid,
"Having himſelf his own defence deſtroy'd.
"They ſmile to ſee us thus our Force abuſe,
"Which againſt them we ſhould more Nobly uſe:
"Let us theſe little diſcords then forſake,
"Which ſo bad Kinſmen of good Soldiers make.
"But if a thirſt of Empire be the Cauſe
"Which either People to this madneſs draws,
"If with leſs Slaughter that may be ſupply'd,
"It will unite us, rather than divide:
"Let either City Combatants deſign,
"And all her Fortune to their Swords reſign,
"And as of them the gods ſhall then ordain,
"Let the weak yield, and let the ſtronger Reign;
"But ſo, as bluſhes to the Loſer ſav'd,
"They may ſubjected be, but not enſlav'd,
"And to no ſhame, or Tribute condeſcend,
"But on the Victor's Standards to attend
"Thus our two States, we may one Empire call.
He ſaid no more, but this affected all:
Each on the hoſtile Ranks caſting his Eyes,
A Friend, a Kinſman, or a Brother ſpies;
They wonder how their greedy anger flew,
In their own blood their weapons to embrew;
And this reflection on each brow did write,
Heat for the choice, and horror for the Fight.
At length this offer through the Squadrons born,
On theſe conditions the wiſh'd peace was ſworn;
Three fight for each, but the Commanders take
More leiſure this important choice to make:
Ours to the Camp, yours to the Senate went.

CAMILLA.

Oh gods! how much you ſtudy my Content!

CUR-

CURTIUS.

'Tis the agreement, that within two hours
Our Champion's Fortune muſt determine Ours:
Till they are nam'd, we freely go and come,
Rome in our Camp is, and our Camp in *Rome*:
And ſince no Orders now acceſs refuſe,
His old acquaintance every man renews.
I (by my paſſion led) your Brothers found,
And my Love ſince with ſuch ſucceſs is Crown'd,
That now your Fathers word my hope allows;
We ſhall to morrow joyn our Marriage Vows
You'll not, I truſt, diſpute what he commands.

CAMILLA.

A Daughters duty in obedience ſtands.

CURTIUS.

Come then, that pleaſing Order now receive
Which muſt an end to all my ſufferings give.

CAMILLA.

I go, in hope my Brothers there to ſee,
And know the Period of our Miſery.

JULIA.

Be that your way, the Temple ſhall be mine,
Where for you both, I'll praiſe the powers divine.

Exeunt.

Act. II. SCEN. I.

Horace, and *Curtius*.

CURTIUS.

THus *Rome* hath not divided her eſteem,
Another choice to her unjuſt would ſeem.
You, and your Brothers, this proud City calls,
The greateſt Soldiers that are in her Walls;
And whilſt before all, ſhe you three prefers,
She all our Houſes braves with one of hers;
And one may think as this Election runs,

Rome

Rome hath no Soldiers, but your Fathers Sons:
By this, their Families muſt raiſe their Name,
And nobly conſecrate themſelves to Fame:
Yes, by this choice we ſo much Honor ſee
Giv'n to one Houſe, as might Eternize three;
And ſince in yours my Fortune and my Flame
Hath plac'd a Siſter, and a Wife does claim,
You juſtly may expect Concerns in me,
From what I am, and what I am to be:
But yet another reaſon does conſtrain
My Joy, and mingles with it much of pain;
For your fam'd courage to that pitch is flown,
That *Alba*'s fall already I bemoan.
Her loſs is certain now; and naming you,
Ev'n Deſtiny her ſelf hath ſworn it too,
In this Election I read *Alba*'s doom,
And count my ſelf a Subject now of *Rome*.

HORACE.

'Tis *Rome*, not *Alba*, your compaſſion claims,
Viewing whom ſhe rejects, and whom ſhe names:
Her partial favor may her Fortune loſe,
Who having ſo much choice, ſo ill does chuſe:
A thouſand braver Sons ſhe had than we,
Who might with more ſucceſs her Champions be.
But though my ruine in this choice I find,
With noble Pride it elevates my Mind;
My heart's aſſurance gathers mighty ſcope,
And from my little courage, much I hope;
Which howſoever Fate intends to treat,
I cannot think my ſelf your Subject yet:
Rome hopes too well of me, and therefore I
Will anſwer that great truſt, or for it dye.
He that will dye, or vanquiſh, ſeldom fails;
That brave deſpair moſt commonly prevails:
How e'er it be, ſhe never ſhall obey
Till my laſt gaſp ſays, I have loſt the Day.

CURTIUS.

Alas! my fortune only calls for Tears,

Since what my Country hopes, my Friendſhip fears.
Cruel extreams! *Alba* muſt be ſubdu'd,
Or elſe her Triumph with your blood embru'd,
And all the Glory for which ſhe has fought,
Can onely with ſo dear a Life be bought!
What can I wiſh, or what event deſire,
Since either ſo much ſorrow will require?
And every way I ſee my hopes deny'd.

HORACE.

Would you regret me if for *Rome* I dy'd?
A Death ſo noble, lovely does appear,
And is too Glorious to endure a Tear:
Nay I ſhould court it, and my ruine bleſs,
If *Rome* by my defeat would ſuffer leſs.

CURTIUS.

But yet you may allow your friends to fear
What will to them at leaſt be ſo ſevere;
They ſuffer in your glory, and one fate
Makes you Immortal, them unfortunate.
He loſes all, who ſuch a Friend muſt loſe.
But hither *Flavius* comes, and brings us news.
Hath *Alba*'s Councel yet her Champions choſe?

SCEN. II.

Horace, Curtius, Flavius.

FLAVIUS.

I come to tell you.

CURTIUS.

Well, and who are thoſe?

FLAVIUS.

You, and your Brothers.

CURTIUS.

Who?

FLAVIUS.

Ev'n they, and you.

But

But why ſo ſtern, and ſo unpleas'd a Brow?
Does this offend you?

CURTIUS.

No, but does ſurprize,
The honor much above my Merit flies.

FLA.

Muſt the Dictator (who me hither ſent)
Be told you hear it with this diſcontent?
This cold reception me too does ſurprize.

CURTIUS.

Tell him in ſpight of Loves and Friendſhip ties,
Yet *Curtius*, and his Brothers mean to fight
Againſt the *Horaces*, for *Alba*'s Right.

FLA.

Againſt them! 'tis too much! but tell me how.

CURTIUS.

Carry my anſwer back, and leave me now.

Exit Flavius

SCEN. III.

Horace and Curtius.

CURTIUS.

Let Heav'n, and Earth, and Hell, now all engage
To act againſt us their united rage;
Let Gods, and Men, and Fate, and Devils too,
Prepare againſt us all that they can do;
Yet to reduce us to a worſe Eſtate,
I dare defie Heav'n, Earth, and Hell, and Fate:
Horror it ſelf, hath ſomewhat leſs ſevere
Then this our diſmal Honor does appear.

HORACE.

Fortune hath careful of our Glory been,
And gives a noble Scene to ſhow it in;
Laborioufly ſhe forms us a diſtreſs,
Somewhat proportion'd to our Courages,
No vulgar thought ſhe does in us ſurvey,

And

And therefore treats us in no common way.
For publick ſafety to attaque a Foe,
And ſingly fight a man we do not know,
Is what a vulgar Virtue may beget,
Thouſands have done it, and may do it yet;
Who would not for their Country loſe their breath?
Nay would not factious grow for ſuch a death?
But to reſign her all that can be dear,
And from our boſoms half our hearts to tear;
With a deſtructive fury to purſue
A Siſter's Lover, a Wife's Brother too,
And breaking all theſe knots to fight with him,
Whoſe life we would, with our own blood, redeem;
This is a Virtue only fit for us,
And for which few will be ſollicitous:
Few men have hearts of that exalted frame,
That dare at ſuch a rate pretend to Fame,

CURTIUS.

'Tis true, time never ſhall our names deface,
And we the brave occaſion muſt embrace;
Of a rare virtue we ſhall mirrors be,
But yours ſeems ſomewhat barbarous to me:
There are not many Hero's would grow vain
By this harſh way, Eternity to gain.
How much ſoe'er you prize that empty noiſe,
Obſcurity were now the better choice:
I dare avow it, and you might have ſeen
I have not doubtful in my duty been:
Nor could my Friendſhip, nor my love prevail,
To hold my Mind in an uncertain Scale.
But ſince my Country by her Vote does ſhew
She values me as much as yours does you:
I hope to do, what you, or dare, or can,
My Heart's as great, but I am ſtill a man.
I ſee my death alone your Fame ſecures,
And that my Honor lies in acting yours;
I muſt ſhed blood, with which I would combine,
So croſs are all my Country's Stars to mine.

Though no weak terror can my heart diſſuade,
Yet diſmal horror does it now invade;
I mourn my fate, and envy theirs that are
Already ſwallow'd by this greedy War.
I would not call this ſad fierce honor back,
Which can't o'erthrow the heart it does attaque;
What I gain thence I like, mourn what I miſs,
And if *Rome* calls for firmer thoughts than this,
I thank the gods that I no Roman am,
Leſt all things humane I ſhould then diſclaim.

HORACE.

Though you're no Roman, yet deſerve to be,
And better ſhew how much you equal me;
That ſolid Virtue which I make my boaſt,
By any weaker tincture would be loſt:
His race of Honor is but ill deſign'd,
Who at firſt ſtart begins to look behind;
Our ſuffering to the higheſt pitch is brought,
I can ſee through it, but I tremble not.
Where e'er my Country will my arm employ,
I muſt accept it with implicite joy;
The glory of receiving ſuch Commands,
Every reflection but it ſelf withſtands;
He who room then for other thoughts can find,
Does what he ought with too remiſs a mind:
That ſacred tie, muſt others uncreate,
Rome arming me, I nothing muſt debate;
Nor did I wed thy Siſter with more joy,
Than now I'll ſeek her Brother to deſtroy:
And this ſuperfluous language to give o'er,
Y'are *Alba*'s choice, nor muſt I know you more.

CURTIUS.

Yet to my torment, I muſt ſtill know you,
But this rough Virtue yet I never knew;
And in this ſad extremity of Fate
Let me admire it, but not imitate.

HORACE.

No, no, embrace not Virtue by conſtraint;

And ſince you find ſuch pleaſure in complaint,
Freely enjoy it, and for your content,
My Siſter comes to help you to lament:
I'll viſit yours, and hope to make her know
What generous things becomes my Wife to do;
That if I fall, ſhe may to you be kind,
And bear her ſorrows with a Roman mind.

SCEN. IV.

Horace, Curtius, Camilla.

Horace to *Camilla.*

Know you how glorious *Curtius* is to be?

CAMILLA.

Alas! how treacherous is my Deſtiny!

HORACE.

Now by your conſtancy your birth confeſs,
And if my death allows him the ſucceſs,
Let him not be your Brother's Murtherer thought,
But a brave man that does but what he ought;
Who ſerves his Country nobly, and does ſhew
By that great way how much he merits you;
Conclude your match as if I were alive:
But if this Sword ſhall him of life deprive,
My Conqueſt then with equal candor uſe,
Nor of your Lover's death my hand accuſe.
I ſee your grief by your approching tears,
Exhale with him your ſorrows and your fears;
Quarrel with Heaven and Earth, of Fate complain,
But the fight done, no more regret the ſlain.
You but a minute muſt with her beſtow, (*To Curitus.*
And then where Honor calls us let us go.

SCEN. V.

Camilla, Curtius.

CAMILLA.

But wilt thou go, and this ſad Fame poſſeſs
At the expence of all our happineſs?

CURTIUS.

Alas! what e'r I do, I find that I
Muſt by my grief, if not by *Horace*, die;
But as my Torture I this Honor ſee,
And curſe the favour *Alba* does to me;
I hate that Courage which ſhe ſo eſteems,
Nay my deſpairing paſſion impious ſeems,
And dares accuſe the gods for all this wo;
I mourn our Fortune, but yet I muſt go.

CAMILLA.

No, thou wouldſt have me all my intereſt uſe,
And thee to *Alba* by my power excuſe:
Thy former Acts have thee ſo famous made,
That to thy Country all thy debts are paid;
None better hath than thou the War upheld,
Nor with more deaths cover'd the guilty field.
Thy Name can be no greater than it is,
Suffer ſome other now t' ennoble his.

CURTIUS.

What, ſhall my Eyes anothers Temples ſee
Bound with thoſe Laurels Fame prepares for me?
Or, by Poſterity, ſhall it be thought,
Alba had conquer'd, if I would have fought?
No, ſince to me ſhe dares entruſt her doom,
She ſhall, by me, or fall, or overcome:
A good account I'll of her Fortune give,
And dye with Honor, or with Conqueſt live.

CAMILLA.

But to betray me then, thy love endures!

CURTIUS.

I was my Country's e'r I could be yours.

CAMILLA.

Wilt thou thy *Siſters* miſery create,
And widow her?------

CURTIUS.

Such is my cruel Fate:
Brother and Siſter, names ſo ſweet before,
By *Alba*'s choice, and *Rome*'s, are ſo no more.

CAMILLA.

Wilt thou preſent me with my Brother's head,
And on that ſtep mount to the Bridal bed?

CURTIUS.

All I dare think (ſo dear my fame will coſt)
Is ſtill to love, though all my hope be loſt.
You weep my Dear----

CAMILLA.

How can I tears avoid,
Who, by my cruel Lover, am deſtroy'd?
When *Hymen* would his kindled Torch have lent,
He puts out that, to dig my Monument;
This ſavage heart, my ruine can decree,
And ſays he loves, when yet he murthers me.

CURTIUS.

How eloquent are tears from eyes we love!
How ſtrong does Beauty, with that ſuccor, prove!
My heart diſſolves at ſuch a mournful ſight,
Nor againſt that can all my Virtue fight:
Strike not my Fame in this ſubduing ſhape,
But let my Honor from your tears eſcape;
I feel it ſhake, and ſcarce defend the place,
For *Curtius* to the Lover yields apace;
With Friendſhip it hath had enough to do,
And muſt it ſtrive with Love, and Pity too?
Go, love me not, nor one tear more expoſe
For him that dares offend ſuch charms as thoſe:
I better with your anger ſhould have fought,
And to deſerve it all, I love you not:
Puniſh this treacherous, this ingrateful heart,
At ſuch an injury do you not ſtart?

I do

do not love you, can you me endure?
Needs there more yet? my Faith I here abjure.
O! rigid Virtue! at whoſe ſhrine I fall,
Muſt thou a Crime to thy aſſiſtance call?

CAMILLA

Commit no more, and I the gods atteſt,
My love ſhall not be leſſen'd, but increas'd,
My kindneſs ſhall ev'n in thy falſhood live,
All but a Brother's death I can forgive:
Why am I Roman? or why art thou none?
That I my ſelf might put thy Laurels on;
I ſhould thy valour heighten, not forbid,
And treat thee juſt as I my Brother did:
But ah! how blind I now thoſe vows eſteem,
Since againſt thee were all I made for him!
But he returns, O! may *Sabina* be
More prevalent with him than I'm with thee.

SCEN. VI.

Curtius, Camilla, Horace, Sabina.

CURTIUS.

Sabina too! my heart to undermine,
And with *Camilla* muſt you Siſter joyn?
Leaving her tears her Brother to attaque,
Hope you by yours to call my purpoſe back?

SABINA.

No, Brother, no, I only viſit you
To give you my embrace and laſt adieu;
Your blood's too good, nor need you apprehend
From me what can your great reſolves offend;
If either were by this brave ſhock o'rethrown,
He that firſt yielded, I ſhould firſt diſown.
But may not I one favor beg of you,
Worthy this Brother, and this Husband too?
I wiſh your quarrel might leſs impious grow,
And would refine the glory of the blow,

That

That free from guilt, it might no ſplendor miſs,
I would fain make you lawful Enemies:
I the ſole link am of your ſacred knot,
Which will unty, aſſoon as I am not;
Break then the chain whence that alliance grows,
And ſince your Honor now will have you Foes,
Buy, by my death, right to each others hate,
And *Rome*'s and *Alba*'s Vote legitimate;
Your hand deſtroying, his revenging me,
Your Combat will appear no Prodigy;
And one at leaſt will juſtly ſtake his life,
That he may right his Siſter, or his Wife:
But what? you think your Fame would be leſs bright,
If for another quarrel you ſhould fight;
Your Country's cauſe will no new heats admit,
Did you love leſs, you would act leſs for it.
A Brother you muſt kill, a lov'd one too,
Well then, defer not what you ought to do:
But, by his Siſter, him begin to kill,
Or by his Wife his blood begin to ſpill:
And by *Sabina*'s blood, if her you prize,
Make your own lives the braver ſacrifice:
You are a Foe to *Rome*, to *Alba* you,
And my averſion to them both is due.
What, muſt I live to ſuch a Victory,
Whoſe higheſt triumph will but let me ſee
A Brother, or a Husband Laurels wear,
Reeking with blood that is to me ſo dear?
How ſhall I then decide my inward ſtrife,
Or well expreſs the Siſter and the Wife?
The Conqueror embrace, the Conquer'd grieve?
No, no, *Sabina*'s death ſhall her relieve,
From whomſoe'er my grief that blow procures,
And my hands muſt beſtow it, if not yours,
Go then, what does your ſavage hearts reſtrain?
Againſt your will, I my deſire ſhall gain;
For you no ſooner ſhall begin your blows,
But you ſhall ſee this boſom interpoſe:

Nor ſhall your impious Swords your rage purſue,
Unleſs through me they make their way to you.

HORACE.

O Wife!

CURTIUS.

O Siſter!

CAMILLA.

Courage! they diſſolve!

SABINA.

What, can you ſigh? paleneſs your cheek involve?
What makes you ſhrink? are theſe the hearts ſo brave,
Who, in their hands, the fates of Empire have?

HORACE.

Tell me, *Sabina*, what thy quarrel is,
That could deſerve ſo ſharp revenge as this?
Or againſt thee, what could my Honor doe,
That thou ſhouldſt it ſo cruelly purſue?
But be content t'have forc'd it to a Bay,
And let me finiſh this important day;
Thou haſt o'er me a ſtrange advantage got,
But as thou lov'ſt thy Husband triumph not;
Go then, a doubtful Victory were here unfit,
'Tis ſhame enough to have diſpatched it.
O let me bravely end my days at leaſt.

SABINA.

Go, fear not me, thy party is encreas'd.

SCEN. VII.

Old *Horace*, and all the reſt.

Old HORACE.

How's this my Sons? trifling with Womens charms,
When *Rome* and *Alba* call you to your Arms?
You muſt ſhed blood, then why ſhould tears ſurprize?
But ſhun th' infectious ſorrow of their Eyes:
For if you ſtay, their cunning tenderneſs,
Will, on you both, obtain the firſt ſucceſs;
And in ſuch Wars to flie is to ſubdue.

SABINA.

Fear nothing, Sir, they are too worthy you,
In ſpight of us, you in them both ſhall ſee,
All that your Son, and Son-in-law ſhould be;
If our tears could an impreſſion give,
We'll them to your ſeverer virtue leave.
Come Siſter, come, let's no more ſorrow loſe,
Theſe Rocks will ſtill reſiſt ſuch floods as thoſe;
'Tis to deſpair alone that we muſt flie;
Go Tygers fight, we'll find a way to die.

SCEN. VIII.

Old *Horace*, Young *Horace*, *Curtius*,

Young HORACE.

Sir, by your prudence their eſcape prevent,
Or they'll purſue us with their diſcontent,
And with a noiſe unwelcome and abrupt,
Their love and grief our fight will interrupt;
Which may give envy a pretence to ſtick
Upon our names, that poor and crafty trick:

And our great choice would be too dearly bought,
If we were charg'd with one unworthy thought.

Old HORACE.

I ſhall be careful, go, your Brothers ſtay,
Think only what your Countries claim to day.

CURTIUS.

How ſhall I bid adieu, or by what art---

Old HORACE.

Ah! do not quite diſſolve my trembling heart,
My tongue ſo ſad a farewel does deny,
Nor can my heart thoughts ſtrong enough ſupply;
See! ev'n my Eyes ſwell with unwilling tears,
Go, do your parts, and let the gods do theirs.

ACT. III. SCEN. I.

Sabina alone.

I Muſt my party chuſe in this ſad ſtrife,
And either be all Siſter, or all Wife;
I'll no more vain divided cares expreſs,
But ſomewhat wiſh, and fear a little leſs:
Yet ah! what party in this diſmal Fate?
Can I a Husband, or a Brother hate?
Nature and Love for each does intercede,
And ſence of Honor for them both does plead:
Let their ſublimer thoughts yet govern mine,
And ſo my different duties will combine:
Their Honor is the Object I'll adore,
Their Vertue imitate, and fear no more.
Since there's ſuch beauty in the death they court,
I muſt unmov'd encounter the report,
And no more think my Fate compaſſion wants,
But weigh the Cauſe, and not the Combatants:
The Conquerors I'll with that gladneſs view,

As

As will from all their Family be due;
And not reflecting at whoſe bloods expence,
Their Virtues raiſe them to that eminence,
Ill, in their Houſes Fame, concern'd appear;
Here I am Wife, and am a Daughter there,
And to each party am ſo ſtrictly ty'd,
That I muſt be on the triumphant ſide:
Fortune though thou art ſtudious in thy ſpight,
Yet I have learn'd thence to extract delight;
And now can fearleſs ſee the fight, the ſlain
Without deſpair, the Victors without pain.
Flattering deluſion! ſweet, but groſs deceit,
My labouring Spirits, weak and flying, cheat;
By whoſe falſe light my dazled Soul's miſled,
Alas how quickly is thy comfort fled!
A flaſh of Lightning thus relieves the Night,
Making that darker by its haſty flight;
As theſe faint beams of joy my Soul betray'd,
But to involve it in a thicker ſhade:
For Heav'n which ſaw my griefs, by this decreaſe,
Hath dearly ſold me this ſhort minutes peace,
And my griev'd heart from no one wound is free'd
At which a Husband, or a Brother bleed;
Which ſad reflection ſo much terror draws,
I only view the Actors, not the Cauſe;
Nor can the Conquerors fame ſalute my thought
But to remember with whoſe Blood 'twas bought:
The vanquiſht Family claims all my care,
Here I'm a Wife, and am a Daughter there,
And to each party am ſo ſtrictly ty'd,
That I muſt be on the unhappy ſide.
Is this the Peace I thought ſo long deferr'd?
And thus great gods have you my Prayers heard?
What Thunder-Bolts then can your anger find,
Since y'are thus cruel when you would be kind?
Or which way will you puniſh an offence,
If thus you treat the Vows of Innocence?

SCEN. II.

Sabina and *Julia*.

SABINA.

Is it done *Julia*? and what fatal news?
Muſt I a Husband, or a Borther loſe?
Or to their impious Arms does this befall,
That angry Heav'n has ſacrific'd them all?
And leſt my horror for the conquering ſide
Should eaſe my woes, muſt that too be deny'd?

JULIA.

To what is paſt are you a ſtranger yet?

SABINA.

I am; and can you be ſurpriz'd at it?
Know you not *Julia*, that the Houſe you ſee,
A Priſon for *Camilla* is and me?
They here confine us both, and are afraid
Our pious tears their fury ſhould diſſuade,
And that the ſorrows of our ſpotleſs Love,
Should, in both Armies, ſome compaſſion move.

JULIA.

They needed not ſuch Orators as you,
For they were hinder'd at their interview:
No ſooner they appear'd prepar'd to fight,
But either Army murmur'd at the ſight
To ſee ſuch friends, perſons ſo near ally'd,
Their Country's quarrel choſen to decide;
This Man's with pity, that with horror fir'd,
Another highly their brave heat admir'd;
One with his praiſes imps their ſpacious Fame,
Another calls it by a guilty Name.
But yet their different thoughts have but one Voice,
To blame their Leaders, and deteſt the choice.
All did this barbarous Combat ſo condemn,
That with united haſte they parted them.

SABI-

SABINA.

O Gods! what Incenſe my contentment owes!

JULIA.

Stay yet *Sabina*, e'r you pay your Vows;
You may increaſe your hopes, abate your fears,
But there's enough ſtill to deſerve your Tears.
In vain, alas! the Champions they would ſave;
For they remain as obſtinate as brave;
And their ambitious Souls were ſo much touch'd
With the great Glory which they now approach'd,
That what the Soldiers pity'd they ador'd,
And ſeem affronted, when they are deplor'd:
They think that kindneſs does their fame no right,
And with both Armies they will rather fight,
And by the hands that ſever'd them be ſlain,
Than give their Country's honors back again.

SABINA.

Can ſo much cruelty their boſoms fill!

JULIA.

It did, but yet both Armies murmur'd ſtill,
And univerſally their purpoſe held
To ask new Champions, or a general Field:
The Leaders preſence they no longer fear'd,
Their powers ſcarce valu'd, or their Voices heard.
Th' amazed King this miſchief to oppoſe,
Since every one (ſay's he) enraged grows,
Let us on this conſult the Powers above;
What impious man dares their command diſown,
When they in ſacrifice have made it known?
He us'd no more words, but theſe were commands;
They ſnatch the Arms from the ſix Champions hands,
And that blind thirſt of Fame they ſo intend,
Sence of Religion does a while ſuſpend;
By ſome new ſcruple, or a great reſpect,
Our Princes Counſel they reſolve t' effect;
Which in both Camps ſo great a Reverence found,
As if both Nations had our *Tullus* Crown'd.
The Victims death will give us farther light.

SABINA.

The gods will never own that Guilty Fight:
From this delay ſome new hopes may be drawn,
And ſure my happineſs begins to dawn.

SCEN. III.

Camilla, Sabina, Julia.

SABINA.

I have news Siſter, that will pleaſe you much.

CAMILLA.

I think I know it, if you call it ſuch;
My Father heard it now, and ſo did I,
But nothing thence my hopes can fortifie:
This delay'd miſchief threatens ſorer blows,
And does but lengthen our too certain woes;
And by the hinderance of this new Conteſt,
Our tears are but ſuſpended, not ſuppreſt.

SABINA.

This Tumult, was not vainly ſure inſpir'd.

CAMILLA.

But vainly they have of the gods enquir'd;
For the ſame gods guided our Princes choice,
Nor ſpeak they often in the Peoples Voice;
Their counſel ſhines not in a Vulgar Breſt,
But Kings that repreſent them know it beſt
In whoſe Supream Authority we ſee
A ſecret Ray of their Divinity.

JULIA.

You will contribute to your own diſtreſs
To ſeek their will, but in their Oracles;
And that which yeſterday reliev'd your Care,
May ſerve to day to baniſh your deſpair.

CAMILLA.

An Oracle is ſo wrapt up in doubt,
The more we gueſs, the leſs we find it out;

There's

There's nothing certain in't but this remark,
Who thinks all clear, muſt know that all is dark.

SABINA.

Let's give our confidence a larger ſcope,
And entertain a reaſonable hope;
When Heaven begins to grant what we have ſought;
They that diſtruſt its ſmiles deſerve them not;
We hinder often what we ſo ſuſpect.
And ſend back comfort by that rude neglect.

CAMILLA.

Heaven governs us, without our own conſents,
And we are paſſive in theſe great events.

JULIA.

Hope then with me, that when we meet again,
A gentler Theme our thoughts ſhall entertain,
And that this evening with a welcome care,
We, for your marriage only, ſhall prepare.

SABINA.

I hope as much.

CAMILLA.

'Tis more than I dare do.

JULIA.

Th' event will ſhew us whoſe preſage is true.

SCEN. IV.

Sabina, Camilla.

SABINA.

Siſter, your ſorrows I muſt needs condemn,
Unleſs their cauſes did more warrant them;
What would you do, and at what rate lament,
Had you my reaſon for your diſcontent?
And if from what theſe fatal Arms deſign,
Your loſſes could be thought as great as mine?

CAMILLA.

Let both our ſorrows equally be known,

For

For we are all too partial to our own;
But when compar'd to my diſtreſs'd extreams,
Your griefs will ſeem but melancholy dreams:
A Husband's danger is your only care,
With whom your Brother's never can compaer;
When to another Family ally'd,
From our own Kindred we are quite unty'd:
Parents with Husbands no diſpute admit,
To follow theſe, we thoſe can gladly quit:
But I ove when by a Fathers will made good,
Is leſs than Marriage, yet not leſs than Blood;
And ſo betwixt them our concern is toſt,
Our choice ſuſpended, and our wiſhes loſt.
But you may find a way amidſt your fears,
To raiſe your wiſhes, and reſtrain your tears:
When if Heav'n ſtill its cruelty intend,
I can wiſh nothing, but all apprehend.

SABINA.

Againſt each other when ſuch foes are bent,
There's ſmall conviction in your argument;
For blood as well as Marriage is a Knot,
We quit our Kindred, but forget them not:
Never does *Hymen* Nature undermine,
Who loves her Husband, does not hate her Line.
Since neither tye will their pretenſions loſe,
When life's concern'd, one knows not what to chuſe;
On this ſide, and on that, by turns we fall,
Extremity of ſorrow equals all:
Whereas a Lover moſt eſteem'd, is ſtill
But a dependent on your ſovereign will,
And a capricious or a jealous hour
May make your rigor equal to your power;
What fancy can, your reaſon may perſuade,
So Love no more will Nature's rights invade;
For 'tis a crime to pay no more reſpect
To tyes born with us, than thoſe we elect.
Thus if Heavens angry cloud will farther ſpread
I nothing have to hope, but all to dread.

But duty offers, (to dry up your Tears)
Aim for your wiſhes, Limits for your fears.

CAMILLA

Ah! Siſter, I preceive your ſetled Heart
Never knew Love, nor felt his venom'd Dart:
At firſt indeed we may the Boy reſiſt,
Who once receiv'd, can never be diſmiſs'd;
When Duty to his flame does fuel bring,
He grows a Tyrant from a Lawful King;
He enters gently, but by force he reigns;
And when a heart once wears his golden chains,
To caſt them off our wills too weak are grown,
Becauſe that will no longer is our own:
The fetters glitter, but are fetters ſtill-----

SCEN. V.

Old *Horace*, *Sabina*, *Camilla*.

Old HORACE.

Daughters, I bring you news that's very ill;
But it would be in vain now to forbear,
Since you the fatal ſtory ſoon muſt hear.
Your Brothers fight----for ſo the gods ordain.

SAB.

I muſt confeſs it horror does contain;
And the Divinity had once my truſt
To be more kind at leaſt, if not more juſt.
Comfort us not, for reaſon tedious grows,
When ſuch a tide of ſorrow t' would oppoſe:
In our own hands, our remedy we have;
For who dares dye, may all misfortunes brave.
Perhaps we our deſpair might ſeem to ſcorn,
And with falſe conſtancy our ſelves adorn;
But when without a bluſh we may admit
Of grief, 'twere weakneſs to diſſemble it:

We to your ſex can ſuch a cunning ſpare,
And will pretend only to what we are;
Nor expect we a courage of your ſtrain
Should ſtoop by our example to complain:
Receive this cruel news without a groan,
Behold our tears, and never mix your own;
And in a Fortune that is ſo Forlorn,
Be ſtill unmov'd, but ſuffer us to mourn.

OLD HORACE.

I think your tears ſo due to your diſtreſs,
That all my Courage ſcarce can mine ſuppreſs;
And ev'n that Virtue might ſurrender too,
Were I as much concern'd in it, as you.
Not that the *Alban* choice makes me ſo ſtern, [*To Sab.*
To rob your Brothers of my firſt concern;
But Friendſhip would in vain pretend to ſway,
When Love and Nature will diſpute the Day;
And my heart no ſuch tenderneſs receives,
By which a Siſter, or a Miſtreſs grieves;
I can look on them as the publick Foes.
And give my Sons, my undivided Vows;
I thank the gods their Country without ſhame
May aſſert them, as they have done their Fame;
I ſaw what Glory all their Brows adorn'd,
When the compaſſion of both Camps they ſcorn'd;
If any weakneſs had that pity ſought,
Nay had they not abhorr'd ſo poor a thought,
My arm for ſuch a wrong to Vengeance bent,
Had puniſh'd that degenerate content.
But when the Field would needs the choice renew,
I muſt confeſs, I then deſir'd it too,
And if relenting Heav'n had heard my voice,
Alba had been reduc'd to other choice;
The *Horaces* had then triumphant ſtood
With Swords unſtained in the *Curtian* Blood,
And by a Cambat leſs to Natures ſhame,
Had ſav'd the Honor of the Roman name.
But otherwiſe the mighty gods deſign,

And their high pleaſure muſt determine mine.
With generous thoughts I build my great reſolve,
And in the publick Int'reſt mine involve;
Take you that courſe to ſtop your ſorrows growth,
Rememb'ring this that you are Romans both.
*You are by birth, what*you by vows became*to Cam.*
And there's a noble Fortune in that Name. *to Sab.*
Rome ſhall hereafter to that Empire grow,
That the whole World ſhall to her Enſigns bow;
The trembling Univerſe her Yoke ſhall bear,
And Kings ſhall court the Title that you wear.
This our *Æneas* from the gods obtain'd------

SCEN. VI.

Old *Horace*, *Sabina*. *Camilla*, *Julia*.

Old HOR.

Well, *Julia* know you who the Day has gain'd?

JULIA.

I know how Fatally it does conclude,
Rome now muſt ſtoop to *Alba*'s ſervitude:
Two of your Sons are by the *Albans* ſlain,
Sabina's Husband only doth remain;
Who ſtartling at this too unequal fight,
Himſelf preſerv'd hath by his ſpeedy flight.

Old HOR.

Ah fearful Courage! heat without a flame!
Thou to thy houſe haſt brought Eternal ſhame!
I thoſe regret not for their Country ſlain,
But him whom fear ſuffers to live; in vain
He hopes, by this baſe act, his Life to ſave,
I'll quickly ſend him to his Brother's grave:
I to Revenge am now ſo fully bent,

My ſteady heart will never it relent.

JULIA.

Can you him blame, in this unequal ſtrife,
When hope is gone, to flye to ſave his life?
Valour o'erpower'd, who will of fear condemn?
To ſhun that tyde of woes he cannot ſtem,
What would you have had him done?

HORACE.

Have dy'd,
And ſpent his life by his brave Brothers ſide.
Ah treacherous Deſtiny! that thou ſhould'ſt give
A Son to me, *Rome*'s freedom to outlive.
The fight, true Courage never will forſake,
When his own Country's freedom lies at ſtake.

CAMILLA.

But has his haſty flight his life then ſav'd?
Is famous *Rome* by *Alba* quite enſlav'd?

JULIA.

After this paſſage I made no delay,
To tell you th' news I haſtened away.

Old HORACE.

His fearful flight has ſo my honor ſtain'd,
That it by him can never be regain'd.

JULIA.

He fled not 'till all hopes were loſt and vain,
His want of courage you need not complain.

Old HORACE.

He ſhould have fought ſtill, rouz'd his Valor now,
Truſting to what the Pow'rs above might do;
If he had fallen, he had with honor dy'd,
And to his Name eternal Fame had ty'd.
But ſince he's fled, if I him ever ſee,
This hand his Executi'ner ſhall be,
And by that deed ſhall to the world make known,
At what a rate his action I diſown.

SABINA.

Ah Sir! a little check this generous heat,
And do not make our miſeries compleat.

Old

Old HOR.

Your grief *Sabina* eaſie help endures,
Since our afflictions are no longer yours;
Heaven in our Sorrows yet excuſing you,
Hath ſav'd your Husband, aud your Borthers too:
We are betray'd, but they have overcome,
And 'tis your Country hath ſubjected *Rome*;
And in the luſtre of your Brothers fame,
You loſe the ſight of all our loſs and ſhame:
But your concern for this unworthy Man ſhall give
You quickly cauſe as well as us to grieve;
Your tears for him will no protection prove,
For here I ſwear by all the powers above,
Theſe very hands, e'er night invade the day,
Shall in his Blood waſh *Romes* diſgrace a way. *Exit.*

SABINA.

Let's follow him, leſt rage his reaſon blind;
O Gods! and will you never more be kind?
Muſt every hour new blows to us impart,
And ſtill from hands that much increaſe the ſmart?

Exeunt.

ACT IV. SCEN. I.

Old *Horace*, and *Camilla.*

Old HOR.

Go, no more breath for ſuch a Coward loſe,
Let him flye me as he has done his foes;
To ſave that wretched Life he held ſo dear,
He has done little; if he now appear,
Sabina may prevent it, or I vow
By all the Powers to which we mortals bow——

CAMILLA.

Oh Sir! this cruel thought no more purſue,
Or *Rome* her ſelf will kinder be than you,

And

And ſhe as much as ſhe by this does loſe;
Valour oppreſt by number will excuſe.

Old HORACE.

I'm not concern'd what mercy *Rome* confers,
I have a Father's rights diſtinct from hers;
And know what genuine Virtue would have done,
It might be worſted, but not trampled on;
True valour never knows a baſe allay,
And though it loſe, can never yield the day.
But let us hear what does *Valerius* bring.

SCEN. II.

Old *Horace*, *Camilla*, *Valerius*.

VALERIUS.

I'm ſent to wait upon you from the King,
Who mourns your loſs-----

OLD HORACE.

That merits not his care,
And I the needleſs complement can ſpare;
I my Sons deaths rather than ſhame would know,
And tears than bluſhes better can allow;
They that are ſlain, like men of honor dy'd,
And that's enough------

VAL.

But they are all ſupply'd
By him that lives, and his immortal Fame.

Old HOR.

Would he had periſh'd too and all my Name!

VAL.

Can only you his Virtue diſ-eſteem?

Old HOR.

'Tis I alone that ought to puniſh him.

VAL.

And what offence has in his conduct been?

Old HOR.

But what great Virtue in his flight was ſeen?

VAL.

VAL.

Flight in this caſe wears an illuſtrious Name.

Old HOR.

Why do you cover my gray hairs with ſhame?
Th' example's rare indeed! and few would die,
If men could catch bright honor when they flie.

VAL.

Do you a ſhame, and a confuſion call,
T' have had a Son who has preſerv'd us all;
Who with new triumphs did *Rome*'s Empire ſave?
What greater honors could a Father have?

Old HOR.

What Honors and what Triumphs brings he home,
When *Alba* muſt diſpoſe the Fate of *Rome*?

VAL.

What great ſucceſs of *Alba* has appear'd?
Or have you yet but half the ſtory heard?

Old HOR.

Was not the Combat ended by his flight?

VAL.

So *Alba* thought at that miſtaken ſight,
But ſhe ſoon found, he fled but as became
A man entruſted with his Country's Fame.

HOR.

Does *Rome* triumph?

VAL.

O! his great ſtory hear,
To whom you ſo unjuſtly are ſevere.
When he againſt three Foes was left alone,
Each of them having wounds, he having none;
Too weak for all, too ſtrong for either's rage,
He dext'rouſly himſelf did diſ-engage;
The ſtratagem of ſeeming flight he try'd,
And ſo th' abuſed Brothers does divide;
They all purſue, yet not with equal haſte,
But as their wounds permit them, ſlow or faſt:
Horace looks back his ſcatter'd Foes upon,
Whom he already thinks half overthrown;

He waits your Son-in-Law, for he was firſt;
Who much incens'd to ſee that ſo he durſt,
His utmoſt braving does in vain expreſs,
For his loſt Blood denies him the ſucceſs;
Alba, whoſe hopes with *Curtius* ſtrength decay'd,
Soon his next Brother ſummons to his aid,
Who haſtening to his reſcue finds too late,
He was preceded by his Brother's fate.

CAMILLA.

Alas!

VALERIUS.

Yet breathleſs his revenge begun,
But quickly gives new conqueſt to your Son;
Who ſoon defeated all the Arts he try'd,
And laid him gaſping by his Brother's ſide:
The Air reſounds with noiſes thither ſent
From *Roman* Joy, and *Alban* diſcontent.
Our Hero, when ſo near his triumph drew,
Not only conquers now, but braves them too:
I to my Brother's ſhades give what is paſt,
But to thee *Rome* I ſacrifice this laſt;
Accept dear Country, this ſo noble Blood,
(Says he,) and flies to make his promiſe good.
The victory did ſcarce admit ſuſpence,
The wounded *Alban* making ſmall defence,
But as a Victim to the Altar goes,
And his Throat offers to the deadly blows;
So he gave up his undefended breath,
Securing *Rome*'s Dominion by his Death.

Old HORACE.

O my brave Son! true Heir of all Renown,
Onely Supporter of a falling Crown!
O Virtue worthy of *Romes* boaſt and mine!
Thy Country's ſuccour, glory of thy Line!
When into tenderneſs ſhall I convert,
All my injuſtice to thy great deſert?
When ſhall I my repenting kindneſs ſhow,
And with glad tears bathe thy victorious Brow?

VAL.

That your Endearments may ſoon find a place,
The King will haſten him to your Embrace:
And therefore till to morrow is delay'd
The Sacrifice which muſt to heaven be paid;
This day no other Gratitude allows,
But Songs of Triumph, and the publick Vows;
Where *Horace* waits the King, by whom I'm ſent
To eaſe your Grief, and heighten your content:
But this is not enough for him to pay,
He'll come himſelf, and that perhaps to day.
This noble action does oblige him ſo,
That his own thanks he will on you beſtow,
Who have reſign'd your Sons to ſave his Throne.

Old HOR.

That honor is too great for me to own;
And I'm requited, by what you have ſaid,
For all the Blood my Sons have ſpilt or ſhed.

VAL.

The King, who no imperfect bounty knows,
His reſeu'd Scepter from inſulting Foes
Values ſo much, that all that he can do,
He thinks below either your Son or You:
But I ſhall tell him with what noble fire
Heroick Virtue does your Soul inſpire,
And how much Loyal Zeal to him you bear.

Old HOR.

You'll much oblige me by ſo kind a care.

SCEN. III.

Old Horace, Camilla.

Old HOR.

Daughter, your Tears are out of ſeaſon now,
And misbecome the place where Honors grow;

Domeſtick loſſes we may well excuſe,
When they do publick Victories produce:
It is enough, *Rome* does o'er *Alba* ſway,
And all our ſufferings that one word muſt pay:
You but a man loſt when your Lover fell;
Whom you may quickly now repair as well.
What noble Roman after this ſucceſs,
But would be proud to make you an addreſs?
But to *Sabina* I this news muſt bear,
Whoſe blow muſt needs be very rude to her;
And her three Brothers by her Husband ſlain,
Will give her much more reaſon to complain:
But I deſpair not to appeaſe her yet,
And ſhe who is ſo brave, and ſo diſcreet,
Will without pain her generous Soul diſpoſe
To that ſubmiſſion which her honor owes.
Till when ſuppreſs your grief you now reſent,
Nor entertain him with this diſcontent:
In brief, let him a Siſter meet, and find
In the ſame blood, the ſame heroick mind.

SCEN. IV.

CAMILLA.

Yes, I ſhall quickly to that Brother prove,
That none can fear to die, who dares to love;
Nor can ſubmit to thoſe ſtern Parents ſway,
Whom cruel Heav'n condemns us to obey.
You blame my grief, you call it mean and poor,
But in revenge I'll cheriſh it the more.
Relentleſs Father! and my tears ſhall flow,
Till their ſtreams rapid as their cauſes grow;
Never did Fortune ſhift her treacherous part
So many times to break a ſingle heart;
Sometimes ſhe flatter'd, and ſometimes did fright;
Never in one day, did one heart appear

So toſs'd from grief to joy, from hope to fear:
An Oracle aſſures, a Dream torments,
The Battel threatens, and the Peace contents.
Juſt on my Marriage Eve, the Cities choſe
My Lover and my Brother to be Foes:
The Soldiers murmure, and revoke the choice,
The gods again confirm it by their voice,
Rome ſeems ſubdu'd, and with my Brothers blood,
My *Curtius* only unpolluted ſtood.
· did my Heart too little grief contain,
ee my Country ſtoop, and Brothers ſlain?
Or did my Fancy give too large a ſcope,
To love yet guiltleſs, and yet living hope?
His death revenges on me that abuſe,
With the ſad way wherein I heard the news:
Valerius tells it, and to brave my Fate,
The ſad event does odiouſly relate:
An open gladneſs did his viſage dreſs,
Leſs by *Rome's* glory caus'd than my diſtreſs:
Since by his Rivals death his hopes renew,
He ſeems to ſhare my Brother's triumph too.
But this is nothing to my preſent wo,
I am requir'd, with joy, to meet the blow:
I to the Conqueror muſt my praiſe impart,
And kiſs a hand that ſtabs me to the heart:
And when my grief ſo juſtly great appears,
They place an infamy upon my tears:
I muſt rejoyce at what afflicts me thus,
And to be noble, muſt be barbarous.
But from this Father I'll degenerate,
And will deſerve this gallant Brothers hate:
For humane frailty ſure illuſtrious grows,
When brutiſhneſs, for vertue they impoſe.
Appear my griefs, why ſhould you now forbear,
When all is loſt, what hath one left to fear?
This ſavage Conqueror I will not flye,
But will upbraid him with his Victory;

Offend his Conqueſt, irritate his rage,
And if ought can, let that my grief aſſwage:
He comes, let my juſt ſorrow now diſcloſe,
What to a Lover ſlain a Miſtreſs owes.

SCEN. V.

Horace, Camilla.

HORACE.

Siſter, this arm our Brothers has reveng'd,
And *Rome*'s declining Deſtiny has chang'd;
Has to *Rome*'s ſway ſubjected *Alba*'s Fate,
And in one day diſpos'd of either State.
Behold what Trophies I have won, and pay
What's due from you, to ſuch a glorious day.

CAMILLA.

Receive my tears then, which are all I owe.

HORACE.

Rome in her Triumphs will not thoſe allow:
Bloud hath too well appeas'd our Brothers ſlain,
For you by tears to waſh away their ſtain.
A loſs that is reveng'd, ſhould be forgot.

CAMILLA.

Since then our hapleſs Brothers needs them not,
I ſhall not think my tears to them are due,
Who are ſo fully ſatisfi'd by you.
But who will make my happineſs return?
Or call the Lover back for whom I mourn?

HORACE.

How's that?

CAMILLA.

My *Curiius*, ah too brave! too dear!

HORACE.

Ha! what are thoſe audacious words I hear?
Can my degenerate Siſter then retain
Love for a publick Foe, whom I have ſlain?

This

This guilty paſſion to revenge aſpires,
But govern better thy unjuſt deſires;
Remove my bluſhes, and thy flame ſuppreſs,
And be in love only with my ſucceſs:
Let theſe great Trophies thy delight confine.

CAMILLA.

Give me, Barbarian, then, a heart like thine;
And ſince my thoughts I can no more diſclaim
Reſtore my *Curtius*, or excuſe my flame;
All my delight, with his dear life is fled,
I lov'd him living, and lament him dead.
If thou the Siſter ſeek'ſt thou left'ſt behind,
An injur'd Miſtreſs only thou wilt find,
Who, like a Fury, ſtill muſt thee purſue,
And ſtill reproach thee with his murther too.
Inhumane Brother! who forbid'ſt my tears,
To whom my ruine ſuch a joy appears:
Who of thy cruel ſlaughters growing vain,
Would'ſt have me kill my *Curtius* o'er again:
May ſuch inceſſant ſorrows follow thee,
That thou may'ſt be reduc'd to envy me,
And by ſome wretched action ſoon defame,
Thy ſo ador'd, and yet ſo brutiſh Name.

HORACE.

O Heavens! who ever ſaw ſuch raging love!
Believ'ſt thou nothing can my temper move?
And in my blood can I this ſhame permit?
Love, love that blow which ſo ennobles it;
And the remembrance of one man reſign,
To th' intereſts of *Rome*, if not to mine.

CAMILLA.

To *Rome*! the only object of my hate!
To *Rome*! whoſe quarrel caus'd my Lover's Fate!
To *Rome*! where thou wert born, to thee ſo dear,
Whom I abhor, 'cauſe ſhe does thee revere.
May all her neighbours, in one knot combine,
Her yet unſure foundations t' undermine;
And if *Italian* Forces ſeem too ſmall,

May Eaſt and Weſt conſpire to make her fall;
And all the Nations of the barbarous World,
To ruine her, o'er Hills and Seas be hurl'd:
Nor theſe loath'd Walls may her own fury ſpare,
But with her own hands her own bowels tear;
And may Heaven's anger kindled by my wo,
Whole deluges of fire upon her throw;
May my eyes ſee her Temples overturn'd,
Theſe Houſes aſhes, and thy Laurels burn'd;
See the laſt gaſp which the laſt *Roman* draws,
And die with joy for having been the cauſe.

HORACE.

Reaſon o'ercomes my patience, fly to hell,
And this ſad ſtory to thy Lover tell.

(purſues her with his Sword,

CAMILLA.

Ah Traytor---- *(Is wounded behind the theater.*

HOR.

----- Periſh, and be that their doom, *(reentring.*
Who dare lament an enemy of *Rome.*

SCEN. VI.

Horace, Proculus.

PROCULUS.

What have you done?

HORACE.

That which I not repent
Her crime deſerv'd no leſs a puniſhment.

PROCU.

This rigor in a brother ſeem'd too great,

HORACE.

The name of ſiſter I muſt now forget,
Her execrations has remov'd her place
And all her title to th' Horatian Race,
Her treacherous prayers her juſt reſentment warm'd

And

And her own blood againſt her ſelf ſhe arm'd;
Her curſes ſhould, before they are fulfil'd
(As Monſters births as ſoon as born) be kill'd.

SCEN. VII.

To them *Sabina.*

SABINA.

Why ſhould not this brave fury ſtill proceed,
And your pleas'd Eyes on that fair object feed,
Camilla in her Fathers arms expir'd?
If with theſe generous ſtrokes you are not tir'd,
Why ſhould you not to your dead Siſter joyn
The ſad remainders of the *Alban* Line?
Our ſufferings like our ſins ſhould equal be;
She but laments for one, and I for three;
Her crime no longer could reſiſt your will,
Mine trelbes hers, and yet continues ſtill.

HORACE,

Your tears (*Sabina*) or my ſight forbear,
Seem not unworthy of the name you bear,
My deareſt half, and let our mutual flame
Which is and was, be ever ſtill the ſame;
Let both our minds be one, and ſince to thine
I cannot condeſcend, grow up to mine.
I feel the grief which gives thee this tranſport
Borrow my Strength thy weakneſs to ſupport:
My honor do not envy but partake,
And mine for once thy own example make;
Of two great families thy ſelf and I
Are only left, then why ſhould either dye?

SABINA.

Finde greater ſouls to emulate your own
Than mine; the ſorrows under which I grown,
Alas! not you but my misfortune wrought,
Towards you I have no misbecoming thought:

Yet Roman Virtue I renounce, ſince I
To purchaſe that muſt ſell humanity.
Can the deplored Siſter of the dead,
Like a great Conquerors Wife advance her head?
Let publick Trophies publick Joys adorn,
Whilſt we in private, private loſſes mourn,
Nor value goods which common are to all,
Whilſt on our ſelves domeſtick miſchiefs fall.
When thou cam'ſt in thou might'ſt have left thy State
Behind thee, and thy Laurels at the Gate,
Mixing thy tears with mine. This vain diſcourſe
Gives me no comfort, but much more remorſe;
Thy rage my crime redoubl'd could not fire;
Camilla's happy ſhe hath her deſire,
Juſtly to her that love thou did'ſt reſtore
Of which by thee ſhe had been rob'd before:
Let now the belov'd Author of my grief
Puniſh my guilt, or give my tears relief.
'Tis ſtrange that neither favour nor offence
My merits, nor my crimes can recompenſe;
Nor one nor other ſhall unwelcome come
When from a Husband I receive my doome.

HORACE.

Ye gods, when ye did firſt to Woman truſt
The Empire of Man's Soul you were unjuſt.
Strange! that ſuch weak aſſailants ſtill ſhould win
The Field, and our unguarded hearts take in.
Where art thou loſt? my vertue either fly,
Or leave thy tears, elſe thou or I muſt dye.

(*Exeunt all but* Sabina.

SABIN.

Anger and pity deaf to my deſires,
Both fly my crimes, and both my ſorrow tires:
If neither grace nor puniſhment I have,
When dead I ſhall find quiet in my grave. *Exit.*

ACT.

ACT V. SCEN. I.

Old *Horace*, Young *Horace*.

Old HOR.

From this ſad object let our eyes retire,
And the high juſtice of the gods admire:
For when our Pride exalts it ſelf, they know
The means to lay our high ambition low;
Our greateſt pleaſures are with ſadneſs mixt,
And blemiſhes on virtues face are fixt.
I cannot think my poor *Camilla* free
From blame, yet her I leſs accuſe than thee.
Have I, a Roman, ſuch a Son begot,
Whoſe honor ſuch a barbarous Act ſhould blot?
Would ſhe had liv'd though with much greater guilt,
Unleſs ſome other hand her blood had ſpilt.
That might have look'd like juſtice, but in thee,
Unnatural fury and raſh cruelty.

HORACE.

Sir, Childrens lives their Fathers wills attend,
And mine, if you but give the word, ſhall end.
I thought it juſt, where ſhe her life receiv'd,
She ſhould it loſe, but if I misbeliev'd;
If you my zeal judge brutiſh and prophane,
And that this action did your honor ſtain,
The hand that made the blot ſhall it deface,
And free from infamy th' *Horatian* Race.
Let fond affection no pretences make
Your intereſt or honor to forſake:
Nor let your wiſdom be betray'd by love,
To ſuffer what it ſelf muſt diſapprove.

Old HOR.

My Son, it were a rigor too extream,
If for thy fault my ſelf I ſhould condemn.
If my command ſhould thee to Death engage,
Why not to life? who ſhall ſupport my age
If thou ſhould'ſt fail? let my concernments clear
This doubt; but ſtay the Kings approach I hear.

SCEN. II.

Tullus, Old *Horace*, Young *Horace*, *Valerius*, *Proclus*, and Guards.

Sir, to my houſe you too much honor bring,
I could not here expect to ſee my King.
Upon my knees------

KING.

-------Riſe Father, riſe, the grace
I now perform, is what becomes my place.
To him, I cannot too much honor ſhow,
To whoſe great merit I a Kingdom owe.
I came to make my former promiſe good.
As I believ'd, I ſince have underſtood
That you declar'd, when your two Son's were loſt,
That conſtant courage which their Fame ſhall boaſt.
To ſuch a publick and heroick Soul,
I thought 'twould be ſuperfluous to condole.
But you, ſoon conſolation well may need,
For your victorious Son's unworthy deed.
He to the publick too much zeal did ſhow,
When, like a Sacrifice, he rudely ſlew
His only Siſter, 'twas that made me fear,
How you this unexpected grief could bear.

Old HOR.

Old HOR.

With great reſentment, yet with patience.

KING.

That ſhews the vertue of experience.
Your age hath taught you how in all eſtates
Ill fortune with our good participates.
Few know like you, this remedy t' apply,
But let their vertue for their intereſt dye.
If my compaſſion can allay your grief,
I give my ſelf, when I give you relief.
You and my ſelf the ſame extreams do move,
But let your ſorrow not tranſcend my Love.

VAL.

Sir, ſince the powers above does Kings intruſt,
To diſtribute below what's fit and juſt,
Subjects from them (by conſequence) may crave,
That Vice and Virtue their rewards may have.
Theſe men the matter falſely repreſent,
As fit for pity, not for puniſhment.
Suffer--------

Old HOR.

--------A Conqueror to dye!

KING.

-------Yet hear
With patience, and th' event you need not fear.
In this we imitate the powers divine,
Our juſtice both on good and bad does ſhine.
And vertue by rewards muſt be preferr'd,
As much as vice by puniſhment deterr'd.

VAL.

Then Sir, be pleas'd to lend a gracious ear
And think in mine the voice of *Rome* you hear.
We envy not his Fame or high report,
Nor do we wiſh that his reward fall ſhort

Of his deſerts ; whatever grace is meant
To him, we all ſhall joyn with full conſent ;
But if his valor muſt triumph have,
His murther does as much require a grave.
Nothing but death can make that tempeſt ceaſe,
If you would reign, and *Rome* preſerve in peace.
When *Rome* and *Alba* did in Friendſhip live,
They to each others did in Marriage give.
Daugthers and Sons, but in the fatal ſtrife,
How many Sons and Brothers loſt their life ?
The ſad reſentment for our private loſs,
The publick joy of every houſe did croſs.
If he this arbitrary power enjoy,
Whoever he diſlikes, he will deſtroy :
Whoſe life will this bold Conqueror forbear,
When his own Siſters blood he would not ſpare ?
And found that generous way to end the cryes
Of a ſad Lady, when her Lover dyes.
Even *Rome* it ſelf his triumph did enſlave,
When power of life and death to him ſhe gave.
We of our lives no longer are ſecure,
Then whil'ſt his clemency is pleas'd t'indure.
To th' intereſt of *Rome*, I here could add,
Of his raſh act, that ſpectacle ſo ſad.
Still that pure blood, which all his glory ſtains,
In drops upon his guilty cheek remains ;
For youth amd beauty would compaſſion move
From him, whoſe hate he ſacrific'd to love.
But why ſhould Art the eyes of juſtice blind ?
The morning is for ſacrifice deſign'd.
Can he be fit before the gods to ſtand,
To offer Incenſe with that guilty hand ?
If in their ſervices ſuch men we dare
Employ, nor them, nor us will vengeance ſpare :
Not from his power did thoſe three conqueſts come,
But from the Genius of victorious *Rome* :
Of the ſame day, which he in triumph came,
'Tis juſt the night ſhould ſee his funeral flame,

And that his blood may purify that * place

*Where Romulus *ſlew his Brother* Remus.

Where the vile Parricide committed was.

KING.

Horace defend thy ſelf.

HORACE.

——You know the fact,
And I believe your juſtice ſo exact,
That the leaſt conſcious man can hardly clear
Himſelf, when to his Prince his crimes appear.
Why ſhould I plead, when what I ſhould defend,
Onely on your diſpoſal muſt attend;
And mine own innocence I dare not truſt,
When you believe my accuſation juſt?
'Tis but my Life which freely I reſigne,
Let others ask, but I that ſuit decline:
Nor ſeek for that, which I would gladly loſe;
Nor blame my Siſters Lover, to accuſe
Her Brother: for her death, my voice conſpires
With his, and we have both the ſame deſires;
In this we only differ, he would ſtain,
My honor with a death I would maintain.
Few great and vertuous actions ſtand ſo clear,
But envy makes ſome ſpots and ſtains appear:
Which, as occaſion ſerves, is more or leſs,
Such as the ſtanders by are pleas'd to gueſs:
And thoſe who have done miracles before,
They ſtreight contemn if they can do no more.
'Tis but in vain, the mention to renew,
Of what your Majeſty did lately view;
And therefore, ſiuce I can perform no more,
Such noble actions as I did before,
'Tis fit, great Sir, your ſentence to attend,
That here my life may with my honor end.
I no aſſiſtance heretofore did need,
But now, without your leave I dare not bleed;

My

My life is yours, if any other ſhed
My blood, you are but robb'd when I am dead:
Rome wants not Worthies to ſupport your Crown,
And to advance your glory with their own.
And here I kneel, attending your command,
And only ask that by this fatal hand,
I may a fitting ſacrifice become,
Not to my Siſter, but to you and *Rome*.

SCEN. III.

To them Sabina.

SABINA.

See in *Sabina*'s face drawn to the life,
The ſorrows of a Siſter and a Wife.
All that I ask, is, but that only I
May ſuffer, with my own loſt Family;
What I deſire, will be twice juſt, t' increaſe
His miſery, and make my own to ceaſe.
Think on the ſtreights I am in, muſt I embrace
The ſole deſtroyer of our Noble Race?
Nor is't impiety in me to hate
That Princes ſervant, who confounds our State:
With my three Brothers blood I ſtand defil'd,
When to their murtherer I'm reconcil'd;
And your juſt ſentence will two crimes remove,
That though I ſhould not, yet I needs muſt love.
That which I ſeek, my own weak hand can give:
But I would be condemn'd that he might live.

My

My blood (it may be) might thoſe gods appeaſe,
Whom his too rigid virtue did diſpleaſe;
I ſhall *Camilla*'s injur'd Ghoſt attend,
Nor you want him, whoſe hand did *Rome* defend.

Old HOR.

You, who your duty to your griefs ſubmit,
[To *Sabina*.
And for your Brother, your brave Husband quit,
Conſult their Ghoſts who for their Country fell;
And for that cauſe in bleſt Elizium dwell.
They are content the gods decree ſhould ſtand,
That *Rome* and *Sabina* Nation ſhould command:
They happy are, ſecure from hopes and fears,
Nor ſighs for ſighs, nor tears return for tears.
Be like them, and from their example learn
Thy duty, and purſue thy chief concern.
He 'gainſt the Husband does the Wife enflame.
My Son's brave action a foul crime does name,
Such as not puniſhment deſerves, but praiſe,
When Virtue did in *Horace* paſſion raiſe.
To love our Foes is meer Idolatry,
And rage to curſe our Country when we dye.
Her prayers for miſchief with her parting breath,
He thought a crime, and puniſh'd it with death.
Love to his Country his high paſſion mov'd,
He had been faultleſs had he *Rome* not lov'd:
Valerius if he pleaſe can tell how high
My ſenſe of Honor and revenge did flye,
When me a falſe report did firſt perſwade,
That my Son's flight his Country had betray'd;
But who with my affairs did him intruſt,
Boldly to judge *Camilla*'s death unjuſt?
Why in my houſe does he preſume to own,
An intereſt which I my ſelf lay down?
My Son's crime pardon'd may the ſame produce,
No matter, if it find the ſame excuſe.

For

For ſhame forbear *Valerius* this reproach,
[*To Valerius.*
Nor into our concernments make approach;
My Son affronted by th' *Horatian* blood,
The crimes of his own Family withſtood:
And now thou baſely wouldſt to aſhes turn
Thoſe Laurels, which his conquering brows adorn:
Thou who for fear didſt from that thunder hide
Thy head, wouldſt him condemn of Paricide.
Rome, canſt thou ſee him ſacrific'd, by whom
Thou haſt the honor to be ſtill call'd *Rome?*
Within the Roman Walls he cannot dye,
Where his exploits ten thouſand voices cry;
Nor in the fields which his victorious arm,
Glutted with *Sabine* blood (which ſtill is warm)
Nor near thoſe three new Tombs, which ſtand t' expreſs
His courage, and our Nations happineſs.
Rome will afford but a few ſtanders by,
And *Alba*, when they ſee his Face will fly.
Four of my off-ſpring ſaw the morning Sun,
(*To the King.*
Of which *Rome's* intereſt has left but one
To ſerve your ſelf, and *Rome*; be pleas'd to give
The Father leave to adviſe the Son to live.
Horace, believe not that the ſtupid crowd, (*To his Son.*
Fit Judges of true virtue are allow'd:
Uncertain rumor from their groundleſs cries,
Grows in one moment, in another dyes.
Do like thy Anceſtors, and then thy Name
Will be recorded in the books of Fame;
Virtue and Honor lift themſelves too high,
To be the objects of a Vulgar eye:
Then hate not life, but for thy Country live,
Thy King, and me, who thee that Life did give:
And the reſult of all I ſay, is this,
That *Rome* has ſpoken in my voice, not his.

VAL.

VAL.

Sir ſuffer me-------

KING.

Valerius, no replies;
What each hath ſaid in my remembrance lies:
In equal ſcales both arguments I lay,
And that ſhall be my rule, which moſt does weigh.
I muſt confeſs that his enormous deed,
All bounds and laws of Nature did exceed:
But that high crime was acted by that hand,
By which our laws, and *Rome* it ſelf does ſtand;
And like a foul ingratitude 'twould ſhow,
To take that life, to which themſelves they owe.
It was his ſingle valor chang'd our doom,
Rome had ſerv'd *Alba*, as that now ſerves *Rome*;
And I my ſelf had then a ſubject been,
Now on my head two Diadems are ſeen:
All my good ſubjects may good wiſhes bring,
And with devout obedience ſerve their King:
But few that favor from the gods obtain,
To ſave one Kingdom, and another gain:
And thoſe whoſe power makes the Laws obey'd
Of the ſame Laws, ought not to ſtand afraid.
Our Father *Romulus* his brother kill'd,
And on his blood did *Romes* foundation build:
Why therefore ſhould they find a different Fate,
Who redeem'd *Rome* and who did *Rome* create?
Thy merits if thou liv'ſt may higher climbe,
And raiſe thy honor far above thy crime;
Enjoy that life which reſcu'd *Rome* and me:
Our ſelves we muſt condemn condemning thee.
You and *Valerius* now like Friends ſhall live,
And each the others paſſions may forgive;
Both may be well excus'd, for thine did move,
From too much zeal, and his from too much love.
Sabina be adviſ'd, too long to grieve, [To *Sabina*

On thy great Heart will marks of weakneſs leave.
Thoſe tears, which for thy gallant Brothers flow,
When dry'd, will thee much more their Siſter ſhow.
To morrow we to thank the gods reſolve,
And if our Prieſts young *Horace* can abſolve,
The Heavenly powers our ſacrifice will pleaſe,
Her Father ſhall *Camilla's* Ghoſt appeaſe:
As yeſterday did end their love and life,
This day one Tomb ſhall make them Man and Wife.

Some hearing of this great deliverance,
Are come, Sir, to preſent you with a dance.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

FINIS.